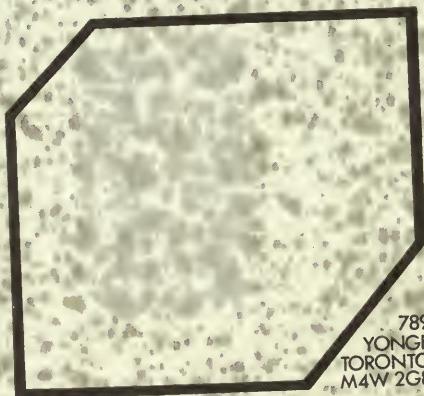
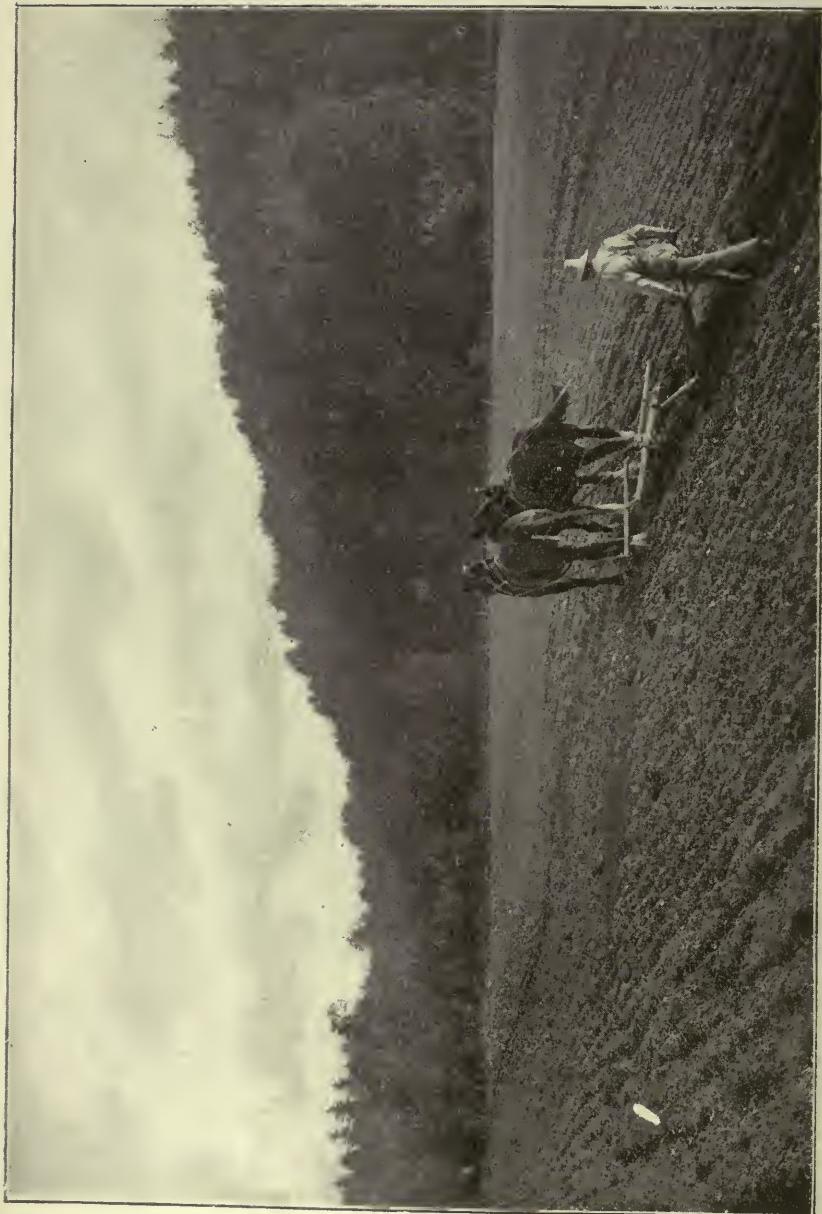


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AN ONTARIO FARM SCENE.

Acta Victoriana

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No. 1.

Margaritae Sorori.



LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My work accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing.
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

—William Ernest Henley.

The Canada-Alaska Boundary Dispute.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., K.C.,

Judge of the Admiralty Court.



THE historic diplomatic disasters which have lost to Canada large portions of the original French-Canadian territory which had been ceded to Great Britain by France in the Treaty of Paris of 1763, as well as other portions of British territory, and which, by the Treaties of 1782-83, 1814, 1842, 1846 and 1871, have been ceded to the United States,* may explain why Canadians anxiously scan the reports of the argument now proceeding before the Alaska Commission in London as to the legal interpretation of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825, which described the international boundary line between the British and Russian territories on the north-west coast of America.

These cessions of Canadian territory are chiefly due to the persistence and astuteness of the statesmen of the United States, and their peculiar diplomacy, which, as a late American apologist admits, "demanded wariness and adroitness, if not even craft and dissimulation;"† and which was met, as Sir Charles Dilke states, by a "British diplomacy which in bygone days has cost Canada dear."‡

The Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825, which describes the international boundary line now in dispute, also settled a keen diplomatic controversy between Great Britain and Russia over a Russian ukase of 1821, claiming maritime sovereignty over one hundred miles from all the coasts along the North Pacific Ocean, including Behring Sea.

The territorial claim of Russia was set out in a despatch of Count Nesselrode, the Russian Foreign Minister, dated 5th (17th) April, 1824, in which he described the strip of territory as "*qu'une étroite lisière sur la côte; d'une simple lisière du continent; d'un médiocre espace de terre ferme.*" Great Britain proposed that the eastern boundary should be "the seaward base of the mountains," to which the Russians objected, claiming that it was "always the top (*cime*) of mountains which formed the line of demarcation." They ultimately proposed that instead of the mountain line the extent of their *lisière* (fringe or strip) of coast should be "*n'aura point en largeur sur le continent plus de dix lieues marines à partir du bord de la mer.*"

* "British and American Diplomacy Affecting Canada," Toronto, 1900.

† "American Statesmen Series," John Adams, Boston, 1890, page 165.

‡ "Problems of Greater Britain," London, 1890, page 64.

The British Foreign Secretary replied : " We cannot agree to this," adding, " To avoid the chance of inconvenience we propose to qualify the general proposition that the mountains shall be the boundary with the condition : if those mountains should not be found to extend beyond ten leagues from the coast." This was ultimately agreed to by Russia, as appears from the despatch of the British Ambassador to the Foreign Secretary, dated 1st March, 1825, that " the line of demarcation along the strip of land assigned to Russia is laid down in the Convention agreeably to your directions."

The Articles, dated the 16th (28th) February, 1825, describing the course and bearings of the boundary line, are as follows :

III. The line of demarcation between the possessions of the High Contracting Parties upon the coast of the Continent, and the islands of North America to the north-west, shall be drawn in the manner following : Commencing from the southernmost part of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54° 40' north latitude, and between the 131st and the 133rd degrees of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the Continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude, from the last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian); and finally, from the said point of intersection the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the Continent of America to the north-west.

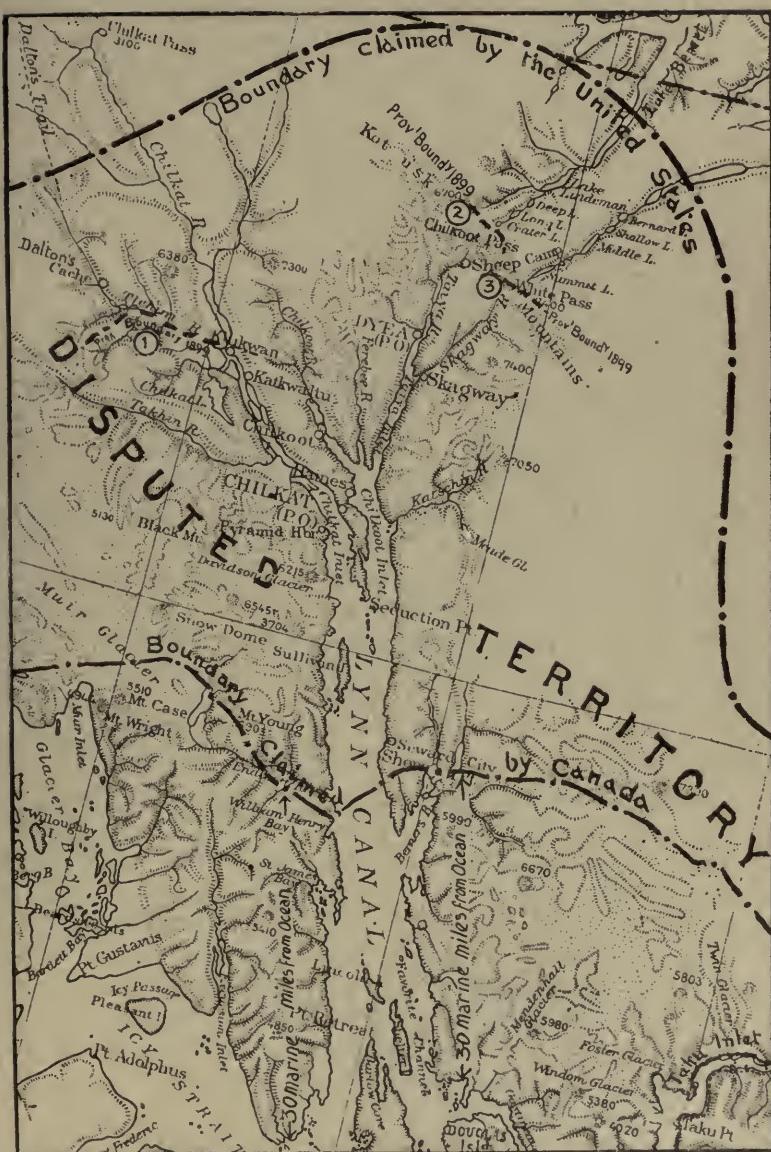
IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood—(1) That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia ; (2) That wherever the summit of the mountains (*que partout où la crête des montagnes*), which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be of a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the Ocean (*se trouverait à la distance de plus de 10 lieues marines de l'Ocean*), the limit between the British possessions and the strip of coast (*la lisière de côte*) which is to belong to Russia, as above-mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom.

Articles III. and IV. were recited and incorporated into the Russian Treaty of 1867, by which Alaska was ceded to the United States.

The Anglo-American Treaty of 1903, under which this international dispute is referred to a tribunal of six "impartial jurists of repute," submits seven questions for their adjudication. But for practical purposes the questions may be condensed into three: (1) What course should the international boundary line take from the southernmost part of the Prince of Wales Island to the entrance to the Portland Channel? (2) What summit (or summits) of the mountains situated parallel to the coast should the line traverse? (3) Where the mountains are more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, should the width of the strip of coast be measured (*a*) from the mainland coast of the ocean, or (*b*) from the heads of the inlets indenting the mainland coast?

(1) About due east from the southernmost part of the Prince of Wales Island are two inlets divided from each other by two islands named Pearse and Wales; the southerly inlet is said to have been named "Observatory Inlet," and the northerly and narrower inlet is said to have been named "Portland Canal"—both by Vancouver. The United States contend that the international boundary line should go to the south of these islands, thereby giving them to Alaska, through what, in modern days, has been named "Portland Inlet" (or the mouth of Observatory Inlet), and should then ascend in a north-easterly direction into Portland Channel. The British dispute this, for it would change the name of the inlet north of the two islands so far as Vancouver's map indicated, and they contend that the boundary line should enter the northerly channel, thereby giving the islands to Canada, and they show that (*a*) Vancouver's map of 1798, which places the first letters of the name "Portland" over a part of the northerly inlet; and (*b*) that the meaning of the words in the treaty: *ascend*, which means "to pass up or upward in an ascending line"; *to*, construed in law as "towards"; *north*, which strictly means "due north," unless where it is apparent (as in this case) that it should mean "northerly."

(2) The negotiations for the Treaty show that the mountain boundary line was the most difficult to describe. The British proposed "the seaward base of the mountains," but the Russians contended that such base might be precipitous, and give them no footing on the coast. This was conceded in the words: *La crête des montagnes situées parallèlement à la côte*. The British and United States now differ as to the line, the latter contending there are no mountains



MAP OF THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

parallel to the coast, the former that there is a sea of mountains in zig-zag directions within the ten marine league distance from the Ocean.

(3) But the most important, and practically the most crucial question is the third. The fourth Article reads: "Whenever the summit of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast, . . . shall prove to be of a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the Ocean," then "the strip of coast shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

The United States claim that the international boundary goes ten marine leagues inland around all inlets, bays and other arms of the sea by which the coast is indented, and that it does not cross them at the distance of ten marine leagues from their ocean-mouth.

The principal inlets affected by this claim are: Lynn Canal, which owing to two islands at its ocean-mouth has three sea channels which the United States Navy department certify are respectively $4\frac{3}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide. Taku Inlet is one-fifth of a mile wide where it joins the ocean. Glacier Bay is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide at its ocean-mouth.

The American author, Wheaton, on *International Law*, thus states the law of nations affecting inlets and arms of the sea such as these: "The maritime territory of every state extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers and adjacent parts of the sea, enclosed by head lands belonging to the same state. The general usage of nations superadds to this extent of territorial jurisdiction a distance of a marine league (three marine miles), or as far as a cannon shot will reach from the shore along all the coasts of the State."* And Hautefeuille, in his *Droit et Devoirs des Nations Neutres*, states: "The sea-coast does not present a straight and regular line; it is, on the contrary, almost always intersected by bays, capes, etc. If the maritime domain must always be measured from every one of these points, great inconvenience would result. It has therefore been agreed to draw an imaginary line (*ligne fictive*) from one promontory (headland) to another for the place of the departure of the cannon shot."†

These doctrines of international law were recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1890: "As between nations, the minimum limit of the territorial jurisdiction of a nation over tide-waters is a marine league from its coasts; and bays wholly within the territory of a nation, which do not exceed two marine leagues, or

* Page 268.

† Vol. I., p. 59.

six geographical miles, in width at the mouth, are within the limit, and are part of the territory of the nation in which they lie."*

From the above it may fairly be conceded that Lynn Canal, Taku Inlet and Glacier Bay, as arms of the sea, are territorial waters, and by international law they are subject to all the national and municipal incidents and territorial sovereignty—which includes the ownership of the soil beneath their waters—as though they were land.

By a strange discordance the United States concede that the international boundary line should cross those arms of the sea geographically designated as "rivers" at the distance of ten marine leagues from the ocean; but deny that it should cross those other arms of the sea geographically designated "inlets and bays" at the same distance. This discordance practically reverses a judgment of Mr. Justice Story of 1829, when he held that rivers, as well as harbors and bays, indenting the ocean coast, were "arms of the sea," and were not therefore parts of the high seas or open ocean. †

Like Lynn Canal, Boston harbor has several islands at its ocean-mouth, and Mr. Justice Story, in the case referred to, thus stated the doctrine of international law affecting similar territorial waters: "It appears to me that where islands enclosing a harbor in the manner in which Boston harbor is enclosed, with such narrow straits between them, the whole of the waters of the harbor must be considered as included within the body of the county." "Islands so situated must be considered as the opposite shores" (*i.e.*, headlands) "in the sense of the common law, where persons standing on one side may see what is done on the other." "I incline strongly to the opinion that the limits of the county include the place in question, and all the waters down to a line running across." The sea-water channels of Boston harbor, between the islands referred to, are stated to be about 1 mile, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and 5 or 6 miles wide.

Mr. Secretary Bayard in 1886 advised the Secretary of the Treasury that "The position taken by this department has uniformly been that the sovereignty of the shore does not, as far as territorial authority is concerned, extend beyond three miles from low-water mark; and that the seaward boundary of this zone of territorial waters follows the coast of the mainland, extending, where there are islands, so as to place around such islands the same belt. This necessarily excludes the position that the seaward boundary is to be drawn from headland

* *Manchester vs. Massachusetts*, 139 U.S. Reports, 240.

† *United States vs. Grush*, 5 Mason, C.C. Reports, 290.

to headland" [of the coast], "and makes it follow closely at the distance of three miles the boundary of the shore of the continent, or of the adjacent islands, belonging to the continental sovereign."*

If the above authorities are applicable to Lynn Canal, it would seem that the three-mile zone or belt of territorial waters would overlap in each channel, and thus separate Lynn Canal from the Pacific Ocean.

The evolution of the term "Ocean" in the fourth article has an important bearing on the interpretation of the Treaty.

In 1824 draft *projets* of Treaty were interchanged between the British and Russian Governments, in which the inland width of the strip or fringe of coast was given. In the British draft it was: "not in any case to extend more than [10] leagues in breadth from the sea (*la mer*) towards the interior." In the Russian *contre projet* the words were that it "shall not have in width on the continent more than ten marine leagues measured from the shore of the sea (*la mer*). Each of these *projets* was rejected. After further discussion the British submitted another draft which read, "ten marine leagues from the Pacific." This was followed by another British draft which proposed the width should not be "more than ten marine leagues from the Pacific Sea." This draft was altered by the Russian Foreign Office to "ten marine leagues from the sea (*la mer*) ; but the alteration was rejected by Great Britain, and at the final settlement of the Treaty both nations agreed that the outside limit should never exceed "ten marine leagues from the Ocean," i.e., Pacific Ocean.

It is satisfactory that other American authorities define the distinction between the meanings of these respective terms. "The sea technically so termed," said Mr. Wharton, already quoted, in an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States, "includes ports and havens, rivers and creeks." Daniel Webster, in the same case, argued that, by the common law, ports and harbors are within the body of the country, consequently not part of the high seas or open ocean ; and that a navigable arm of the sea is no part of the high seas, which is the open ocean outside the *fauces terræ*.†

Another authority on international law says: "In general the coast line follows the shore of the sea, but it crosses each inlet." "It assumes a straight line from headland to headland." "In America it may be regarded as generally accepted that bays or channels, within the bound of promontories and headlands, are subject to the

* Wharton's *Digest of the International Law of the United States*, Vol. I., sec. 32, p. 107.

† *United States vs. Bevans*, 3 Wheaton's Reports, 356.

Sovereign of the neighboring land." "The outside sea is ocean, or the high or open sea, and it is common to all nations."^{*}

Applying these authorities to the cases of Lynn Canal and the other inlets indenting the coast of the strip of land claimed by the United States, it seems reasonable that the basal line should be a line from headland to headland across each mouth, and that the international boundary line between Canada and Alaska (as it admittedly crosses rivers) should cross each of them at the ten marine league distance from the coast line of the Pacific ocean, and not, as claimed by the United States, from the head waters of such inlets. And this, as stated by Mr. Secretary Blaine, in 1900, would make the *lisière* as "A strip of land, at no point wider than ten marine leagues, running along the Pacific Ocean, and assigned to Russia by the third Article of the Treaty."

It is to be regretted that in this Alaska boundary dispute the recent political action of the United States is in direct hostility to their historic and prior international declarations in the following instances:

In 1804, Spain and the United States had a dispute as to boundaries, and Spain complained that a certain Act of Congress was "an aggression on the rights of its sovereignty," and requested that matters should remain in *statu quo* "until the commission appointed for the demarcation of limits shall have decided by common consent that the territory claimed by the United States did not belong to Spain." To this Mr. Secretary Madison replied: "The President concurs with the Spanish government in the expediency of leaving things precisely in *statu quo*. And he persuades himself that it will be deemed equally expedient on both sides to give to this precaution its full effect by a mutual forbearance to increase unnecessarily, either within or on the borders of territories, the limits of which remain to be adjusted."[†]

A similar policy was thus enunciated by Mr. Secretary Marcy in 1853: "When a dispute as to territorial limits arises between two nations, the ordinary course is to leave the territory claimed by them, respectively, in the same condition (or as nearly so as possible) in which it was when the difficulty occurred, until an amicable arrangement can be made in regard to conflicting pretensions to it."[‡]

In 1892 and 1894, Treaty-Conventions between the United States and Great Britain were signed for the appointment of Commissioners to collect "facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of

* Willcock, on *The Ocean, the River and the Shore*, p. 11.

† American State Papers, Foreign Relations, Vol. II., pp. 624-5.

‡ Wharton's *Digest of the International Law of the U.S.*, Vol. III., § 316, p. 80,

the boundary line in accordance with the spirit and intent of the existing treaties in regard to it between Great Britain and Russia, and between the United States and Russia"—an international acknowledgment that there was then an unsettled and disputed boundary line between Canada and Alaska.

In 1896, while this Commission was collecting the necessary facts and data, "the United States Government erected four storehouses on the two islands above-mentioned, Pearse and Wales, then known and claimed by Great Britain, and had carved on each storehouse, "U. S. property ; do not injure."

In 1898, it is alleged, and not denied, that the United States Government issued Patents granting land within the disputed territory.

In 1900, and again in 1901, the Congress authorized the erection of "a courthouse and jail at Skagway, Alaska," then known to be within the disputed territory claimed by Great Britain.

And there is another "regrettable incident." Under the authority of the Treaty of Reference signed on the 24th January, 1903, the President of the United States has appointed, as "impartial jurists of repute," three gentlemen, two of whom, unfortunately, had "delivered their opinions beforehand" on the case which is now before them judicially. But we must assume—until the contrary appears—that, loyal to their oaths, they "will impartially consider the arguments and evidence presented, and will decide thereupon according to their true judgment."

It has been reiterated from time to time by the politicians and press of the United States, that for seventy years neither Great Britain nor Canada raised any question as to this international boundary until the discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1897. The published State papers of the Congress of the United States and of the Parliament of Canada negative this. In the Senate Documents of 1888-9* the Government and Congress of the United States published the British and Canadian contention respecting the boundary. "In the second clause of the Fourth Article of the Treaty of 1825, provision is made for the case of the mountains being found more than ten marine leagues inland ; and it is there laid down that the measurement shall be made, not from the inlets, but from the Ocean. The word 'ocean' is wholly inapplicable to inlets, consequently the line, whether marked by mountains or only by a survey line, has to be drawn without reference to inlets."

Such is the British-Canadian contention as to the territorial course of this Canada-Alaska international boundary line.

* Sessional Volume IV. (1889), pp. 5, 6, and 23-27.

HARVESTING SCENE ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.



The Transportation Problem.

BY C. L. FISHER, '04.

IT is sometimes given to an individual to wake up and find himself famous, but seldom to a country. Yet such seems to have been recently the fortune of Canada, for though long considered to be a land of great extent but of little mercantile importance, it has suddenly dawned upon the nations that our Dominion is a force to be reckoned with in the world's economy. In a country of such continental proportions as our own, the problem of transportation will always be a prominent one, and at this juncture it claims first consideration.



QUEBEC, FROM POINT LEVIS.

Few countries are so well supplied with the natural means of transportation. Our network of lakes and rivers, extending for thousands of miles and penetrating into almost every part of the interior, gives a ready access to regions which otherwise would remain almost without communication.

The water system of Canada, from the earliest times, has played an important part in her history. The Hudson's Bay Company has always made great use of it. To-day one of their steamers, plying between the Arctic Ocean and Fort Smith, over the Mackenzie River, the Great Slave Lake and other bodies, traverses over two thousand miles of navigable waters. But it is not an outlet by the Yukon or

the Mackenzie that particularly interests the majority of Canadians, but rather the matter of an access to the Atlantic, which will provide quick and cheap communication with England, the mart of the world.

The Manitoba lake system is the first strategic point in the transportation problem. From the northern part of Lake Winnipeg the mighty Nelson brings us into touch with Hudson's Bay. The only engineering difficulties of any account met with are the Grand Rapids near the river mouth. These are by no means insurmountable, and



MONTREAL HARBOR—EAST END PIERS AT MAISONNEUVE.

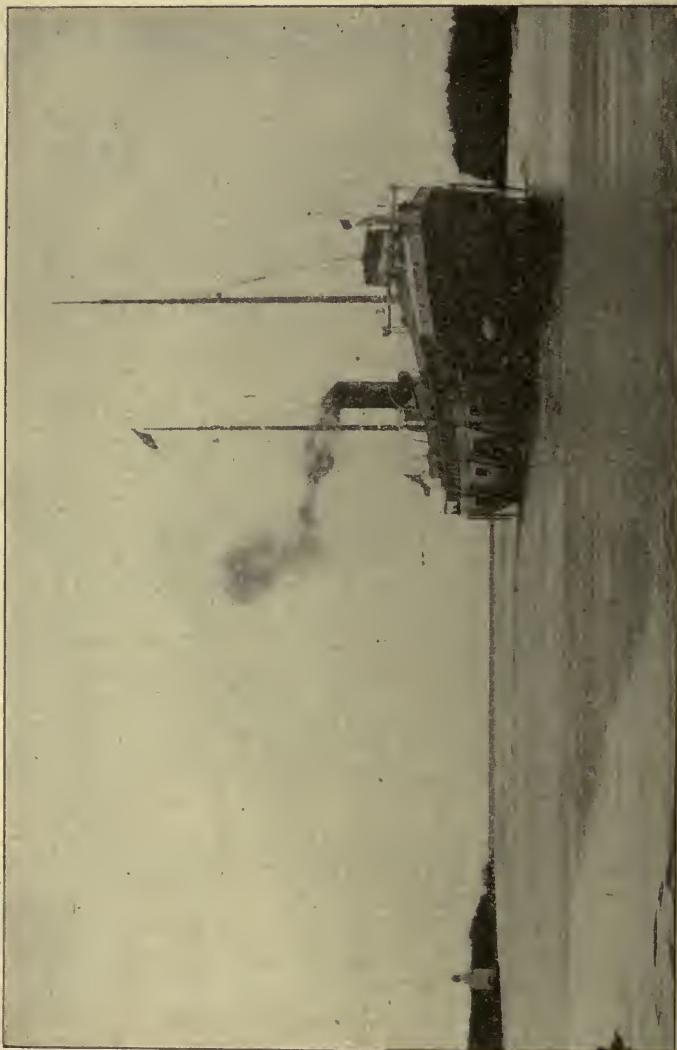
there can be little doubt that some day this route will provide an additional outlet for the West.

Population in the western settlements has so settled that, for some years at least, the trade with the prairies must pass through Winnipeg. From the eastern boundary of Manitoba to the Rockies the zone of settlement is scarcely more than fifty miles wide, with spurs that run north or northwest to Yorkton, Prince Albert and Edmonton respectively. Till a line is constructed north of Lake Winnipeg or an outlet afforded by way of Hudson's Bay, the metropolis of the west must be

Winnipeg. From there the facilities for transportation must be ample, whether by all rail or by the rail and water route. For a direct route to Fort William and Port Arthur, the Lake of the Woods, lying one hundred miles east of Winnipeg and extending north and south for over one hundred miles, with its southern shore in American soil, stands in the way. A swerve to the north or south is necessary. The C.P.R. chose the former route, the C.N.R., sacrificing its Canadian continuity, chose the latter.

At the Fort William and Port Arthur harbors is presented the first choice of routes. The shipper may continue all rail or use the water system, upon which floats the greatest fleet of inland vessels in the world. Even in the choice of water routes there is a great variety. Small craft may load at Fort William and not discharge their cargoes till they reach Montreal, a distance of 1,300 miles. Deep draught vessels may be used to the foot of Lake Erie, nine hundred miles from Fort William, where their cargoes must be transferred to smaller-sized boats or sent by rail to the seaboard. Unfortunately for Canada this is so far south that New York is but four hundred miles away and is connected with it by one of the best equipped land transportation systems in the world. At the present time it is more profitable to use the water system from Fort William to Buffalo, and rail from there to New York, than all water to Montreal. But the big steamers on the lakes prefer short and numerous trips if they can be secured. The ports on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay permit of this. A vessel can make three trips to one of these ports as against two to Buffalo, and can carry at least 40,000 bushels more each trip. This grain will almost reach Montreal before the vessel arrives at Buffalo. That the Canadian ports are growing in favor is evidenced by the fact that, of the 35,525,798 bushels of grain shipped from Port Arthur and Fort William last year, 62 per cent. went to Canadian ports. In addition Duluth and Chicago sent 21,129,000 bushels to Canadian ports as compared with 13,500,654 bushels shipped to American ports from Port Arthur and Fort William. The distance from Georgian Bay to Montreal is less than four hundred miles. From Parry Sound the Canada Atlantic runs to Ottawa by an almost direct line, and while not built for heavy traffic it gives good service and carries grain very cheaply. From Ottawa there is connection with Montreal and Quebec. From Midland a branch of the Grand Trunk connects by way of Lindsay and Peterboro' with the main line at Belleville. Owen Sound and Collingwood find an outlet by way of Toronto, but the grades at present are comparatively heavy. God-

erich, on Lake Huron, while somewhat over four hundred miles from Montreal, has received a fair share of western grain, which, with the improved facilities now at that point and the good condition of the road bed to the main line, should steadily increase.



STEAMER APPROACHING FORT WILLIAM.

From "From the Great Lakes to the Wide West" (Copyright, 1902), by permission.

There still remains the option of the all-rail route. A comparatively small amount comes this way—last year about six per cent. Some maintain that grain will always follow the water and rail route.

I am by no means certain of this. Grain, no doubt, lends itself very readily to the combined method. At the present time it is more advantageous from the point of expense to adopt this plan, and no doubt for a few years such will continue to be the case, but this comes rather from the nature of the road on the north shore than from the evident superiority of the water over the rail route. The C.P.R. from North Bay to Fort William abounds in the heaviest of grades and the sharpest of curves. It is entirely unsuited for the economical haulage of freight. It was not constructed for that purpose, but rather to gain access to the West. Chicago shippers have a choice between the all-rail route to New York and the water route to Buffalo, with rail connection to the seaboard. Fully thirty per cent. of the grain grown in the Western States goes by the all-rail route. The rate all-rail last May was 8.4 cents per bushel (at the present time it is 7c.) with 1.25 cents for terminal charges, making a total of 9.65 cents. From Winnipeg to Montreal the rate for a water and rail route ranges from 13.4 cents to 15.4 cents a bushel. It is not a question of distance of the all-rail haul but of gradients. The G.T.R. is at present carrying wheat from Chicago to Montreal, a distance of 840 miles, at $3\frac{3}{4}$ cents. This rate may not continue, and in fact it is not likely to ; but it shows the possibilities of cheap rail transportation, over easy grades. The water route will never likely be superseded entirely, but it can and will be largely supplemented by an all-rail route. Moreover, the one will act upon the other in fixing rates proportionate to the actual expense.

New York shippers seem somewhat despondent over the rapid transference of the grain export trade to Montreal. The difficulties in the way of New York's keeping this trade, as stated by the *Wall Street Journal*, are interesting to Canadians. There is the new route from Duluth and Chicago to the sea *via* the lakes, Canadian trunk lines and canals. The rate from Chicago to Montreal *via* Georgian Bay and Canada Atlantic is $4\frac{1}{2}$ c. a bushel. The recent $3\frac{3}{4}$ c. rate by the all-rail route on the Grand Trunk between the same points is supposed by some to have been struck to meet this. Second is the rail and water route *via* the Lower Lakes; the third, the 7c. rate on grain from Chicago to New York *via* the trunk lines ; and the fourth, the refusal of the International Mercantile Marine Company to carry grain across the Atlantic at less than 3c. a bushel. This is a new aspect of the case for us. We have always regarded the route by Buffalo as a menace to the development of the Canadian route. An examination of the returns, however, indicate that the Canadian route is growing in

favor with American shippers, and that Buffalo is losing. In 1901 Buffalo got 127 millions of United States grain; in 1902, 113 millions, while this year she has little outside of what she receives from Port Arthur and Fort William. On the other hand, the volume of Canadian grain being sent by Buffalo has been increasing, the amount in 1901 being five millions, as compared with twelve millions in 1902.

The entrance of the Grand Trunk Pacific into the arena will add an additional feature to the case. What effect will it have? It all depends upon two conditions, viz., the securing, first, of suitable



OWEN SOUND HARBOR.

grades, and secondly, of an alignment as perfect as possible. The C. P. R. has failed in both these respects between Fort William and North Bay. The route between Winnipeg and Fort William is fairly direct, but two bad grades occur which militate against the economical haulage of heavy trains. Unless the Grand Trunk Pacific can secure a grade of four-tenths of one per cent. its efficiency, as far as being able to make a fair bid for a share of the Western grain, will be greatly lessened: Surveys and explorations made by the Geological Survey of Canada from 1843 to 1903, the Crown Lands Department of Ontario and Quebec, and other authentic sources, from which a report is taken, which includes a belt of seventy-five miles wide on each side

of the proposed railway, seem to leave no doubt that there are but few physical obstacles to the securing of even a better grade on the 1,200 miles between Winnipeg and Quebec. Moreover the slope is to the east, so that no difficulty will be experienced in the handling of trains of from sixty to one hundred cars. If equally good grades can be secured on the Quebec-Moncton section there is no reason to doubt the success of the new transcontinental railway. The G. T. R. hauls grain from Chicago to Montreal, a distance of 840 miles, for 3¾c. This, as we pointed out above, may be a special rate, and is liable to rise. American lines from Chicago to New York, a distance of 925 miles, charge a flat rate of 7c., and they pay dividends. Is it too much to predict that the Grand Trunk Pacific will be able to carry grain from Winnipeg to Quebec, a distance of 1,200 miles, for at most 10c., or from Winnipeg to St. John or Halifax, approximately 1,700 miles, for 13c.?

Let us compare this with the best rate secured for the crop of 1902.

Rail from Winnipeg to Fort William.....	7.200
Lake rate.....	2.000
Rail to Montreal.....	4.000
	<hr/>
	13.200

This is for conveyance alone, but there are other compulsory charges which increase the rate materially, e.g.:

Storage, elevating, inspection and weighing at Fort William.....	.625
Interest, insurance and exchange at Fort William.	.250
Lake and fire insurance.....	.375
Shortage, fire insurance, etc. at Montreal.....	.250
	<hr/>
Total.....	1.500

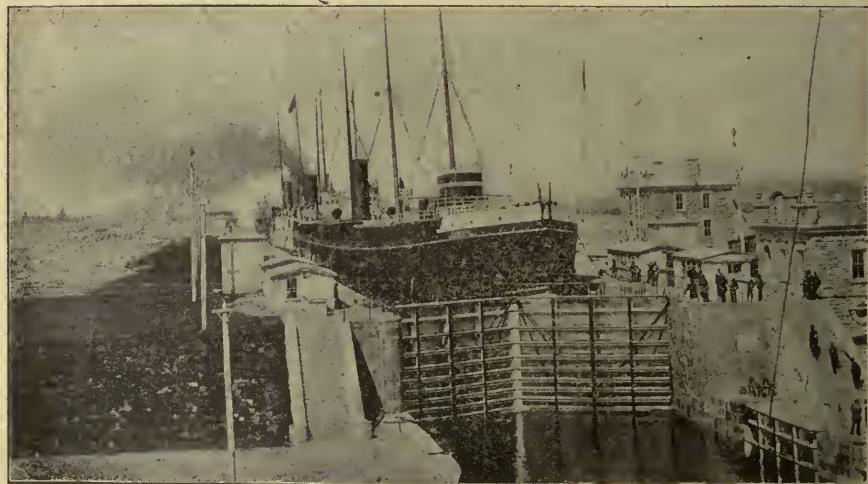
Making the actual cost of conveyance 14.7 cents. This is the best possible rate, and is available only till the close of navigation, which varies from six weeks to three months after the first grain of the current year's crop is sent east.

Grain not forwarded from Fort William by the close of navigation, if not sent by the all-rail route, must remain in the hands of the farmer or the dealer till spring navigation opens. If the farmer retains it, he does not realize on his crop till eight or nine months after harvesting. If the dealer holds it, he must secure it at such a price as will defray the actual cost of the storage, and guard him against loss by a possible fall in the market before the grain can reach

the consumer. This means a loss to the farmer, according to the *Edmonton Bulletin*, of from 2 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ c. a bushel.

The actual cost by lake and rail with winter storage was as follows :

Rail, Winnipeg to Fort William.....	7.200
Storage, Fort William, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. per month.....	2.500
Interest, fire insurance, weighing and inspection at Fort William.....	3.250
Lake rate.....	2.000
Lake and fire insurance.....	.375
Rail to Montreal.....	4.000
Shortage, fire insurance and loss in weight, Montreal.....	1.250
	<hr/>
	20.575



CANADIAN LOCK—SAULT STE. MARIE.

By all rail forwarded from Fort William the rate is—

Winnipeg to Fort William.....	7.200
Shortage, elevating and inspection at Fort William625
Interest, insurance and exchange at Fort William250
Rail, Fort William to St. John, including shortage and fire insurance.....	12.000
	<hr/>
Total all rail.....	20.075

The all-rail rate from Fort William varied from 13.5 cents in December to 9.5 cents in April.

Thus it will be seen that if the farmer cannot get his grain to Montreal before the close of navigation he can ship direct to St. John practically as cheaply as he can to Montreal by waiting to the following spring. And this is the case with the C. P. R. with its north shore line of heavy grades and sharp curves. How many millions of dollars will be saved the western farmers on freight alone if a ten cent rate to Quebec or a thirteen cent to Halifax or St. John could be secured. The new Trancontinental Railway should grant this.

But the Grand Trunk Pacific will also have a branch to the lakes. We shall then have three competing lines to the lakes, two with excellent roadbeds. The C. N. R. has recently granted a rate of ten cents per 100 pounds to the lakes. Better than that should be secured. If the Intercolonial obtains running rights over the branch line to the lakes—as it is hoped it will, as well as over the main line—the fourth line may be added. The various branches of the G. T. R., the C. P. R. line and that of the Canada Atlantic should keep the elevators at the eastern side of the lakes and the Georgian Bay clear. If the Intercolonial could obtain running rights over the Canada Atlantic and a line were built from Coteau to Montreal so much the better. One of the best features of the new Transcontinental Railway is the building of the Winnipeg-Moncton section by the Government, which will prevent rival lines from securing a controlling interest. The Government's action in the matter, the low capitalization and the Government control of rates, even while handing the line over to a private corporation for fifty years, assure us that the freight rates will be in keeping with the expense involved.

One thing is certain, the congestion in the West, which has practically existed two years, must be relieved. A recent petition, signed by seventeen wholesale dealers of Winnipeg and addressed to the House of Commons, praying for relief; the bringing into the West last year of 25,000 stockers from Mexico, on account of the inability to secure space west from Ontario; the shipping of cattle east by American roads, owing to the lack of cars on the C. P. R., and resolutions from numerous Boards of Trade; these indicate that a crisis has arrived in the transportation problem.

It is the duty of the Canadian Government to afford the necessary relief. The Grand Trunk Pacific, aside from its general development, colonization and national features is a bold attempt at solving the question. May it succeed.



THE BERNESE ALPS.

A Short Visit to Berne.

BY MARY L. JEFFERY, '04.

BERNE, though a town of nearly 70,000, the capital of the Swiss Confederation, the seat of the Central Government and the residence of foreign embassies, is yet one of the quaintest towns met with on a continental tour, quite unlike any other either in Switzerland or elsewhere.

The very first thing that attracted our attention was the bears. As we entered our hotel, even before the usually prompt appearance of the "portier," two huge brown bears greeted us with outstretched arms. However, they proved to be quite motionless and harmless, for the shaggy brown coat was only an example of the excellent Swiss wood carving, and so not to be feared, but rather admired.

The bear plays an important rôle in Berne. It figures on the coat of arms of the town, and is seen engraved in stone, cast in bronze, and baked on gingerbread. Though especially significant in Berne, it is also the tutelar saint and guardian angel of all Switzerland, as the cowbell is its popular symbol, and so these two—bears and cowbells—large and small, carved and painted, are everywhere in evidence and everywhere for sale as mementoes of Switzerland.

In the bearpit across the river are five real bears, which, however, are not for sale, but are kept at public expense, practically for the entertainment of onlookers, historically in remembrance of the fact that the town of Berne was built on the spot where Berchtold V., Duke of Zähringen, killed a bear.

The streets of Berne form its striking feature. Along both sides run the quaint arcades, the low arches of which are supported by large buttresses facing towards the street. They were built originally to protect the citizens against the inclemency of the weather and the mud of the then unpaved streets; but they have now become the only thoroughfare for foot passengers, the open street being used almost entirely for vehicular traffic. In between the buttresses stone

benches and stalls are built, and as we strolled down the street in the early evening we saw the shopkeepers sitting in these "cosy corners" discussing town topics, or exhibiting their wares to the ever curious tourist.

Another characteristic feature of Berne is the old towers, particularly the clock tower on the Kramgasse, very quaint and artistically colored. The clock is several feet in diameter, and indicates the date as well as the hour. Here, at almost any hour of the day, may be seen groups of people, especially the expectant and ever observant tourist, standing listening to the rooster crowing, and the troop of little bears marching in procession around a sitting figure.



CLOCK TOWER.

Among the other principal ornamental features of the town are the many monumental fountains, erected chiefly in the sixteenth century. One is the Fountain of Justice, bearing a handsome statue of Justice—blindfold, that she may be impartial. Another is the Bagpiper Fountain, surmounted by a man playing on bagpipes, with the water gushing from all his pipes, and a curious, rather than beautiful one, is the "Kindle fresserbrunnen" or Ogre Fountain. The statue represents a Jew in the act of devouring a child, with several like victims sticking out of his pockets. It

is in remembrance of a ritual murder in 1287, attributed to the Jews, and serves much the same purpose as our "bogy man" or "goblins."

The fountains are useful, however, as well as ornamental. It is a very common thing to see the women washing their lettuce and other vegetables, or peeling potatoes for dinner.

The Bernese carts may be of interest to the reader, as they were to us. They, of course, use the ordinary noisy horse and waggon, but they also have a much quieter and quainter means of transportation, a push cart drawn by dogs, sometimes one, often two; in which latter case the owner, generally a milk seller, trots along between his two companions, literally "working like a dog." The milk cans also are somewhat different, being flat, oval shaped and of wood, while the

milk differs considerably from Canadian city milk, being quite rich and creamy.

All these little peculiarities and striking features belong, of course, to old Berne. There is also a new section of the town, quite modern, and containing some handsome buildings; but it was the ancient and foreign that always attracted us. Old Berne is situated on a rocky eminence like a compact fortress, and was founded in the year 1191 by Duke Berchtold, the bear-killer, as a stronghold to protect the hereditary supremacy of the Zähringen family against the rebellious



WOOD CARVERS AT WORK.

nobles of Western Switzerland and the Oberland. Its position in the middle of an undulating fertile plain, and its rare advantages as a natural means of defence, predestined it to take a leading part as the capital of the Canton. But of its place in history I shall say nothing, nor shall I attempt to describe the grandeur of the surrounding landscape, a most extensive view of the Bernese Oberland.

All through the summer trip I have dealt so extensively in superlatives that they have almost lost their force and I have given up trying to describe the beauties of the Swiss Alps, feeling that not even a poet or a painter can do them justice—much less the writer.



To the Senate.

THANKS to you ! gentlemen, so kind,
 For your consideration ;
 Henceforth none will have cause to mind
 The word "examination."

No more the student's fate will hang
 By two thin threads suspended ;
 For doubled is the strand and *lang*
 Which mercy has extended.

Before, two stars produced a strain
 That gave one cause for quaking ;
 Now four are held, just double twain,
 Without a fear of breaking.

Away then with the midnight oil
 And early morning rising !
 Pastimes will now relieve our toil,
 Ay, there will be rejoicing !

W. G. C.

THERE was a young fellow called Muggins,
 Who just simply doted on huggins ;
 But the fellows decided
 'Twas time that he滑ed,
 And he fled the next day from their sluggins.

E. W. W.

Letters of a Freshman.

(No. I.)

VICTORIA COLLEGE, Oct. 15th, 1903.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along, I arrived here all right, and have now got my bearings, but this riding on trains for the first time upsets a fellow. I was received at the College with open arms. The Sophomores had heard I was coming, and were on the look-out for me, and when they saw the carpet-bag they knew the owner and took me right in.

Perhaps I ought to tell you about registering. When I went to give in my name, the Doctor asked me what course I was going to take, and I told him the easiest he had. He replied, "That's Theology." Well, I told him I did not feel called to the work, and asked for the next best thing. Then he advised the general course, and thinking I would like to be a general, I enlisted. Now I must tell you about Robert. He is one of the finest men I ever met. The first time I saw him he had such a learned and important look that I asked him if he were the Chancellor. "No, my boy," he said, "I'm not, though I've been on the faculty for over thirty years." I must have made a great impression on Robert, for he said to me, "Young man, you're a high-class gentleman;" and I says, "You're right there; I stand six feet in my stockings." Then he asked me about my laundry. At first I didn't understand him, but when he explained it meant washing, I thanked him and told him I did that myself.

Altogether I have had a big time, and taken in everything but prayers and lectures, and hardly expect to be able to attend these till after Christmas. Just now I am busy giving the Sophomores all the information I can for some big show that is coming off soon. The boys call me "High-waters." I don't know why unless it is because I have been under the tap two or three times. They also say I must get a full-dress suit, and I guess I shall, for I have nearly grown out of my present one. I regret to say that board has gone up since I struck town, and extras come very high. As a result my money is gone. However, the extras have been paid for, though the board has not. The boys would like to be presented with a barrel of our snow apples. By sending them you will also do me a good turn, and increase my popularity. If you do, pay the freight. In my next letter I will tell you about the Girls' Boarding House, and the big show, called the Bob.

From your affectionate son,

JASPER.

SCIENTIFIC



The Conditions of Life.

BY E. E. CLEAVER, '04.



N commencing this article it is not my purpose to discuss at great length any particular feature, but to treat the subject in a general way.

Before proceeding to the specific subject of this article it will be necessary for us to consider how the varied forms of life originated. We all believe that the first form of life that appeared on this earth was created by no other than God himself. But how the numerous forms of life existing at the present time have originated has been in former times a subject of keen controversy. The answer given by the earliest observers, that all life was created as we now see it by supernatural power, was generally accepted as an article of religious belief. The early Greek philosophers introduced us to the field of speculation. They taught that all natural things had sprung from certain primal elements, such as fire, water, etc. Mr. Huxley upholds "the theory of evolution." He conceives that the world and all that is in it did not come into existence in the condition we now see it. On the contrary, Mr. Huxley and other eminent scientists hold that the present conformation and composition of the earth's crust, the distribution of land and water, and the infinitely diversified forms of plant and animal life which constitute its present population are merely the final terms in an immense issue of changes which have been brought about in the course of immeasurable time by the operation of causes more or less similar to those which are now at work.

It has been proved that the earth and its life, instead of being called suddenly into existence a few thousand years ago, has existed for millions and millions of years; and as the mountains and continents are known to have attained their present form by the action of natural agencies, it is thought probable that other objects of nature have been produced in a similar way. So with plants and animals. Natural agencies cause them to develop along different lines to meet

their varied conditions. Plants taken from their native situation and planted in gardens undergo changes so great as to render them unrecognizable. Again, offspring tend to grow in likeness to their parents, but they also tend to grow in unlikeness; for while moulded upon the same parental type, the resemblance is generally imperfect.

How numerous these variations are may be seen from the fact that there are more than one hundred varieties of dogs, from the largest St. Bernard to the smallest black and tan, all belonging to the same family, and assuredly descendants of common ancestors, the progenitors of all dogs.

What was needed to make out the analogy of variation between wild and domesticated animals was to find out the process in nature which is the equivalent of human agency in breeding. Mr. Darwin believed that he discovered this process and designates it as "The Principle of Natural Selection." Mr. Darwin says "that living beings in the state of nature are subject to certain external conditions such as climate, situation, character of soil and exposure to enemies by which they are surrounded and limited." "They are endowed with enormous powers of increase so that any one of the hundreds of thousands of species of plants or animals, if they were preserved, would go on multiplying until they covered the earth or filled the sea." "Space is fixed and food limited, and the consequence is a universal conflict, the war of races, and in the struggle for existence multitudes perish and comparatively few survive."

This survival is not a matter of chance. Scientists maintain that it is regulated by a law: only those surviving that are in some way best adapted to the conditions of life. The strongest, the fleetest, the most cunning and the best adapted to the surroundings will live and multiply, while the less fit will disappear.

The introduction of sparrows in 1862 into our own country affords an excellent example of how species encroach on one another's areas, the weaker being driven out by the stronger. Although in the case of the sparrows we may not care to designate it as the "survival of the fittest," nevertheless they exist and flourish in countless thousands all over the North American continent, and wherever we find them in great numbers they drive away nearly all other birds from the vicinity. Although they are very harmful to other species of birds in the struggle for existence, and commit serious depredations on wheat fields, etc., they do good service in destroying canker worms and injurious larvæ around cities and towns.

That life can exist amid the very simplest of conditions seems almost an impossibility. Man, with his numerous wants, requires

NEW MEDICAL BUILDING, TORONTO UNIVERSITY.



many and different conditions to supply even the bare necessities of life.

If we suppose this world in a state of chaos, no division between land and water, without trees, shrubs, or any apparent life, we would still have millions of micro-organisms thriving and reproducing themselves with wonderful rapidity; these organisms are termed bacteria. Although not more than $\frac{1}{12000}$ of an inch in length, these bacteria are of infinite importance in their functions.

In the making of butter how few housewives know that these organisms largely determine whether the butter is to be creamy and mild or strong and unpleasant to the taste. In putrefaction the bacteria cause the breaking up of compounds into simpler ones, and the evolution of gases that produce the characteristic order of putrefaction. Some bacteria, like the majority of organisms, require free oxygen for their existence, others do not require free oxygen, but must be able to take the oxygen from some of the compounds contained in the fluid in which they live. Bacteria are unable to live either at a high or low temperature, but the microbe will thrive between 5 and 40° C. Bacteria also resemble other organisms in being unable to live an active life without a due supply of water.

The conditions of life in the simpler organisms are so similar that it requires the most careful discrimination to determine whether an organism is a plant or an animal. This fact is well exemplified in Euglena which combines the character of both animals and plants. Euglena is a small organism commonly found in the water of ponds and puddles, to which it imparts a green color. The body is spindle-shaped and has at the anterior blunt end a depression, the gullet, from the inner surface of which springs a long hair-like organ, bearing a number of fine hairs. This organ is the flagellum, and serves to propel the Euglena through the water by its lashing movements. There is a nucleus, and at the anterior end a contractile vacuole leading into a large non-contractile space, which leads into the gullet. We thus have illustrated the simplest type of a digestive system.

The greater part of the body is colored green by the characteristic vegetable pigment, chlorophyll. Euglena, in the presence of sunlight, is nourished like a typical green plant; it decomposes the carbon dioxide in the water, assimilating the carbon and evolving the oxygen nitrogen and other elements. But there appears to be another mode of nutrition which generally appears in the dark or out of the direct sunlight. It has been mentioned above that the movements of the flagellum create a whirlpool, by means of which particles are driven into the gullet and internal protoplasm and there ingested. Euglena

thus combines the characteristically animal and vegetable modes of nutrition.

The adaptation of plants for conditions of drought may illustrate the relation of plants to their surroundings. The mullein and silver bush leaves have special adaptation. These leaves are covered with fine hairs and are jacketted on both the upper and lower surfaces with water tissues, and the little pores or stomata that regulate the amount of water of transpiration are sunk deeply into hairy sacs or crypts. The pine, with its long thin acicular leaf, its strong thick epidermis, the individual cells of which are firmly set together, also assist in retaining the necessary amount of moisture for the period of drought.

An interesting phenomenon is exhibited by the compass plants. These plants always point north and south. The apparent reason for taking up this position is that by so doing they escape the heat of the southern sun. In Australia the leaves do not grow horizontally, but vertically from the branches. They thus present to the sun a narrow edge instead of a broad expanded surface. On heath, that little scrawny shrub of the desert, we find the leaves turned back to form a tube. The water of transpiration issues from a little pore, surrounded by hairy elements. In tropical regions whole plains are covered with cacti, which grow to a considerable height, sometimes reaching forty or fifty feet. The stem is quite reduced and clusters of spines are vestiges of the leaf. Leaves are present in early embryonic life, but are quickly transformed into spines. Thus we see the gradual degeneracy of the leaf from the mullein, with its water tissue, to the pine, with its reduced leaf, and the heath, with its leaves forming a tube, to the cactus, on which leaves are extinct.

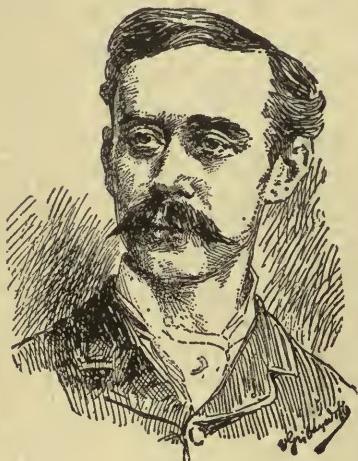
Scientific Notes.

IN two months the Marconi Company expects to be doing business across the ocean. According to Mr. Marconi, in November commercial messages will be regularly despatched across the Atlantic between Cape Breton and Poldhu. Wireless telegraphy is bound to bring Canada into prominence.

WHAT next! "The new American auto-car, made in New York, is the first of its kind ever constructed. The war machine, with its soldier chauffeurs, is calculated to be on hand to repair field artillery, and to do it under its own electric light if necessary. It will shoe artillery horses, repair harness, saddles, signal-apparatus and small

arms. The engine is calculated to drive the machine a distance of three hundred miles at any rate up to ten miles an hour."

COMMANDER PEARY will again start for the North Pole. He expects to leave early in July next. Winter quarters will be established in North Grant Land, and from a base four hundred and ninety miles distant from the pole a dash northward will be made in dog sleds. The estimated cost of the expedition is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$150,000.



COMMANDER PEARY.

area of the United States. Its population in 1803 was 50,000; it is now over 15,000,000."

THE following relates to an invention rendering accurate the use of the stars as guides in travelling: "The new invention consists of a star map, over which is a transparent scale, and it revolves from the point located on the map as the North Pole. On this scale are engraved the circles of altitude and the lines of bearing. From this map, by a slight calculation and by revolving the transparent scale until it is opposite certain figures indicated on the map, the ship's location can be instantly taken. The name of this particular star is obtained easily by reference to the nautical almanac by a guide on the chart."

"RADIUM has for nearly fifteen months produced a temperature outside its glass receptacle amounting to 2.2° F., apparently without loss in weight appreciable to other than scientists, which, in comparison with our present sources of power, amounts in effect to perpetual energy or motion. Thirty thousand miles per second is the calculated speed of the positive electrons or atoms projected continuously from radium, and the theoretical dictum of the gradual disintegration of these radio-active elements into entirely new elements is rapidly gaining supporters."—*World's Work*.

THE following item is of interest, relating as it does to the Louisiana Purchase, which event is to be celebrated by the St. Louis Exposition. By treaty with Napoleon, President Jefferson, in 1803, acquired the Louisiana Province for the United States at a cost of \$15,000,000. "Its area is 875,000 square miles. It comprises nearly a third of the present

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS



The Church and Social Problems.

BY F. L. FAREWELL, '00.



FEW weeks ago one of the leaders of Canadian Methodism declared that if the Church did not do more to bring in the kingdom of God on earth, it would collapse like a shell. If we grant the implication of the premise of this conditional proposition, the conclusion must follow. For any institution or organization that fails to realize the purpose for which it is intended must necessarily be greatly modified to meet the exigencies, or be superseded wholly by another whose ways and means are better adapted to the end in view. It may be that our Church officer has expressed his thought in too forcible language, and yet one cannot but admit a deal of truth in the implied criticism, so much indeed that at the outset it may be postulated that the Church, as a Church, is not to-day presenting to the world a gospel which will meet its every need. The materialism and skepticism of the age, the indifference of the working people, the avowed antagonism of many social reformers, the tendency to regard its ministers as superficial and effeminate, its seeming incapacity to deal with social problems—these and similar facts indicate that the Church is falling short of its privilege to carry on Christ's mission in the world.

The Church may be defined as the saving institution of humanity. It is an organization evolved for the purpose of presenting to the world the gospel of salvation as enunciated and lived by Jesus Christ. And what is this salvation? Surely it is something more than a theological definition or a mechanical relationship accomplished by an intellectual assent to certain doctrines and an enrolment upon the Church register. It is more even than "a change of heart." It is the highest realization of the self. It is development of character. It inspires heroic obedience and ethical stability. It is unselfish service to humanity, to the hungry, the sick, the imprisoned, the despairing one, even though he be a workingman, an anarchist or an unfortunate outcast. It is enthusiasm for the practical realization of righteousness

and truth in every sphere of life. It is sympathy for man's conscientious struggle towards what he conceives to be the good, no matter how fantastic the ideal or effort. It is an unalterable conviction that God is immanent in human life, as Father, as Redeemer, as Supreme Example, as motived purpose to make the world better and more like Christ. This is the salvation that Jesus taught and lived, and which the Church must offer to men with utter fearlessness and the most intense conviction.

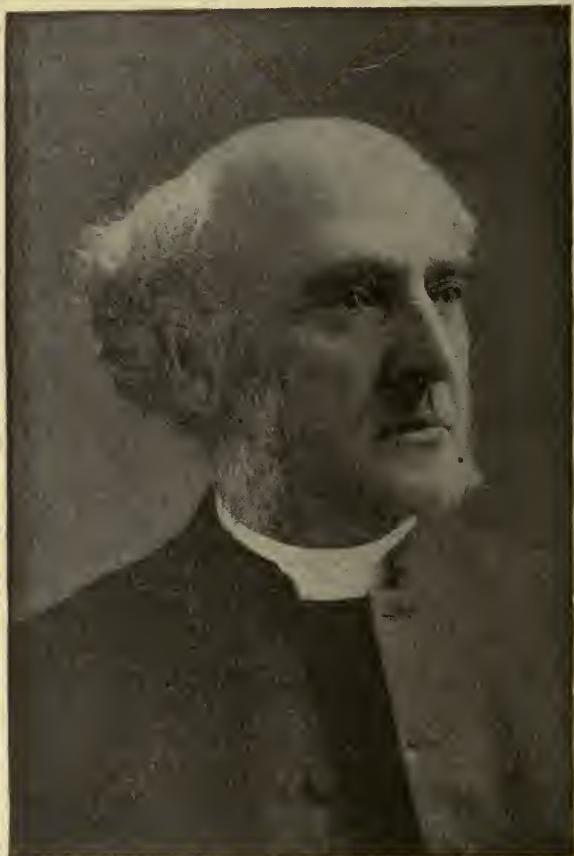
It is granted that salvation has to do essentially with individuals, but an individual is not an abstraction. He cannot be considered apart from other individuals. Outside of relationships he is nothing. Jesus does not save a man in the abstract, but He saves him as he is, with his passions and appetites, in relationship with other men. And hence the Church must make itself familiar with the environment and conditions in which man lives. It must know his peculiar temptations and struggles before it can give him its best sympathy and aid. In short, in this age of materialistic complexity the Church must be in thoroughly close touch with all the problems of life—social, economic, intellectual and moral.

Social problems as they exist to-day may be defined as abnormal human relationships, evolved by the inter-operation of social, economic and moral forces without due regard to the self-realization of the individual. Greed, selfishness and kindred motives so dehumanize man that he chooses to pursue the material and temporal rather than the spiritual and eternal. Might is incessantly at work in the adjustment of human relationships. The strong succeed and the weak fail. The strong have splendid opportunities for self-development, while the weak have few, if indeed they have any. These abnormal conditions constitute the source of the social problems of our age. The seething discontent the world over is but the manifestation of the weak in their efforts to secure a larger freedom and a greater opportunity for self-improvement. The spiritual, in the deepest sense, underlies all social struggle. The great industrial conflict inaugurated by the introduction of the factory system at the beginning of last century was deeper than its mere phenomena indicated. It is true that on the part of the employees it was a conflict for better protection, for shorter hours, for a larger share of production, for the right of combination. But it was a conflict, not for material advantages alone. It was a struggle for a wider vision, a higher freedom, and greater facilities for education and development. There was inherent in the working people a principle, crude and immature perhaps, fundamental

to their desire for advancement. Some ideal of nobler manhood, some conception of sovereignty over one's self was the governing principle in their efforts towards a larger and a freer life. In a strict sense there is no conflict between capital and labor as such. The seeming conflict between these two great human forces is, in reality, the effort of the one or the other to realize its ideal by subjecting its environment to its will. Labor does not array itself against capital as capital, but rather because capital, in the form of organized and oftentimes monopolistic industry, is the environment with which it comes in contact in its struggle for freedom. But the abnormal relation between labor and capital is but one of the active social problems of our time. The socialism of Germany, the anarchism of Italy and Spain, the growing discontent of Russia and other equally important movements are indications of the growing pains of humanity. A knowledge of the causes of such movements, together with a clear insight into such questions as the liquor traffic, the housing of the poor, the gambling evil, the social evil and the punishment of criminals is necessary, that the Church may give its best consecrated thought to their solution. Hence, social problems are not mere abstractions to be solved by academic theories; but they are abnormal, though actual, relationships in human life affecting powerfully the individual lives of men and women. And if the work of the Church is to save individuals, it must save them in their relationships; and more, it must save them *and* their relationships. A comprehensive knowledge of social struggles and conditions is therefore essential to the Church if it would present to the world the gospel of salvation in its real significance.

Shall we ask what are the reasons for the partial incapacity and unpopularity of the Church in the world of to-day. Let the answer be given by the raising of a few questions tending to stimulate thought and reflection. First, does creed constitute a barrier between the Church and the people to whom it would minister? It may be that creed is fundamental to a Church organization. It may be, too, that the terms of the creed should be carefully and theologically defined. But is this enough? What do the hungry and poor and the outcast and the yearning care for creed in the abstract? They are in need of sympathetic help, satisfaction, life. They cry not for doctrine but for doctrine lived in the life. Confide in them and love them, and they develop faith. Sacrifice and live for them and they catch a glimpse of the atonement. Manifest enthusiasm, earnestness and overpowering conviction in the daily life, and they see some meaning in the

baptism of the Holy Spirit. Be "all things to all men," and they form some conception of the brotherhood of man. Creed is important, but it is only that creed whose definition may be read in the living, daily conduct of the Church. Why should the Church persist in presenting creed theories to the world when it is hungering for an interpretation of the Christ whose sublimely beautiful life is a *living*



REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

example of faith, the atonement and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The character of Jesus Christ is the best creed, and the strongest apologetic citadel for Christianity. On Him the Church should lay the greatest emphasis.

Secondly, is the Church of to-day strong in its convictions? If

you ask me what electricity is, I answer, "I do not know." But if you ask me what it does, I point you to the wheels of industry and transportation, and the instantaneous flashing of thought around the world. From these I learn something of its power to do. If you ask me what the Holy Spirit is as He was manifested at Pentecost, I answer, "I do not know." But if you ask me what He does, I point you to the eleven men, fishermen and publicans, who left the upper room with the burning conviction that Jesus was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, to inaugurate a mighty movement for humanity whose spiritual momentum is increasing as the years and centuries go by. Conviction is power ; it is ceaseless energy and untiring perseverance ; it is all-conquering heroism. Now might we ask, What are the convictions of the Church in the opening of the twentieth century ? Is it fired with the conviction that God is in the world, in history, working out His purpose in and through human beings ? Does it believe that the Father is in truth personally interested in the perfect realization of every one of His children ? Does it believe in a practical way that Jesus is the Saviour of the world, and that His principles are applicable to-day to all the relationships of life ? Does it insist that the solution of all social problems is found only in his applied teaching and life ? Has it an all-conquering faith in the final triumph of right and truth and love, and is it so adjusting itself to them as to hasten on their fuller realization ? Earnest and spirit-filled conviction on such questions is absolutely necessary to the Church if it is to carry on its work and complete its conquest of the world for Christ.

Thirdly, is conservatism throttling the noblest ideals, and sapping the best energies of the Church in its tendency to "go slowly." God's truth is one. It is eternal. He has given to man the power to reveal its abounding fulness. But does the Church contain all the world's consecrated intellect, and does the consecration cease when unfoldings of new phases of truth modify or displace the old ? Does the Church fear the investigations of science, and the researches of the higher critics ? And why, forsooth ? Is not God truth, and does He not reveal Himself in many ways, and is it possible that one revelation will prove contradictory to another ? By its very fear the Church is manifesting doubt concerning God, and its failure to grasp the fact that He still reveals Himself "by divers portions and in divers manners." The Church, as God's saving institution, should be to the very forefront in the research for truth, rather than expending its energies in actively resisting new revelations which come to it. Moreover, the

Church is too conservative in its conceptions of progress. It ought itself to initiate ideals, instead of being content to follow those evolved by others. How fearful it is of inaugurating any new movement for the amelioration of social conditions or the reaching of classes whom it does not at present touch. How it dreads to go beyond custom to question the pet theories of society and economics and politics. And yet how revolutionary was the teaching of Jesus. If the application of His principles in this age gives offence, what must have been the fierceness of the opposition nineteen hundred years ago, when every utterance was a challenge to prevalent conceptions, and every act a contravention of deep-rooted custom. He turned aside from the ideals and prejudices of His own age to establish a new precedent and a new law for future generations. And the Church to-day must follow His example. No preconceived ideals, no political ties, no social customs, no economic relationships must stand in the way of a courageous insistence that the Gospel of Christ meets fully any and every condition of human life. The religion of Jesus Christ does not withdraw from politics and business, and social and economic life, but it seizes them, permeates them with His own spirit and makes them sacred.

Fourthly, has the Church a sufficient knowledge of man's problems to ensure an earnest sympathy for him in his struggle? I doubt it. It is certain that its ministry is not strong enough to attract other than its own adherents. What is the reason? Again an answer may be given by putting the question, What constitutes a thoroughly equipped preacher for the present age? I answer, he must be, first, a *human* man, moving about as a man among men—not a hermit. Secondly, a manly man. The charge has been made that preachers are too milk-and-water and effeminate. They do not appeal to the noblest and best in man. There is in man a latent capacity for heroism, benevolence and self-sacrifice, which once aroused and developed would be a tremendous power for good. It is for the preacher to arouse this latent power. Is he to-day doing it effectively? Thirdly, an educated man. The preacher learns much at college which is very helpful for his life-work. Yet two things are lacking: a close heart-to-heart contact between professor and student, and a practical knowledge of the problems to be solved. Mission effort, work among children, and the readjustment of social and economic relations, are, apart from personal work, the three great functions of the Church. What equipment does the young preacher get for this work? Apart from the reading of a few text-books and his own consecration, practically

none. Even a systematic and historic treatment of these subjects in the lecture-room is not afforded, without speaking of the large practical training which might be carried on in every large city. Knowledge of the subtle temptations which meet men and women, and of the general social conditions of the people in the rural as well as urban districts is necessary to him who would teach his congregation the fulness of the Christian life. Fourthly, a man of courageous and spirit-filled convictions, the "Holy Ghost man," the necessity for which we have already indicated. Men thus equipped, preaching to tired and weary lives, and teaching minds hungering for truth, would prove a mighty influence in the uplifting of the world to nobler spheres of thought and conduct.

Fifthly, does the Church sufficiently use its powers of adaptation to meet the changing conditions of society? Is it not too strongly influenced by the thought, "We must stick to discipline." Method is, of course, subsidiary, and yet important. In its ways and means the Church should be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Can it not strengthen its influence among the people, first, by paying greater attention to the little things of the ordinary Church service, such as a varied order in the form of service, free pews and attentive ushers? A few years ago I sat by the side of a young man, who was so provoked by the action of the usher in placing him in a back pew that he refrained from giving the usual collection. The incident in itself is unimportant, but it indicates the influence which may be exerted by fidelity to the common courtesies of life even in a Church service. If there is any place where there should be the glad welcome, it is, above all others, the Church of God. Secondly, by keeping "open doors." In going up and down the city I cannot but note the irony of the contrast between the open saloon and billiard parlor, and the closed church. The door to "evil" swings widely open, "welcome" everywhere, while the door to "good" stands gloomy and forbidding, "no stranger wanted here." Why should not God's church be opened morning, noon and night, and so furnished and equipped that the weary and the yearning and the joyous might find rest and satisfaction to their hearts' content in the highest things of life. Thirdly, by an energetic "look-out" committee. It is interesting to watch the rapidity with which a woman, struck down by a street-car, is rescued and carried to the hospital, where her wounds are bound up with tenderest care. It is equally interesting to note the despatch employed by the "look-out" committee of the law in hurrying away to the place of incarceration the man or woman, or boy or girl, who has

been morally wounded, perhaps to the death, by saloon or gaming table, or temptation worse still. The former illustrates the world's care for the body, the latter illustrates the Church's *lack* of care for the soul. Of course, custom does not permit the handing over of fallen creatures into kindly hands. But custom is not always right. It is sometimes even barbarous. And the Church will be well within its rights when it demands that many of the victims now thrown into vice-haunted police stations and gaols shall be given into the sympathetic care of those who shall pity and upbuild and bless. Meanwhile the Church "look-out" committee, which ought to consist of every *living* Church member, can do much to gather in the moral waifs and strays who are longing for sympathy and love and life.

The questions I have asked are but suggestive of what the Church might do to solve the social problems and win the confidence of humanity, and so win the world for Christ. The Church is the great representative organization of the Christ who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." To this holy trust it ever must be true. I believe firmly in the final triumph of right and truth and love in every sphere of life, even in the most aggravated forms of social relationships. And I believe, too, that this great triumph will be largely affected by a consecrated, spirit-filled and holy Church, and to its preparation for this great end we must devote our every prayer and effort.

Notes.

THE third annual Summer School for the study of the Bible and missions, held within our college halls from the 4th to the 14th of July last, was more interesting and more successful than ever before. Professors McLaughlin and Riddell conducted the Bible study in a most helpful way. The needs of the various mission fields were forcefully presented by competent speakers and carefully considered in class-study. The unique feature of the gathering was the union meeting of the Presbyterian and Methodist summer schools to listen to inspiring addresses on the influence of those valiant veterans of the cross, John Knox and John Wesley. The former subject was ably handled by the Rev. Dr. Johnston, of London, while Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith, of Toronto, spoke interestingly on the latter theme,

THIS year the Annual Theological Conference was held during exhibition week, beginning September 8th, in Victoria College chapel. The attendance was not large, but the programme was exceptionally good. The annual lecture of the Theological Union was delivered by Rev. J. H. Stevenson, M.A., Ph.D., of Vanderbilt University, on the theme, "The Catholicity of the Prophets."

THE Student Young Men's Christian Associations of Toronto held their second annual fall Conference on September 28th and 29th. The gathering proved to be a most helpful one, and our own college was well represented on the programme. Besides the best local talent, Mr. Geo. Irving, B.A., General Secretary of McGill Young Men's Christian Association was present and assisted materially in the convention.

ON November 2nd next, another little band of missionaries will set sail from Vancouver for needy fields in the far West. Rev. R. C. Armstrong, B.A., of Victoria, goes to Japan; Rev. A. C. Hoffman, S.T.L., of Wesleyan Theological College, accompanied by his wife, who is a trained deaconess; James R. Cox, M.D., C.M., and Miss B. Fox, of the Deaconess Training School, set out for West China.



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Editorial.

INTRODUCTORY. It is customary in journalism for a new management on assuming its duties to announce its policy. In conformity then with usage, we will say a few words. College journalism, while primarily existing as a medium for the expression of local academic life, ought not, we think, to confine itself to matters within this interesting, but narrow circle.

The great aim of a college should be to unfold and develop the intellectual life of its students; to supply such an equipment for a career as cannot be secured readily by other means! In the college publication of any pretension, local chit-chat, sports, etc., should occupy an important, but not an all-important place; it, too, must reflect the intellectual life, and be instructive as well as entertaining.

This is our ideal for ACTA. Purely college matters will receive proper attention, but an effort will also be made to bring our readers into touch with the largest interests which confront, and ought to concern, developed manhood. It is our further purpose to give prominence to the national idea. Not more Imperialism but more Canadianism is our present need. Our native land should receive the first-fruits of our affection; let the Empire partake of the overplus.



UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, WINNIPEG.

Moreover, the diffusion of a fervid national spirit is necessary if we are to assimilate properly the many diverse elements which are entering into our national life. In order to stimulate interest in national issues we have arranged for a series of articles on the "Canadian Question" to be contributed by some of our most prominent public men. This, in a few words, is our policy, which we hope will commend itself to our readers.

VACANCIES.

There are two vacancies on ACTA Board, occasioned by the death of Mr. R. T. Anderson, and the withdrawal from college of Mr. Graham Wright, '05. By Mr. Anderson's death ACTA has lost an able writer, the College a brilliant student, and we all a faithful friend. As for Mr. Wright he is too well and favorably known to require commendation. Pending action by the Literary Society, Science is being edited by Mr. Cleaver, '04, and Athletics by the Editor-in-chief.

FRESHMEN.

It is the privilege of a Senior to advise and the duty of a Freshman to listen, therefore Freshmen be advised. You have entered a new environment. Perhaps you feel awkward, but this will pass away; all of us have had similar feelings. College discipline differs from that of a primary school in that responsibility for the performance of work is thrown upon the student. It is presumed that you are capable of assuming this responsibility and of exercising self-control. Yet mistake not liberty for license; you cannot neglect work with impunity. At most the day of reckoning will only be deferred seven months. But think not of failure, be worthy of the confidence placed in you.

Get as much out of college life as you can, but do not get too much of any one thing. If you have time, heartily enter into every department of college life; if you have not, leave some of them alone. Remember you are here to study, and let your attitude to pleasure be determined by the condition of your work. But over-study is worse than under-study. Good health is to be preferred to high honors, yet mistake not laziness for fatigue. Boast not of honors won; others know your record and will tell of it. In studies be a little wider than your course and keep in touch with current events. Have an opinion on all questions; if it is not asked for to-day it will be tomorrow. Be original, not a copyist. Develop your own personality, but mistake not bluster for strength. Have respect for college tradi-

tions, and forbear to lay a ruthless hand upon her organizations. In a word, act with discretion and bide your time, for here merit invariably is recognized. Sheer genius will command respect, but common sense wins admiration.



THE "BOB." October frosts, stripping nature of her verdure, suggest the action of a similar process among the rustic Freshmen. It is universally agreed that there are certain characteristics, customs and habits of which the uncultivated Freshman must be divested before he is fit to mingle with the *élite* of college society. In Victoria this divesting process is undergone in the "Bob." Mention of this name should not alarm any one. "To be bobbed" is the experience of a lifetime. No person having undergone it regrets it; and those who, having entered as Sophomores, have missed this experience, always lament their misfortune.

True, some are averse to the "Bob," but their aversion arises from a natural austerity which shrinks from anything approaching the burlesque. The "bobbers"—full of the milk of human kindness—would not intentionally offend any one; and if an act of indiscretion is committed an apology soon follows. In reality the "Bob" is only the localizing, at a definite time and place, of a process which in life is continuous. Who of us escapes criticism? Who has no need of it? Since criticism is inevitable, where is it likely to be more charitable than in the genial atmosphere of a college? And it were better to be reminded in a joking way of one's faults before time has tempered the feelings, than to be taunted with them in after life when considerations of dignity render it mortifying.

Let the Freshmen and their friends who, through ignorance, are terrified by dreadful forebodings calm themselves with this explanation: that in the "Bob," as in a thunderstorm, those electrical currents called criticism are simply localized and discharged with the occasional accompaniment of a little wind and thunder, and that the play of these forces, though incessant and vivid, is harmless.



COLLEGE SOCIETIES. At this time a few remarks relative to the conducting of the business of college societies may not be amiss. Victoria is well equipped with the machinery of organization. Indeed, some think it is too elaborate. Be that as it may, too many demands are made upon the time of the most prominent students. Office is a symbol of power; almost every one likes to

wield a sceptre, and many undertake too much responsibility, to their own undoing and the detriment of others. To minimize this danger the offices should be divided up as much as possible. Those who show special aptitude for certain work should be designated for it. If it were fairly well known who would be elected to ACTA Board, the Athletic Union or the "Lit" Executive, matters would soon adjust themselves ; but, at present, no one is even tolerably sure of any office, a person may get nothing or all three.

It has been said sometimes that the "Bob" takes up too much time. This may or may not be true. The "Bob" is all over in the first five weeks, and if those connected with its management would stop at that, examination failures could not be attributed honestly to that event. But too frequently they will not do this, and their fellows do not place them under any restraint. Inability to say "No" is the particular weakness of some ; such persons should not be tempted unduly with the sweets of office. It would be absurd to lay down the rule of one task for one man, some can easily do two or three, others cannot do one properly, many will not do anything ; and so it is inevitable that some must do more than others. But there is a middle course, adherence to which will save students and some of their best forms of entertainment from much carping, but sometimes justifiable criticism, and ensure the better management of business.



VICTORIA.

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.

KNOTTY-THREE.



C. ARMSTRONG is on the way to the land of the rising sun—which is called Japan—and expects to locate at Shizuoka. We wish “Armie” a safe journey.

T. A. BAGSHAW has cast in his lot with '04.

NEWTON BOWLES is preaching at Laurel, Toronto Conference. He will never forget a certain morning picnic.

J. F. CHAPMAN returns to College for B.D. work. This is a surprise to us. We thought he intended to become a pedagogue.

HARRY CHOWN has forsaken the ways of his fathers and will enter business.

W. CONWAY will become a B.D. He will add much dignity to that body.

R. G. DINGMAN is beating his way into prominence in the office of the Toronto Carpet Company. Economist, journalist and man of business, with this triumvirate of qualifications success should attend his efforts.

ARTHUR FORD is on the staff of the *Ottawa Journal*; but though engrossed in journalism he still maintains a corresponding interest in the class.

ERNEST FORSTER, the man of few words, is an assistant in the chemical laboratory of the University of Toronto.

ROBERT S. GLASS is summing in the Auditor-General's office, Ottawa—practical work for an honor mathematician.

G. H. GREY has entered Osgoode. From his knowledge of good society, Howard is already qualified to compile a “Civil” Code.

J. I. HUGHES, gold medalist in Philosophy, feeling that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, was desirous of returning for B.D. work, but Conference objected.

E. C. IRVINE is mathematical teacher at Stanstead, Que.

E. H. JOLLIFFE is assistant in the chemical laboratory at the University of Toronto. He will divide his attentions between radium and—"ladyum."

R. O. JOLLIFFE has been stationed at Blind Man Valley, Red Deer District. There is doubtless work there for a spiritual oculist.

BRUCE KENNEDY has located at Rouleau, Manitoba Conference. Having been ordained he is at liberty to become a Benedict. Will he?

PAUL KERR is preaching at Chelmsford, Ont. It is said he is frequently found walking with Plato in the groves of the wild North Land.

JOHN MCKENZIE is delving into the mysteries of the Westminster Confession at Knox.

W. P. NEAR is assistant in the physical laboratory under Dr. MacLennan. In deference to fastidious critics we omit the pun. Nevertheless we are glad to have Percy N——r.

D. P. REES, "may his shadow never grow less," is in the employ of the Equitable Life Co., with headquarters at Toronto!

D. A. WALKER has surprised a number of his friends by entering the ministry; it was generally thought he would become a limb of the law. He is stationed at Shallow Lake, Ont.

J. H. WALLACE has been awarded the Alexander Mackenzie Fellowship in Political Science. We do not wish to embarrass this blushing youth, yet we must congratulate him on his success.

C. W. WEBB will illuminate the doctrines of Calvinism with his profound erudition. He is at Queen's.

C. J. WILSON will return for B.D. work, and keep an eye on the Residence.

T. E. WILSON has commenced the study of law in the office of Blake & Co. in this city. Walker's spirit will doubtless attend him.

MILLER is attending the Normal College at Hamilton. The interests of our ladies are safe in the hands of this prepossessing youth.

F. L. BARBER, who has been "viewing" England in the interest of the Underwood Co., will stay there a while longer, and then proceed to Palestine. A long journey for a little man.

MISS ROSE BEATTY is, we understand, taking a course in domestic science at home in Parry Sound.

MISS SADIE BRISTOL has retired to the solitudes of Hamilton, and will indulge her passion for study at the Normal College.

MISS EDITH CAMPBELL will also pace the corridors of the Normal College in the Ambitious City.

MISS ROSE CULLEN will attempt to charm the "Kitchen Witch" at her home in Toronto.

MISS EDNA DINGWALL is teaching in Rothesay, N.B. "What are the wild waves saying?"

MISS EBY is attending Normal College, but still retains a lively interest in Victoria.

MISS RUBIE JOLLIFFE is a secretary in the employ of the Beet Sugar Manufacturing Company, Peterboro'. She will have ample materials for "Fudge."

MISS O. C. LINDSAY has gone into Y.W.C.A. work. The Christian associations of young women have their attractions.

MISS L. P. SMITH has gone west to the O. N. C. What a change from the Flowery Suburb to the "Deserted Village."

MISS A. A. WILL is residing in Toronto and engaged in literary work, but will likely take post-graduate work at receptions.

MISS JACKSON is teaching the youth and the young idea at Huntsville, Muskoka.

MARRIAGES.

WE have much pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mademoiselle C. de Laplante, of Peterboro', with one of our most popular professors, Mr. E. Masson. The marriage is announced for October 31st.

ON September 1st, at the residence of Mr. Jas. Graham, Church St., Toronto, Miss Etta May Graham, B.A., '00, was married to Mr. Francis A. Carman, B.A., '98, now of the Montreal *Star*. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Carman, father of the groom. Miss Margaret M. Graham, '98, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Rev. J. P. Berry, '99, was groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Carman spent their honeymoon in the East. They will reside in Montreal.

AT "Maplehurst," Brighton, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Webb, on August 26th, their daughter Annie became the bride of Rev. C. W. DeMille, B.A. ('02), B.D. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. A. B. DeMille, uncle of the groom, assisted by Rev. T. J. Edminster, B.A., B.D. Miss Lottie Webb, sister of the bride, was

bridesmaid, while Mr. J. H. Fowler, B.A., '02, attended the groom. Mr. and Mrs. DeMille spent their wedding trip on the Upper Lakes.

AT Myrtle, Ont., on Thursday, September 24th, 1903, by Rev. J. B. McLaren, of Columbus, Ont., Jessie R. Hodson, of Myrtle, daughter of F. W. Hodson, of Ottawa, was married to William E. Ogden, of Toronto. Mr. Ogden will be remembered as a former member of '04. ACTA extends heartiest congratulations.

IN Quebec, on September 16th, Rev. W. T. Halpenny, B.A., B.D., '02, of Montreal, was married to Miss Margaret Campbell, daughter of the late Benjamin Campbell. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Sparling, B.A., assisted by Rev. Mr. Massicotte, of Actonvale. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Isabel H. Campbell, while Rev. T. A. Halpenny was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Halpenny took a trip to the West and paid a visit to the college.

IN the chapel, Victoria College, on the 17th of July, by the Rev. A. B. Chambers, D.D., of Parliament Street Church, Miss Fausta A. Danard, B.A., was married to Mr. I. Russell Aikens, of the Provincial Secretary's Department. The ceremony was witnessed by a few personal friends. Mr. and Mrs. Aikens reside at 20 Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

AT the residence of the bride's father, Mr. R. Mulligan Wright, Quebec, Miss Lilly was married to Rev. A. A. Wall ('03 Spec.). The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carl Allum. The groom was assisted by Rev. A. J. Martin, of the Montreal Conference, while Miss Eva Moore, Pickanock, assisted the bride. The happy couple left for Toronto, Niagara, and the Great Lakes, *en route* to Bruce Mines, Ont.

ON July 21st, at the Methodist church, Newtonbrook, Miss Bertha E. Moran, of Winnipeg, daughter of the late Rev. J. X. Moran, of Bay of Quinte Conference, was united in marriage to Rev. W. A. McKim Young ('03 Spec.). Rev. W. J. Young, father of the groom, was the officiating clergyman. The wedding was of a private nature, witnessed only by a few personal friends, among whom was Rev. C. P. Holmes.

AT the historic Johnson homestead, Pleasant View, Ont., on June 18th, Miss Florence Amy, eldest daughter of Mr. H. M. Johnson, was united in matrimony to Rev. R. A. Whattam ('03 Spec.). The union was solemnized by Rev. S. J. Shorey, assisted by Rev. R. H. Leitch and Rev. Mr. Rorke. The bridesmaid was Miss Mabel Johnson, sister of the bride, while Rev. E. Bowerman was groomsmen.

THE LATE JOHN W. KERR.

JOHN W. KERR was an old and distinguished graduate of Victoria University, and the news of his death, September 4th, 1903, will bring to many of her Alumni a sense of personal loss.



J. W. KERR, K.C.

Born in the County of Prince Edward, of Irish descent, he inherited a stalwart, rugged frame, a cool, clear head, a strong will and a tireless capacity for work. Brought up on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, surrounded by ardent U. E. Loyalists, and influenced by the teachings of such divines as Ryerson and Green, there was developed in him a passionate Canadianism and a strong and lasting love for the Church of his choice. His was a nature that yielded to all the better influences that encompassed him. The ideals that he set before him were elevating and worthy, and to those ideals he remained true.

Early imbued with a love of know-

ledge, he determined to avail himself of the best educational advantages that the time afforded him, and he found in Mr. Boate and Dr. Ormiston most efficient and inspiring teachers. In 1853 he entered Victoria University, graduating in 1857 as the Valedictorian of his class, thus carrying off the highest honor which his Alma Mater granted.

During his college course he won the respect and esteem of his fellow-students as well as of his instructors. On the playground he was as enthusiastic as he was earnest and diligent in the study and the class-room. He acquired a special love for mathematics, and among his fellow-workers in that department had no superiors; but his mental development was not narrow or one-sided. Under the moulding touch of Dr. Nelles, of Prof. Kingston and of Prof. Wilson, he became a wide and varied reader and a life-long student of the best literature of the day.

Thus endowed by nature with mental powers, sharpened by years of hard and successful study, he chose the legal profession for his life's work, and entered on its pursuit with that whole-souled devotion and that determination to be a master of his work that characterizes a nature as strong as his. Of such a man nothing but success could be

expected, and it is no surprise to learn that he rapidly acquired a brilliant reputation as a profound and able lawyer.

He soon obtained a large and lucrative practice, and on the elevation of Justice Armour to the Bench, succeeded him as Crown Attorney for Northumberland and Durham. Of the ability he exhibited in this position, of his conscientious discharge of every duty devolving upon him, of the implicit confidence which his clients reposed in him, the limited space accorded this notice gives no opportunity to speak ; nor is it possible to dwell on the high regard he won from his fellow-citizens, of the hospitality he shared in his beautiful home, of the keen interest he took in this University, and the warm welcome its students always received at his hands. Suffice it to say that, in that hour when his friends gathered around his bier, and the last offices of respect were rendered, Dr. Reynar but voiced the sentiments of the great assemblage when he said of this honored Alumnus of Victoria, "his ideals were love, duty and the fear of God, and the last was the ruling motive of his life. The great current of his being was set that way and ever moved Godward. The Word of God was the word of his counsel, and the songs of the Lord were to him a chief delight. It was no surprise, therefore, to learn that God was with him in his last trial, and of him we can truly say,

" 'Servant of God, well done.' "

THE LATE MRS. (CHANCELLOR) NELLES.

ON Sunday, the 2nd of August, after an illness of a little over twenty-four hours, Mrs. Nelles, the widow of our late Chancellor Nelles, died at her home in Toronto. The news of her death awakens tender and grateful memories in the minds of old Victoria students. In 1851 she came to Cobourg as the bride of the young President of the College, and she was a help-meet to him in all true womanliness for the six and thirty years of his heroic and successful struggle as President of the College and Chancellor of the University. But her love and care were not confined to her own fireside. Many a time the lonely student was made glad by her call to the President's tea-table, and in the hours of sickness he was sure to receive the motherly care of the President's wife, and to be comforted and helped by her thoughtful and gracious words and deeds. Hence it is that her memory is blessed by thousands of old students when they think of college days. The funeral services were conducted in Toronto by the Rev. Dr. Workman, and in Cobourg, where the interment took place, by the Rev. Dr. Reynar.

THE LATE ROBERT THOMAS ANDERSON.



R. T. ANDERSON.

ROBERT T. ANDERSON, who lost his life by drowning at Go Home, Georgian Bay, on June 16th, 1903, was one of the most brilliant members of the class of '04, and his whole undergraduate career gave promise of a successful future. He was born at Elora, in 1878, but received his school training at Barrie and Aylmer. The foundations of his education were laid at home, and not until he was twelve years old did he enter the public school at Barrie. In two years he was ready for the high school, and passed the entrance examination at the head of his class. In 1894 the family removed to Ayl-

mer. Here he matriculated in 1899, and entered Victoria with the class of '03. Next year he was compelled to leave college, but he returned with the class of '04, of which he was a member at the time of his death.

From his earliest years he showed a great love for nature, and this deepened into the great passion of his life. "Bob's" botanical and mineralogical collections, as well as those of insects, and birds, and their nests and eggs, were very large, and ranked among the best in the country. He was also a skilled taxidermist.

In the spring of 1899 he was converted to Christ, and from that time there was added to his passion for nature an earnest spirit of consecration to his Master. Never a demonstrative Christian, he did his part in his home church, and when he came to Toronto entered into work at the Fred Victor Mission, as well as that of the college Y.M.C.A.

Owing to the fact that he had to rely on his own resources for his college education, he was obliged to devote himself almost exclusively to his work, and he was unable to enter into college life as he wished. As a consequence, he was not as prominent in his class as he would otherwise have been, and though all who came in contact with him recognised the strength and earnestness of his character, it was left to a few to know what a rich, deep, "white" life his was.

Two sentences of his seem to strike the keynote of his life: "How

can any man claim to be an infidel? I see God in everything in nature."

"If there is one thing I thank God for more than another, as I look back over my past life, it is for adversities."

THE LATE C. W. WALKER, B.A., B.D.

A BRIGHT, happy and useful life went out on June 15th, when Charles Wesley Walker, of Kingson, was called to his reward. Born on February 27th, 1869—bearing a name suggestive of the spirit of the founder of Methodism—he was early dedicated to the Church, and served her in many capacities.

As a student he had a very successful career. With his matriculation he won a scholarship in Queen's College, and in due time took its degree of B.A. While passing through its halls his energy manifested itself in connection with the Glee and Athletic clubs. Similarly Victoria College profited by his enthusiasm as he passed through its halls and took the degree of B.D.

Then, just as he was more fully equipped and eager for the Master's service, the crisis came. For four weeks he suffered from typhoid fever, without murmuring or repining, and maintaining to the last his buoyant disposition. As the end approached he put himself in the hands of God and said, "It is all right."

Thus his light went out just when his future seemed to be most promising. His ambition was to serve his Master and to do this with all the power of his mind and body. Hundreds of people attended the funeral service and gave touching evidence of how much he lived in their affection. Summing up his career in a few words, a speaker at the service said: "Wesley was a man of clean heart, of clean hands, of clean record, and that means a great deal in a world in which sin touches and tarnishes on every hand." The keynote of his life was "I serve," and he considered no labor too arduous, no sacrifice too great, so long as those with whom he worked were benefitted and blessed.



C. W. WALKER, B.A., B.D.



COLLEGE days again have come,
Let's tell of all our summer pranks,
Of moonlight nights and shady banks ;
Hast not some tale of grief or fun ?—E. A. W., '04.



AGAIN the spacious halls of old "Vic" are full of life ; hand has again joined with hand, and heart with heart, and all have felt anew the quickening, inspiring touch of a common sympathy and a community of aspiration.

ROBERT is with us still and is again happy that his children are about him. He is particularly jubilant over the number and promising character of the great class of '07, in whom he will not be slow to find those qualities which make them "the best yet."

FROM a postcard addressed to an old student we copy the following :

"With her dimples and smiles
Cousin Sue is my jailor.
Oh ! she's full of all wiles,
With her dimples and smiles ;
When my heart she beguiles,
'Tis to torture the traitor ;
With her dimples and smiles
Cousin Sue is my jailor."

Who would think this of our old friend P. McD. K.? Too much Catullus.

NORTH-WEST despatches say that B—, '04, was nearly murdered by a prizefighter from Arizona.

HAVE you made the acquaintance of the new college dog? If not, go and shake a paw with him. He is the gift of Mr. Dunbar, the sculptor, to whose chisel we are indebted for the busts in the chapel.

PRAYERS were begun on October 1st, and the singing was—well, 'twas a new thing, and no word has been coined to suit the case, so

we'll just call it grotesque. Robert declares that some one has just found his voice and has yet to find his ear, but believes in using such talents as are given to him. The Chancellor found it necessary to warn small boys in tennis suits against informal visits to the Ladies' residence.

T. P. C. (triumphantly)—“Our house is just on the edge of the Havergal grounds.”

LOCAL ED. (to Freddie C., '04)—“Hello, Freddie! You're just the man I want.”

Freddie—“I haven't a cent to my name.”

TRUEMAN (on October 1st)—“Say, boys, it's rather dull around here to-day.”

MILLS, '06—“I wish to goodness some Freshettes would come around and make it lively, be gad.”

GRAD. (mysteriously)—“Say, I just came around to see about the School of Impression.”

BROWN, of '06, has warned the local editor to insure his life before he mentions him and his Freshman brother. Brown being a “husky” youth we shall forbear to draw his wrath.

WE are carried back to school-teaching days when we see the childish fair tripping through the halls swinging clasped hands between them.

JUNIOR (to Pastor in north)—“I hear Hunter is going out West to sell views this summer.”

Pastor (with a wiseacre air)—“Y-e-s, and to have a few, too.”

Brother Hunter was heard of later from Banff and he wasn't alone.

AN Associated Press despatch from Whitby says that D. M. P., '04, spent a day at O. L. C. on the way up to “Vic” and was so cordially treated that he almost missed his train. It also hints that the conductor signalled the engineer to slow down in order that the gasping Senior might catch up and come aboard.

MISS W-L-CE, '05—“I'll never travel again without Jimmy.”

COLLEGE men who pick up acquaintances on boats, trains and other places, had better beware the presence of college women. They do not believe in frivolity and are very severe and persistent in their judgment of flirts.

CONNOLLY is said to be almost as partial to Freshettes as when he was a Bobbing Sophomore.

AN expression of sympathy is in order toward J. W. M., '04. He spent an hour piloting a young lady and gentleman from Arthur about the halls and streets, and the fellow didn't even introduce him.

'03 is not at all dead to us yet. Edward Wilson Wallace, after a year's rest, joins the Naughty Fours, and "Ernie" Jolliffe and Ernest Forster are lecturers' assistants in Chemistry; W. P. Near, lecturer's assistant in Physics, and "Jimmy" Wallace, fellow in Political Science.

MISS STEPHENSON, '07—"What shall I put here for 'Academic year?'"

Henderson (wisely)—"Write 'Freshettes.'" And so it was.

F. L. BARBOUR, B.A., on board S. S. *Manchester City* during a "swell" time, doubles over the head boards in an effort to eject imaginary tenants and groans to the bullock next him, "Oh, that I had come first cabin as my mother wished me to!" And some half-a-dozen college chums stretched about were too weak and worn to utter a "Hear, hear!"

BOWMAN can't get rid of the idea that he is a Freshman. After the honors Fred carried off last May we might almost say, "I have not found so great humility, no, not among the C. T.'s."

CRAGG (retiring)—"Oh dear, I've lost a hair from my moustache."

SHAVER '06 (describing a duck shooting trip in the West)—"I had to wade out after them. I had no other dog."

THE "Handbook" says Victoria College colors are scarlet and gold, but this is only one of many mistakes. Our color is scarlet and the single thread of gold bordering the ribbon a concession, made, it is whispered, to please the ladies.

MISS McL., '05—"Do I have to put down my age and religion after being here two years?"

FRESHMAN FLEMING—"I came here because I was too young to go to S.P.S."

REV. DR. and MRS. WALLACE celebrated their silver wedding by a trip to Montreal and the New England States. An orthodox wedding send-off was given them at the wharf the day they left.

HOUSEHOLD Science (don't say Domestic Science or Miss P. will be very angry) is quite the rage this year. It is a pity (?) that the practical work is not done in the College.

WANTED.—By the class of '05, a trained nurse, to superintend its hospital. None but those capable of soothing sore eyes and holding broken hands need apply. F. J. RUTHERFORD, Sec.

FRIDAY evening, Oct. 9th, was the occasion of the first regular semi-annual public meeting of "The Students' Alma Mater Society of Victoria University," and it was a fairly large and enthusiastic gathering that greeted President E. W. Wallace as he took the chair. Mr. Wallace, in his outline of the aims and policy of the Executive, won the confidence and approval of all present, and we would bespeak for the Society a successful and useful future. One of the chief questions dealt with was the Conversazione, and for this the following committee was appointed : J. Herman Beer, B.A., W. R. Archer, B.A., J. H. Wallace, B.A., E. W. Wallace, E. E. Cleaver, W. H. Spence, W. G. McElhanney, Alex. Elliott, F. W. Langford, W. A. Walden, G. A. Archibald, E. J. Moore, S. G. Mills, E. J. Jenkins, C. B. Kelly, G. W. Watson, A. J. Brace, and E. J. Bishop. The date suggested was Dec. 4th.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 7th, at 4 30 p.m., the Y.M.C.A. tendered an informal reception to about seventy-five of the students. Fruit was the treat of the afternoon, and it was later remarked that many of the summer canvassers, missionaries and civil service employees lost that lean, hungry, dangerous look with which they returned.

AT the meeting of the Women's Literary Society, on Wednesday, Oct. 7th, officers for the coming year were elected, Miss Fife, the President, being in the chair. Miss Baxter has the honor of being first and only Vice-President. Miss Jeffery, as Critic, will have to look up to her assistant, Miss Wilson ; but of course the junior will never look down on her superior. Miss Dwight and Miss Rice are the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Miss Chadwick, an honest-looking Freshette, is Treasurer, and Miss Lingham, Pianist.

THE officers of the class of '05 for the present term are : Hon. Pres., Prof. Langford ; Pres., Jas. A. Spenceley ; 1st Vice-Pres., Miss Van-Alstyne ; 2nd Vice-Pres., John S. Bennett ; Secretary, F. J. Rutherford ; Treasurer, A. D. Miller ; Asst. Marshal, W. G. Connolly.

MISS PEARL BLANCHE FAINT has returned, and is not going to get homesick this year. She has assured a Junior, a participant in one of her escapades, that she knows every boy in the College except the Freshmen, and will make it all right with them.

MISS HELEN PAUL and Miss Helen Graham come from Jarvis Street Collegiate. They are cousins and inseparable. The Helens and Miss Reba Fleming, a graduate of Presbyterian Ladies' College are going to learn the science of making home happy.

AMONG the Freshmen this year is one Gordon Nicholas Shaver, a matriculant of Jarvis Street Collegiate, who is taking Political Science preparatory to entering Osgoode Law School. Nicholas has already announced his intention of "pounding Dawson off the courts," securing a place on the Varsity I. Rugby Team, and "rushing the Residence girls." ACTA wishes him success and an easy bobbing.

BUT what will we say of the next little boy? He is known on general principles as the second son of the pastor of Broadway Tabernacle and enters under the protection of his big brother. Yet his intimate friends are in possession of much more specific knowledge concerning him. Spot him! One of those good-natured, mellow-eyed, cosey-faced chaps, the friend of boys and the—well, you of the gentle persuasion beware! He stood well in his work at Stratford Collegiate Institute, and was strangely christened "Herbie," some say—but we can scarcely believe it—by the one of the auburn tresses. For the present we'll call him Herb. W. Baker, and prophesy for him a successful career.

WE here introduce a new acquisition of the Sophomore class. Tall and portly of figure, handsomely fair of face, and boasting the finest moustache in the College, Mr. Ed. J. Moore hails from Acton, Ont. He has already had some experience as assistant editor of the *Acton Free Press*, but being ambitious of wielding the broadest journalistic influence, decided on a University course. A matriculant of Albert College, "Teddy" enters upon his second year in Political Science, and although he expects to find it a heavy year, says "he's going to make it go." He promises, too, to be an all-round college man, as testify his good tenor voice, his interest in athletics and the "Lit," and his intention of attending all receptions and visiting Annesley Hall as soon as possible. Welcome, Mr. Moore.

RUMOR accuses "Davy" Wren, '07, of undue attention to his fair locks, but that is jealousy's venomous breath, for "Davy's" curls are natural. Short of stature, but quick of decision and fleet of foot, our hero is a promising man as forward or half-back in Association football, and may yet bring much honor to the Freshman year. He is registered in general course, but will probably give and take some special training in Annesley Hall. He is one of our many aspirants for the title "Reverend" and says you should just hear him preach. Hope we may some time.

“THE LIT.”

MR. HILES, of '06, has already aspirations to the position of leader of the Opposition and actually had a short tenure of the seat.

MR. HARRY FARLEY, '04, quite surprised the House with his reading. We fear he has been hiding his candle under a bushel.

HON. SIR. S. WARNER EAKINS—“Mr. Speaker, I believe His Majesty, Sir Robert Beare, will now read the speech from the throne.”

THE Government propose to establish a system of wireless telegraphy between the library and Annesley Hall, though why the library particularly, none can say. Incidentally the Bob Committee is jubilant.

W. H. S.—, '04 (speaking of the above)—“I feel this very tenderly. I would like to-night, as an honorable member of this House——”

EXTRACTS FROM ROBERT'S SPEECH.

“You're a stranger, young man, and the Chancellor will take you in——”

“The president is one of the ablest men in this country—an 'igh-class gentleman—a perfect man.”

“I was pretty bad when I was a Freshman,” but Robert never made a better speech than his last.

“ACTA's a fine thing with pictures.”

“Yes, sir, Mr. Pearson is an 'igh-class gentleman, and his smiling countenance cheers other gentlemen—and ladies, too.”

“This Literary Society is a splendid thing—the finest in the land. It makes you able to talk better than your sisters do.”

“I've been in attendance here going on forty years, and I'm only a boy yet.” How true this is of Robert's spirit and sympathies.

“Gentlemen of the first year are not supposed to go in there (Annesley Hall) at all. You are supposed to pass up the street and just look up; but if you can't keep away, take off your hat half way up the walk, ring the bell lightly and turn your face away; stand sideways before the door until Miss Addison comes. Then stand behind the door till she shows you into the consulting room, and then——”

Robert promises to do his best for any student who can't get there.

"Brother Hughes and his English bride were here in the summer. I tell you he has an eye to business. He was taking another young lady with him, probably for some of those lonely young fellows out West."

"Oh, I haven't time to talk about De Mille. When a man is happy let him alone, I say."

Annesley Hall.

WE Methodists a home have reared
For our young women students ;
Its rules, so carefully prepared,
Are models of true prudence.

The morning bell will ring at six,
The evening at six-thirty ;
Such hours as these 'twere well to fix
For young folks under thirty.

Ample provision has been made
For innocent amusement ;
And games like ping-pong may be played—
A liberal inducement.

But doubtful things are viewed askance,
For therein lurk temptations ;
With us the only game of chance
Will be the game of nations.

There'll be no balls within these halls ;
There'll just be promenading ;
There'll be no gentlemanly calls,
Or midnight serenading.

Now, pastors, send your girls along,
And, you too, local preachers ;
They'll never, here, learn any wrong ;
But grow up saintly creatures.

—SENIOR.

THE officials at Annesley Hall are: Miss Addison, Dean of the Residence; Miss Scott, Director of the Household; Mrs. Scott-Raff, Director of Physical Culture.

FORTY-SEVEN students have rooms, of which thirty-two are Victoria undergraduates, seven University College undergraduates, five occasionalists and three Conservatory students.

SOME of the Freshettes had their trunks checked to Victoria College.

THE officials of the Residence will be "At Home" the first and third Friday afternoon in each month.

THE student residents will be "At Home" the second and fourth Friday afternoons; and for gentlemen from seven to ten p.m. of the second and fourth Fridays of each month. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

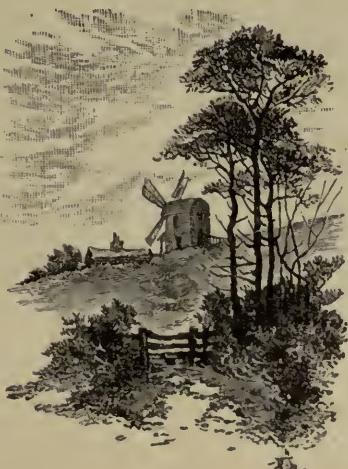
IT is rumored that there are only three men about the College, who have not enquired about the calling hours.

MISS D. S—ER, '05, has been teaching in the holidays and expects to continue until the end of October.

AN expression of regret has been overheard concerning the absence of certain little faces from our midst this year. The kindergarten is dead. An epitaph is suggested:

"They're gone, alack !
All our tears can't bring them back.
Therefore we weep."

SENIORTE—“There's such a splendid view from my room. It faces the Alley Board.”





Some Observations.



ATHLETICS have an inseparable connection with college life. At the commencement of the term our thoughts turn at once to this topic. Before the calendar is consulted the prospects are discussed. Quite naturally, then, the question comes: What is the outlook for Victoria?

One is reluctant to admit it, but if he is honest he must: That at Victoria athletics are at a low ebb. Some who dwell in the realm of the ideal may dispute this statement; but it will receive ready acceptance from those familiar with the actual world of sport. It is all very well to say that to secure healthy exercise, not to win victories, should be the great object of athletics; and that the latter is of small account if the former is obtained. But so long as mankind is susceptible to the influence of ambition there will be competition. The end of all effort is the attainment of excellence, of which victory is the emblem; and victory in sport is as legitimate an object of pursuit as it is in any other sphere of effort. But the desire to win must not be allowed to overshadow all other considerations.

It is, moreover, unreasonable to expect to restrain in one form of activity a practice which in another is considered proper and encouraged. Those who, having passed the meridian of life, find their blood chilled by the frosts of many winters, and resort to sports in order to renew again the fires of youth may, from habit or necessity, follow their recreation in that calm and dispassionate manner which characterises the conduct of the man whose nature has been tempered by years of experience. But the young take their sports, not as a medicine, but as the indulgence of a natural inclination, by which means a vent is given to that superabundance of animal spirits which it is their good fortune to possess. Youth is the time when hopes are high, when the fires of energy burn brightest, when there is every incentive to strive; and to attempt to restrain this natural impulse,

ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE, HAMILTON.



which seeks expression in one of the most natural ways, would be as ineffectual as it would be foolish. Competition in athletics is good—the greater the honor, the greater the effort. Remove the stimulus of competition as we have it between the colleges, and the athletic spirit, now temporarily languishing, will suffer a permanent injury.



Inter-college competition is undoubtedly a stimulus to college sports, and should be encouraged; but all prizes are not to all men. Because the field is open, is no reason why all should enter the same race. There are grades in athletics as in other things; it is important to find out the one which offers the fairest test of our powers. The officers of an athletic association should not enter its teams in competitions in which there is little prospect of success. "If nothing succeeds like success," then nothing is so discouraging as continual failure; and no management, having regard to a club's reputation, will expose it continually to this. Gameness is not the only requisite in sport. A pigmy cannot do the work of a giant; neither, in general, can the athletic teams of a small college rival those of a large one. This is a fact which needs impressing on the minds of those who have control of our sports. After having taken a careful view of the situation, they should confine their attention to efforts somewhat commensurate with the material available, and which promise at least a fair prospect of success.

This, of course, would necessitate a departure from the present policy—something to be greatly desired. And surely no policy like the present one could be more disastrous. Think of last season: not a single scheduled event did Victoria win. Shades of former greatness, what a record! And this is not the record of some irresponsible organization, composed merely of a dozen or fifteen players, who had formed a club and chosen a name merely to obtain a recognition which would ensure them a few months' amusement. No! it is the season's record of four or five representative teams of the oldest college in Ontario. If the players feel no sense of humiliation over successive defeats—and human nature becomes inured to almost anything—they at least should have some consideration for the name they bear. Remember, accounts of our matches are published and widely circulated, falling into the hands of many matriculants, who, skilful in sports, look forward to winning a reputation on some university team; and who certainly are not likely to enter an institution whose teams have no other reputation than that of being good losers.

But some one will say, "Victoria did great things in the past, and that with small numbers. Why cannot she do the same now?" Truly she did, and the pages of her past athletic history are much pleasanter reading than those of to-day. But the old order has changed, and in this particular it is not likely to repeat itself.

Then Victoria was small, but she was the peer of any. It was the day of small, independent colleges, and Victoria stood on terms of comparative equality with Queen's and University College. But now both of these institutions much exceed her in the number of attending students. Queen's has an enrolment of about 800, University College a smaller number, yet considerably greater than Vic., and it seemingly attracts a larger number of athletes. Again, co-education



"JUST OVER THE LINE."

was then unknown, all were male students; but now, of a registration of about three hundred, probably one-fourth are ladies. Of the remaining two hundred and twenty-five, how do these, man for man, compare as athletes with those of S.P.S. and Medicine? Candidly, they are inferior. It is obvious, then, that conditions which existed years ago in Cobourg are not analogous to those of to-day in Toronto; and to reason from one to the other would be an attempt to draw a conclusion from two different sets of facts.



The position of Victoria is this: she must continue to participate in college sports, but, to save her own self-respect, she ought not to allow her colors to be trailed in the mire of defeat by every band of enthu-

sists, who, taking advantage of the maternal connection, presume to call themselves her representatives. There are games which the college should leave alone, and others on which she should concentrate her efforts. And here lies the problem. Every sport has its supporters, but who is to decide their merits? Would that some autocrat, with a thorough knowledge of the situation, would step in to direct our efforts. But here one man's word is as good as another's, and discussion only seems to precipitate confusion. Yet, at the risk of raising the hornets, a few suggestions will be offered. The principal fall game is football. Of this, there are two kind, viz., Rugby and Association ; and, of course, we, being good sports, play both—last year entering two Association teams and one Rugby. Now, one of these games is sufficient for a season. Ordinarily, Association should have first claim for consideration, for it is the oldest, Rugby being only a recent departure. But the chances of success are better in the latter than in the former game. Victoria has not more than one chance in fifty of winning the Association championship, while last fall in Rugby she was only beaten by five points, and that by the team which came within one point of winning the championship. The showing made by our green aggregation was very creditable. The players had little practice, and were capable of making considerable improvement, and, if put in training at once, and properly coached, ought this year to very nearly land the honors. So much in a general way ; but let us compare the teams' chances of success a little more in detail. The Association team has a strong defence, but a weak forward line. There is one new forward available, and a good one, whose accession should impart considerable strength ; but a one-man attack will win but few games, to say nothing of a championship. A much stronger field is encountered in the Association than in the Rugby series. 'Varsity team is drawn from the four art years of University College, S.P.S. Seniors are the pick of the school, so with the Meds. The Rugby teams cannot draw from such a large number of players. University College men are divided between four teams, the Meds. into two, as likewise S.P.S. All things being equal, it is certain that the chances of winning are much better in a competition where the players are drawn from a field of, say, fifty candidates, than in another of one hundred ; and the amount of material available for teams in the respective Rugby and Association series, stands in this proportion. Again, members of the Senior 'Varsity Rugby team are ineligible for the Mulock Cup Games, which is a distinct advantage to us. No such restrictions are placed upon Association players ; and further, the

Mulock Games do not commence until after the playing off of the Association schedule, which gives a team ample time for practice.

Regarding Rugby material, the only scarcity is in good half-backs. There are plenty of strong, fast forwards. The line ought to be equal to last year, while the back division will be much stronger. Taking everything into consideration, it surely is not too much to ask the Association players to stand aside and give the Rugby men an opportunity. The former can only secure two or three weeks' practice before the season opens, while the latter have seven. Of Rugby material there is a plentiful supply, but good Association material is scarce, and players can be developed more rapidly in the former than in the latter game.

It would not be necessary to abandon entirely Association. An intermediate team might still be continued, and, indeed, the College would find it no easy matter to win the Intermediate Championship. A change is worth trying. Association has had every opportunity, but of recent years its record has been one of failure. Give Rugby at least a chance; it cannot do worse, and probably will do better.

TENNIS now holds full sway. The tournament this year was commenced in good time, and the finals have now been reached. There is the usual large number of entries. In the 'Varsity tournament Dawson was runner-up for the undergraduate championship, but Carveth beat him out. The O.L.C. team play the Victoria ladies on Wednesday, October 14th. May success attend our players, but remembering the terrible drubbing of last spring we refrain from prophesying.

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Acta Victoriana

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The Treaty-Making Power.

A PLEA FOR CANADIAN AUTONOMY.



T has become fashionable in Canada to boast that we are a nation. If some unfortunate British statesman or publicist forgets himself to the extent of referring to Canada as one of "Our Colonies," at once a stern or sarcastic rebuke comes from some authorized Canadian voice : "What are you talking about, sir? There are no more colonies, sir! but a united Empire of free nations. The Canadians are a proud people, sir; just as good, just as clever, just as independent as the English ; they won't stand being called Colonists."

In my humble opinion we had better be somewhat less sensitive about words, and a trifle more about facts. We should rather be called a self-governing colony—and of a self-governing colony enjoy all the rights and advantages, than claim the title of a nation and be deprived of one of the most essential prerogatives of a nation.

That the treaty-making power is one of the essential prerogatives of self-government I need not argue at any length. The unimpaired right of contracting is the real test of freedom. Anything short of it is a form of slavery or vassalage. Light and beneficent the bondage may be. Freely it may be accepted, and for a time only. It may be safer than liberty. But as it is, good or bad, as long as it stands, it is something—call it the way you like—which proceeds from a principle directly antagonistic to the principle of liberty.

No man is a free man who has not the right and the power to contract with whomsoever he pleases. No occupant of a property is a free owner unless he has the right and the power to dispose as he likes of his property, unless "he is master in his own house ; likewise no aggregate of men can be called a nation, even if united under one form

of government, unless they enjoy the right and the power to make with other nations all the bargains they like.

Carried to its logical conclusion, this means that we cannot be a nation without seceding from the British Empire and becoming a purely independent State; because as long as we form part of the Empire we cannot reasonably claim the right to make foreign treaties for peace and war, we cannot acquire or cede territories, we cannot entertain diplomatic relations with foreign countries, we cannot endeavor to make friends in order to protect us from our foes. In fact, we can have neither friends nor foes.

It may be objected here that the immense majority of the Canadian people do not claim at present the dangerous privileges of absolute independence. Granted ;—and I think they are right. But then let us be sensible; let us frankly acknowledge that we are not yet prepared to be a nation; that, not being desirous of risking all the dangers of liberty, voluntarily we renounce some of its rights.

Therefore, coming down from the clouds, and standing on the flat but solid ground of reality, we have humbly to admit that we are still a colony. And a colony we must remain until we chose to be a nation in fact and not merely a nation in name.

But whether we admit that we are still a colony, or whether we pride ourselves in the innocent delusion that we are a nation, I presume that we all agree on one point: that we should be self-governing in every respect, except in that which involves, as its direct consequence, the severance of British connection.

That we cannot enjoy the sovereign right to make treaties for peace or war, for the cession or the acquisition of territory, I admit readily. What I claim is that, as long as we do not possess the right to make our commercial treaties, we are not even a self-governing colony in the true sense of the word.

It is generally admitted on all hands that our right to make the tariff regulations we choose is a direct and essential consequence of our self-governing power. But the time is coming, if it has not come, when that privilege will be next to useless, and, therefore, our autonomy greatly impeded, if our tariff-making power is not supplemented by a treaty-making power.

* * *

In one of his ever-interesting speeches, Lord Rosebery referred to Napoleon's saying that "England is a nation of shopkeepers." By many Englishmen that designation has been taken as an insult. Realizing that the commercial supremacy of Great Britain has been the main source of her power, the ex-Prime Minister accepted the Napo-

leonic definition of his country. "But now," he added, "every nation wishes to be a nation of shopkeepers, too, and I am bound to say that when we look at the intelligence of their preparations, we may well feel that it behoves us not to fear, but to gird our loins in preparation for what is before us."^{*}

Faithful to his dilettant manner, Lord Rosebery drew no clear conclusion from his somewhat gloomy perception of the commercial future of Great Britain. That conclusion other British statesmen, more practical, seem now prepared to draw; and with proper consideration for a deep-rooted sentiment, maintained by a long successful economic system, they are looking to the day when Great Britain will have to fight the other "shopkeeping nations" with their own weapons.

What means of defence are suggested? By some "retaliatory measures" are favored. Others have an inclination to a "self-contained commercial Empire." But in the melting pot in which all shades of opinions and prejudices, of sentiments and interests, are now boiling, the final proceed will be "Protection," pure and simple; protection against foreign nations, and protection against the colonies as well. I do not say taxation of all imports—which is a very different thing; I do not say taxation of all food supplies and raw materials—which, for a country like England, would be more destructive than protective; but in a general sense, protection against outside competition, foreign and colonial alike.

The more general conclusion to be drawn is that this enormous development of the shopkeeping interests of nations has created a permanent state of commercial war, the acuteness of which is growing daily. All nations are arming against each other, and the nation that remains defenceless will be crushed to the ground. And just as for real wars all the great powers, whether their policy be attack or defence, are arming with similar weapons; so in the war of trade, whether for attack or defence, whether wilfully for ruining the rival shop, or unwillingly for protecting their own shop, whether under its true name of Protection, or under the disguising titles of "Tariff for revenue," or "Retaliation," all the great producing nations of the world will use the same weapon, and come to about the same degree of high customs tariff.

In this fight there will be no mercy, there will enter no consideration of sentiment, of radical affinities, or even of political connections. All the self-governing countries will protect themselves against each other. And in this respect it may become true to speak of the British

*Speech at Wolverhampton, January 16th, 1901.

Empire as a "galaxy of nations," but, like the other nations, although united politically, they will fight and protect themselves against each other.

This is not the occasion to re-open the everlasting academic contest between free trade and protection. Until both parties agree that they are both right and both wrong the conflict will never be settled. There cannot be a real antagonism between the "principle" of free trade and the "principle" of protection for the excellent reason that there is no such thing as the principle of protection. Free trade is a theory and protection is an expedient. To those who have grown in a just admiration for John Stuart Mill and Adam Smith, for Cobden and Bastiat, I grant that in theory they are absolutely right. But their theory being the basis of the exchange of products between nations, it cannot have any practical application unless it is equally adopted and practised by all exchanging nations. In fact, the English apostles of free trade always looked at it in that light. Great Britain could adopt free trade and, for a time, practise it with great success against protectionist nations; first, because of her then overwhelming superiority over all other producing countries; second, because of her peculiar deficiency of natural products and raw materials. Free imports were a necessity of her trade. But other nations, better favored with natural resources, have gradually become as highly productive as she. Through their protective tariffs they keep to themselves their own markets, and having made enormous profits at home they compete with England in foreign markets, and in her own market as well. Great Britain may stand the strain for a while; but, unless she changes her methods, she is bound to decline.

That this artificial stimulant of industry and trade, protection, will devour its own children is another point I grant to the free traders. In trying at the same time to kill all competition in their own markets, and to keep up a keen and deadly competition in all other markets but their own, protectionist nations are forcing an overproduction of manufactured articles that will, sooner or later, bring about a collapse, the terrible consequences of which can hardly be estimated at present.

But it is with free trade as with universal peace. They are both right. When the upholders of all disarmament point out the disastrous results of armed peace, no sane man can take exception to their argument. But the British say: "Let Russia begin;" and the Germans: "Let France take the lead."

However, dark as the situation looks in the field of commercial



HENRI BOURASSA, M.P.

war, there shines a gleam of hope which does not light the field of international rivalries. At the basis of those burdensome military budgets which threaten the life of European nations, lie not only the accidental causes of rivalry or revenge—the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the conquest of the Boer Republics, the greedy expansion of Russia in the far East—not only the periodical fits of megalomania, of imperial domination, through which all nations have passed and will pass, but also the undying animal fighting spirit.

In commercial wars the average fighter, in all nations and at all times, is a creature rather of the Sancho Panza type of combatants. Through his keen sense of self-interest he feels instinctively, as well as by experience, that certain victories are more disastrous than defeats. Upon the predominance of that instinct, and upon the still stronger control of things by the law of balance, we may base our hope for a decline in the industrial rivalry of nations and the tariff fights. Free traders may find a solace in the presumption that free trade, or at least fair trade, will follow high protection as a reaction to the excess.

When all producing nations will have adopted tariffs about equally high, they will soon find out that they have come back to their starting point. Just as with military preparations, none will dare disarm first. But the necessities of exchange, which remain—and here again are the free traders right—the very basis of trade, will compel them to seek for alliances of trade, for treaties of commercial peace; and in order to secure them they will adopt two scales of tariff duties, such as Germany and France have done.

President McKinley was not a genius. But he certainly had a glimpse of genius, when, a few days before his death, he, the father of American ultra-protectionism, pointed to the necessity of the United States entering into a new field of economy, that of reciprocity treaties.

A general reaction, however, will come only after the excess is universal. So that it may safely be asserted that the longer England sticks to free trade the longer will the present policy of high tariff continue; and that, paradoxical as it looks, free trade England is the strongest upholder of high protection in the world.

If Canada does not want to be left in the lurch, to be crushed in this new evolution of the world—if she is anxious to reap the benefit of her efforts in the field of trade and industry; if she wants her future to be the reward of her past—she must at once prepare for

the movement and secure the absolute right to make her foreign commercial treaties.

* * *

It may be objected that, although the law does not give us the treaty-making power, we have it in fact ; that the British Government will always leave Canada free to make her trade arrangements with foreign nations, and that British diplomacy and British influence being at our disposal we are stronger now than we would be were we left to our own efforts.

To this I reply, first, that it is not true ; and second, that it would be unfair to place the British authorities in such a position.*

First, as to the strength of British support and our own weakness if left alone, this is no serious reason. In commercial conflicts, much more so than in real wars, strength is on the side of the big battalions. The quality and quantity of the goods that a country can supply to and take from the nation it wishes to deal with—in other words, the producing and purchasing power of a country—constitute its commercial strength. Of all British-ruled communities, not excluding the United Kingdom, we may claim, without boasting, that the variety of our productions, our closer communications with northern Europe and northern Asia, and even our proximity to the greatest industrial nation of the world, give us the most advantageous situation.

Then, can we count upon British support in our treaty negotiations ? Past history is there to prove that the intervention of British diplomacy on our behalf has generally been detrimental to our interests—not to speak of the occasions when such intervention operated deliberately against Canada. Of course, it could be easily and successfully pleaded that on all such occasions British statesmen and diplomats labored more or less under the strain of adverse circumstances, and that when they sacrificed Canadian interests it was in their meaning, at least, for the general welfare of the Empire, of which Canada is a part. Granted. But restricted to purely commercial matters, this plea, while leaving untouched my first argument, makes but the stronger my second contention, that we have no right to ask British authorities to act as our mediators with foreign nations.

The storm is coming fast upon British trade and industry, and Great Britain will have to fight for her own. By many it is believed that she will be compelled to protect herself by tariff duties. But, whatever may be the means adopted, she will have to look closely to her own inter-

* Since this was written has come to light the correspondence exchanged between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Black, M.P., which strengthens my argument.

ests, both at home and abroad, and to safeguard them, first and last, in all her dealings with foreign nations. In several branches of trade and industry, we are rivals of British producers. How can we expect British diplomats to negotiate for us with foreign nations—or, if we negotiate ourselves, the British Government to ratify—trade arrangements in which Canadian interests would be favored at the expense of British interests? We may have to make friends with nations at war with Great Britain, or *vice versa*,—all this commercially speaking, of course. How can we ask the British Government to help us in that way?

That Great Britain would not and could not on our behalf enter into any kind of antagonism with the United States, even in these years of great sentimental imperialism, we have been told often enough. Let us take advantage of the lesson, not to entertain any ill-feeling against Great Britain, but to realize that the first duty of British statesmen belongs to the people of Great Britain, and that likewise our first duty belongs to ourselves.

* * *

In what way our commercial autonomy is impeded by the lack of treaty-making power, and how far our tariff-making power may be insufficient to fit its own purpose, was strongly exemplified by the working of our own preferential tariff.

When we adopted our first preferential clause, we offered a rebate of duty to all nations that gave to our exports a treatment as fair on the whole as our reduced tariff would be to their exports. But it was soon found that, by the effect of the most-favored nation clause contained in British treaties, we could not discriminate on our own account between nations which treated us harshly, and those which treated us mildly.

The denunciation of the Belgian and German treaties was thus brought about. So far so good. But had we kept that clause in our tariff, similar difficulties might have arisen with other nations that have no relations with us, but who have relations with Great Britain and could have annoyed her on that account.

Let us suppose for a moment that our quarrel with Germany is settled, and that Great Britain succeeds in bringing to be accepted by foreign nations the doctrine that Canada, as a British dependency, has the right to grant a preference to British goods without being discriminated against. But should we desire to widen the scope of our trade relations, as we shall be forced to do if we care to develop our industry, and to reap the benefit of our protective tariff, if we do not

want to have all the evils of protection without any of its advantages, where shall we stand? If we wanted to make an effective arrangement with one foreign country and asked Great Britain to ratify the treaty, immediately she would be taken to task by all the other nations that have the right to demand from her the application of the most-favored nation clause; and she would be brought to the necessity of either refusing to ratify the treaty we asked for, or of compelling us to grant favors to nations against which it may be to our advantage to discriminate.

There can be but one solution of the problem, and it is that Canada becomes commercially independent of Great Britain; that we be made free, in law and in fact, to negotiate our own treaties; and that foreign countries be officially notified to that effect by the British Government.

* * *

In case Canada secures her commercial independence what would become of her present preferential tariff? To this there can be but one reply; it would have to disappear.

As long as the preferential clause stands on our statute book, it is impossible for us to deal effectively with the United States, or with any other country, whether for peace or war, whether by way of a treaty, for a greater exchange, or by way of retaliation, for checking foreign imports.

That our preferential tariff stands in the way of any treaty is obvious. The nations we may wish, or even, before long, we may need, to deal with are all highly protectionist. They would certainly refuse to open their doors to our goods as long as, through that door, British goods imported into Canada could find a passage, thanks to the rebate of duty they are granted at our own doors. In other words, no foreign nation will make an effective treaty with us as long as we are in a position to act as smugglers of British goods.

If the positions were reversed, and we had a tariff war with a foreign country, then the British manufacturer and dealer would do the smuggling at our expense.

What is the position now as regards Germany? We are at war with the Deutschland. She applies to us her maximum tariff; and we have retorted by retaliatory measures. But goods manufactured in Germany are shipped to England, where they receive a finishing touch; they are then stamped as British goods, and as such imported into Canada where they reap the benefit of the preferential clause. True, by a disposition of our tariff, such goods, to be entitled to

preferential treatment, must be manufactured in Great Britain to the extent of 25 per cent. of their value. But German manufacturers and British shippers have a nice way of turning the difficulty. They take the cost price of the goods, when out of the German factory, as the proportion of German value ; and to the slight handwork performed in Great Britain, the cost of shipping to England and of manipulation there, the amount of commissions on sales, and the cost of shipping to Canada, are added and counted as forming the proportion of British value.

We may choose one of these days, or we may be forced to wage a tariff war with the United States. If Great Britain did not adopt then a scale of customs duties high enough to equalize, or nearly so, the value of American goods imported direct into Canada, and if our preferential tariff were still in operation, a similar smuggling process would take place on an enormous scale—and our purpose be largely defeated.

Of course, in case Great Britain imposes duties on foreign goods, or—to use the proper word—becomes protectionist, the situation is greatly changed. But then, there is no more *raison d'être* for our preferential tariff—in the supposition that there is one at present. Great Britain would then be towards us in the same position as any other nation, and we should meet her on the same ground as other nations ; ready to give her and to take from her any reasonable terms that might be convenient to both countries.

Here I am met by the propositions of the advocates of an inter-Imperial tariff : "Why not enter into a bargain with Great Britain and our sister colonies—or sister nations, to use the fallacious favorite phraseology—and thereby secure within the Empire all the advantages of a commercial alliance ?

Of the obstacles in the way of such a policy, of the dangers it involves for Canada, I need not speak here. Many other writers have ably set them forth. What I wish to do is to show what I consider to be the superiority of commercial independence over fiscal Imperialism.

The treaty-making power, opposed as it is to our present preferential tariff, would be still more antagonistic to an inter-Imperial tariff policy. In fact, the two systems—commercial independence on one side, preferential or inter-Imperial tariff on the other—spring from adverse principles. One is a measure of greater autonomy and liberty ; the other, under its latter form especially, constitutes a highly binding

vassalage. One would really make Canada a nation, commercially speaking ; the other would keep her a mere satellite of Great Britain. One is a measure of effective protection to Canadian industries, with a view to a more active and easier interchange with the trading world ; the other, while offering a very slim, if any, advantage to Canadian farmers, means protection for the British manufacturer against Canadian industries.

It has been suggested that we might keep our present preferential tariff, or even adopt an inter-Imperial tariff, and at the same time protect Canadian industries. It certainly could be done by raising our general tariff so high as to make it prohibitive to all foreign imports, and, in spite of an apparent substantial preference, to practically exclude British goods as well. "Adding hypocrisy to folly" is the apt phrase that was used by a leading Montreal journal to describe that proposition.

Several Canadian manufacturers have signified their approbation of that policy. No wonder. It would make Canada their Garden of Paradise. The preferential clause made ineffective, remaining there for the sole purpose of catching the sentimental Imperialist, the measure would be protection pure and simple ; and protection in its worst form, protection without its redeeming features, protection with no hope of relief.

For those who want protection as an effective means of building their own fortune at the expense of the masses, it would be, no doubt, a splendid opportunity.

Those—and I believe they are to-day the great majority of Canadians—who accept protection as a necessity of the time, but who want it to work, not for the benefit of a few, but for the general advantage of Canada, they should spare no effort to defeat that purpose.

Apart from the dangers to which the proposed Imperial policy would expose Canada itself, it would disturb the good understanding that should exist between British possessions. As rightly argued by Sir William Holland, at the recent Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, the Imperial alliance, conceived in a false sentiment of mutual love, would be followed by a reaction of irritated local interests, and might eventually bring about the disruption of the Empire. Such a result—this may surprise your readers—I earnestly wish to be avoided.

* * *

Summed up, our fiscal programme should be :

- i. Repeal of the preferential clause.

2. Acquisition of the treaty-making power.
3. Adoption of a double-edged tariff, with a maximum rate substantially higher, and a minimum rate slightly lower, than our present tariff.

Any one of those steps it would be useless to take without taking the others ; for the general welfare and the advancement of the community they are inseparable.

Ottawa, September 23rd, 1903.

HENRI BOURASSA.

Women's Residences at American Universities.

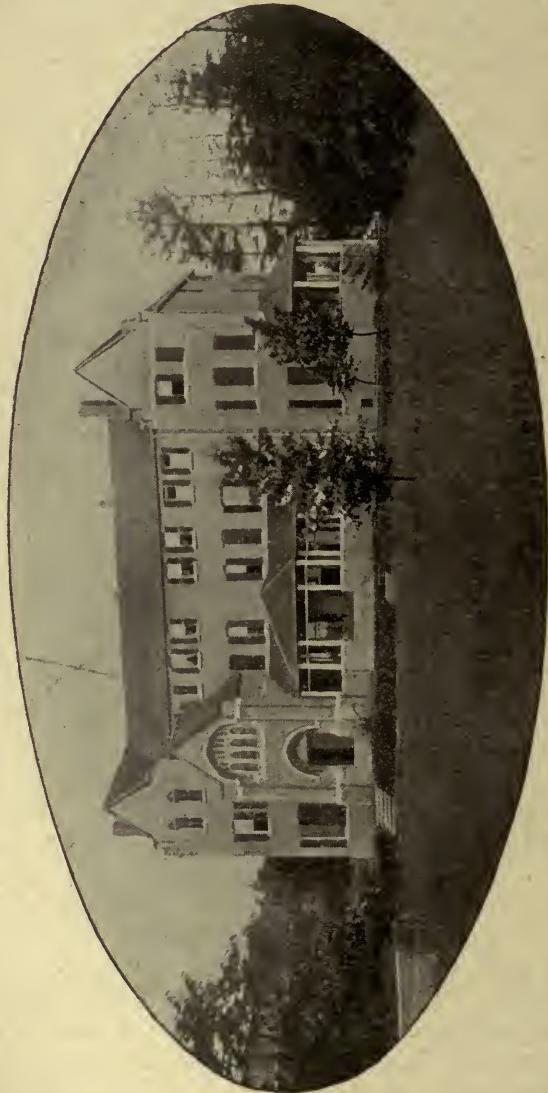
BY A. G. WENONAH SPENCE, '05.

THE opening of Annesley Hall has roused fresh interest in the subject of college residences for women. This movement is commanding much attention at the present time, especially in the United States, where a good deal of thought, time and money has been expended upon making the higher education of women attractive and effective. Probably no other institution of the kind has had a more auspicious opening or a more hopeful outlook than that which is now so important a part of our own College equipment.

Hitherto McGill University, Montreal, has been one of the few colleges in Canada which provide residence accommodation for women students. At the Royal Victoria College the students are admitted to the courses in Arts and Science of McGill on identical terms with the men, but mainly in separate classes. Besides the instruction given in lectures and laboratory practice, the students are assisted by resident tutors. The college was founded by means of an endowment from Lord Strathcona and was opened in 1899. It is completely furnished and fitted up with offices, lecture-rooms, students' common room, dining-room, library, reading-room, assembly hall, bedrooms and sitting-rooms. Each student has a separate bedroom and one sitting-room is shared by the occupants of two or three bedrooms adjoining. There is also a fully equipped gymnasium and a large practising-room for the students of music, for whom a special course of instruction is offered. There is accommodation for about forty students, and the expense for board and room ranges from \$290 to \$440 dollars a year, this covering all expenses except tuition fees.

St. Hilda's College, in connection with Trinity University, does much the same work on a smaller scale.

Smith College, Northampton, Mass., is an unsectarian college for women, where 991 students attended last year. The residential buildings comprise thirteen dwelling houses, each household organized like



ST. HILDA'S, TORONTO.

a private family, with its own parlors, dining-room and kitchen, and is presided over by a lady who directs its social and domestic life. In these houses the students of the academic course have precedence

over the members of the art and music schools in connection with the college.

At Vassar College for women, in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., 862 students were enrolled last year. Although there are five residence halls with single rooms and suites of rooms, the demand for admission is so great that it is necessary to make application at least eighteen months before entrance. A good deal of attention is paid to physical exercise, which, as well as the study of hygiene, is obligatory. Facilities for outdoor sports are provided on the college grounds which comprise 400 acres, including tennis courts, golf links, athletic field, and a lake for boating and skating.

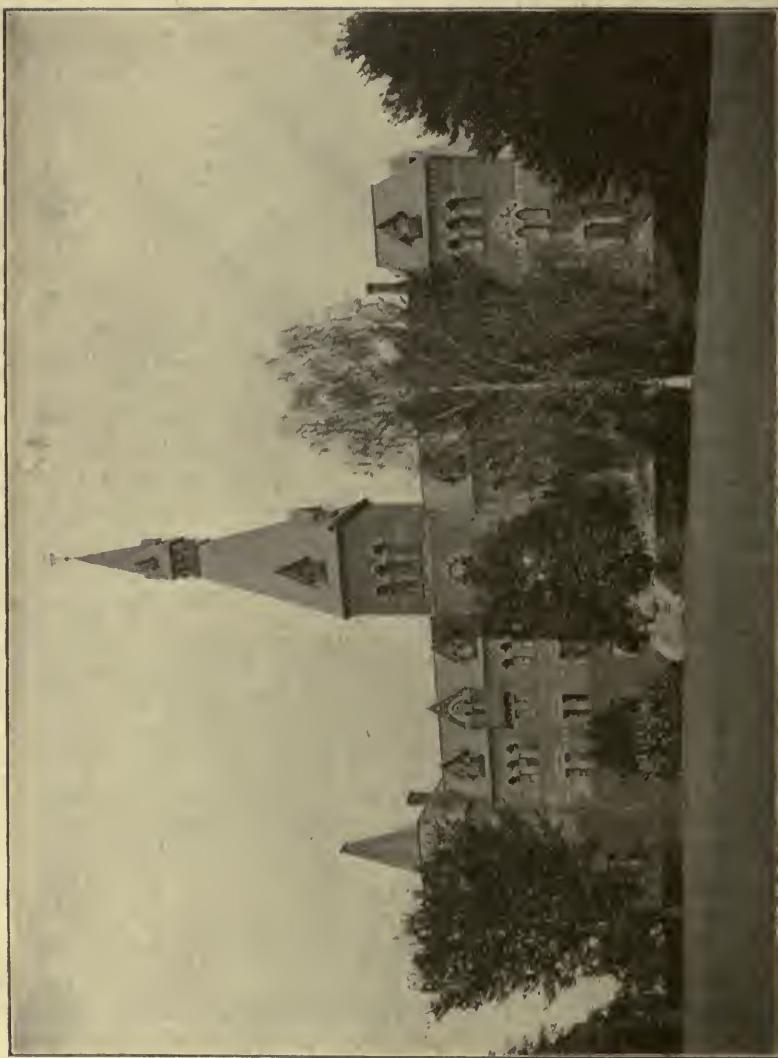
At Wellesley College, an undenominational educational institution for women at Wellesley, Mass., two large halls with dining-rooms and dormitories, and eight cottages, are not sufficient to accommodate all the students in attendance.

Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia, opens this autumn its sixth hall of residence, Rockefeller Hall, the gift of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, and has, altogether, residence accommodation for about four hundred students. Every student has a separate bed-room. All the rooms have electric reading-lamps, and nearly all have open fire-places, although they are sufficiently heated with steam. In each room the temperature is regulated by a thermostat and the air is changed every ten minutes. The conduct of the students in all matters not purely academic is under the management of the Students' Association for Self-government. The charge for board and room is \$300 for undergraduate students, and \$275 for graduates, for whom other special advantages are offered.

The Woman's College, of Baltimore, is a Methodist institution founded by the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Of seven buildings erected for college use, three four-storey buildings (with elevators) are for the accommodation of resident students.

In Radcliffe College, at Cambridge, Mass., women receive tuition from the instructors of Harvard University, and have the use of the library and astronomical observatory, etc., of the University. The courses correspond to the courses taken at Harvard, and the examinations are the same. The first hall of residence at Radcliffe College was opened in 1901, and provides a home for twenty-five students.

At Barnard College, in connection with Columbia University, there was at one time a dormitory building, but it had to be utilized for laboratories and lecture-rooms.



SAGE COLLEGE, CORNELL.

Cornell University is a co-educational institution, but the only residential buildings are two for women, Sage College and Sage Cottage, accommodating only a small proportion of the students.

The Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., confers degrees in seven departments (Law, Arts, Dentistry, Medicine, Pharmacy, Theology, Music), to all of which, except Medicine, women are admitted. There are three residence halls for women students, in which all students not resident in Evanston are required to room. One of these is Willard Hall,—the name was recently changed from Woman's Hall in honor of Frances Willard, who was for several years Dean of Woman's Hall. The others are Pearson's Hall and Chapin Hall, on the other side of the street from Willard Hall, and in them 130 students live, reducing the expenses of residence by caring for their rooms, doing dining-room work, etc.

At the University of Chicago the dormitories for women consist of four halls with rooms for one and two persons each. Applications will not be received more than a quarter in advance.

Chadbourne Hall is the women's residence at the University of Wisconsin. It provides accommodation for ninety persons, and rooms are rented to *bona fide* students of the university only. The foregoing list is not intended to be exhaustive, but merely illustrative of the development of the wide-spread movement to which it refers.

Decimal Seven on a Journey.

Dear ACTA:

PLEASE excuse the rude silence with which I treated your Marconigram asking for an article on my 10,000 mile holiday trip this summer; I have been so very busy since returning to the Pacific coast that my conduct will bear your investigation, and possibly justify my apparently Freshman-like disrespect.

In the first place, please thank yourself and the staff for the sausage-sandwiches and bottle of cold tea which the Board put up for me on the night I left for England. You will be glad to know that in spite of the despondency with which I left Toronto, as soon as the vessel was lifting herself to genuine Atlantic rollers, I felt very much more optimistic, and when in latitude 56.19 north, a thought struck me with such mental violence that I wrote it down in poetry on the white paint of a deck ventilator, but a merciful providence removed it by the gracious influence of a wet night. When the north coast of

Ireland loomed up through a morning fog I began to get restless for the sounds and sights of home, and wondered whether the white-thorn would be in flower along the hedge that almost hides the house, or which dog would be first to recognize my return. But of this I must say no more. On arrival in London I found that Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, and John Hampden had risen from the dead, and formed a triple alliance against one of the most audacious attempts of



QUEENSTOWN.

modern times to reverse the machinery of progress, and violate the conscience of millions of law-abiding people, by dislocating the well-tried Board School System, and introducing an Education Bill, which, as is well known now, practically gives the control to the State Church. The Bill had by this time become law in the counties, but the world's metropolis was not to be saddled so easily, and on Saturday, May 23rd, the spirits of the three gentlemen before mentioned could no

longer be contained, but walked in one of the greatest processions London has ever witnessed ; half a million people passed into Hyde Park on that early summer afternoon, quiet and orderly, but all in the imperative mood, with a strong negation upon their face, and the light of prophetic visions of victory in their eye. They came from all parts of the Capital with their bands and banners, churches, schools, clubs, societies and guilds, representing both the brawn and brain of a people whose blood has the saving qualities of a northern strain. As they swung through the gates of the marble arch in a ceaseless stream for



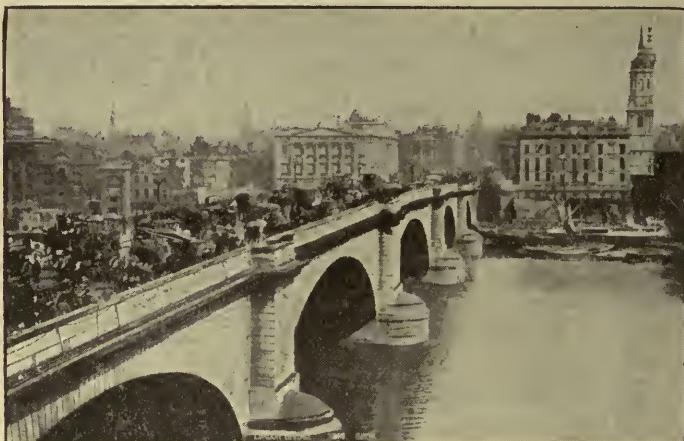
ALBERT EMBANKMENT AND ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL.

three hours, it seemed as though these sturdy tax-payers had seized London by the throat. The traffic was speedily congested, and the aristocracy could not get their carriages into the park for the accustomed afternoon drive. Obese coachmen looked on in powdered and be-wigged contempt ; thoroughbred horses pawed the gravel with their delicate aluminum shoes, and shook flecks of foam from their chafing and plated bits, while the occupants of the lavishly upholstered carriages seemed to recline in reluctant resignation at their sudden de-thronement. During the crush an avenue was made by the police to

allow a brougham to drive through ; it contained King Edward, who had turned aside to see this great sight. His visit was politic ; he saw no reed shaken with the wind.

At six o'clock the resolution condemning the Bill was put ; a bugle sounded, and the mighty army of men and women who surrounded twelve platforms in horse-shoe fashion, gave their assent by shouts and waving handkerchiefs. It was London's great refusal to contradict the principles of the Reformation. Dr. Clifford looked like Joshua of old, and one could not help connecting the bugle sound with the trumpets and shouting which preluded the fall of Jericho.

Above the sounds of the massed bands and the militant tread of that vast army on that sunny afternoon, the ears of my imagination



LONDON BRIDGE.

caught other music, and I saw a monk using a hammer and nails at the door of the church in Wittenberg. Thus history repeats itself, and we may see before very long the victory which ultimately, in the very nature of things, must result from the advocacy of righteous principles.

It was my good fortune to be at Henley for the last day of the Regatta. It was very hot, and the pretty little town was full of motor cars and soda water. The German crew got a great ovation as they won the coveted prize, "The Goblets," quite easily over their English cousins.

Shortly after this event it was with great pleasure that I met Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the clever author of "Three Men in a Boat," etc.

He chatted very freely, and told me that for many years he had wanted to visit Canada, and that this winter he was really coming. He is very much interested in the progress of the country and should be invited to our College ; if he is in time for the "Bob" he would much enjoy the obscure jokes, I'm sure ! Mr. Jerome is very fond of horses and dogs, and drives in a very high-built dog-cart with yellow wheels. His house is high on the Chiltern Hills, about forty miles from London, and eight or nine from Henley.

Another interesting public man I had the pleasure of being introduced to, was Mr. Richard Croker, otherwise known as "Boss Croker, of New York." He lives in a pretty village about two miles from Wantage, in Berkshire, and has cut off all connections apparently



TOWER OF LONDON.

with Tammany Hall, and the New York Ring. He told me that he liked England very much and had no desire to return to America. I could not help feeling, when I told him how much I admired his beautiful garden of roses, that his surroundings were far more conducive to his peace of mind, than the atmosphere of New York on the eve of an election.

As quite a number of "Vic." men were in England attempts were made to have a general meet, and "do" London and Oxford together ; it was also proposed that we should all meet outside the Houses of Parliament, and give the Vic. yell when the debate was on the Education Bill, but owing to geographical difficulties they did not materialize.

On my return journey I found myself among many members of the Chamber of Commerce who were coming to Montreal to discuss Mr. Chamberlain's policy regarding preferential trade. It was a good course in political economy, and I much enjoyed it.

At the present time, however, anything that touches the price of bread in the Old Land will never find support, and must surely be defeated. The people are not in a mood for philosophy just yet.

The South African war has upset the labor market, and will continue to keep wages low, until the spirit of emigration reduces the supply to more normal conditions. Nevertheless, the policy that Mr. Chamberlain has advanced finds much favor, and in a few years will probably appear in the form of a Bill before the House in a less repulsive form. At present it is the best assurance that the Liberal party have of being returned to power.

I have much more that I would like to say to you but cannot stay now. Hoping to see you every month, with fond memories of dear old days.

I am, yours as ever,

Nanaimo, October 2nd.

DECIMAL SEVEN.

Paris on July the Fourteenth.

BY EDNA R. POTTS.

MUCH has been written about Paris, much more can and will be written about it; so that in the great sea of literature my little drop will hardly affect that wonderful city, the ambition of so many.

As people appear to better advantage some days than others, so we found it with this beautiful city. We were particularly fortunate in being in Paris on the fourteenth of July, the greatest *fête* day of the Parisians, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille.

Very early in the morning we were awakened by the sound of music and the noise of the passers-by. From early morning till the wee small hours of the night this ceaseless noise continued, and the only way to avoid noticing it was to join right in with it. In the morning we found the boats filled with a pleasure-loving people. In the afternoon we drove up the Champs Elysée, that beautiful parade ground, and out through the Bois de Boulogne, their natural park where the poor can enjoy the pleasures of the country with little or no expense. Everywhere were crowds, carriages passing to and fro all the time, and the boulevards were literally filled with people seeking amusement and rest.

In the evening we got a splendid general view of Paris under the best possible conditions. It had been a lovely, warm day, and the evening was perfect, a bright, star-lit night and no wind. About eight o'clock we went up in a balloon, and from the height of over a thousand feet looked down on Paris the Beautiful. Walking along the brilliantly lighted streets everything appeared fascinating, but from our point of vantage we looked down on a veritable fairyland. Paris is perfectly laid out, like a landscape garden it appeared to us. If in a square you found one fountain, directly opposite or beside it



BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
PARIS.



BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES, PARIS.

at a short distance you invariably found another. The streets are straight, and often a number of them will meet at a square, as, for instance, the Arc de Triomphe d'Etoile, from which point twelve avenues branch off, one being the Grand Armée, the longest in Paris. The boulevards are very wide and the trees are in straight lines. You find nothing scattered or uncertain in Paris.

On this particular night all the public buildings were outlined in gas jets, which made them appear against the star-lit sky as huge monuments to the industry of man. Fountains were playing every-

where, and every available light was lit. The river looked particularly well, reflecting the lights which lined its shores and those of the many bridges which spanned it. We noticed a wonderful effect on the river, which at first we did not understand, but soon saw that it was a double reflection, the lights on the windows, then back again on the water. For miles in every direction we saw nothing but lights, but away in the distance lay the peaceful country, a perfect background, in the hazy light, to the brilliant scene which lay so far beneath us.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Although a balloon ascent is very fascinating, so was the scene below, and gradually we came down to earth where everything was real, and after bumping around in a very realistic manner, we started for a good walk through the city. They say it is hard to be good in Paris; and in order to raise those who will be raised the balloon is placed right outside the wall and for a time, at least, will help you upward.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view"; so it did with us, but if on descending we lost the enchantment, we gained fascination. Everybody was in holiday attire and holiday mood. The crowds

were tremendous ; all traffic was stopped, and had it not been that we had as our guide one high up in the Church, in name at least, we should have run a poor chance of seeing Paris in her gayest holiday attire.

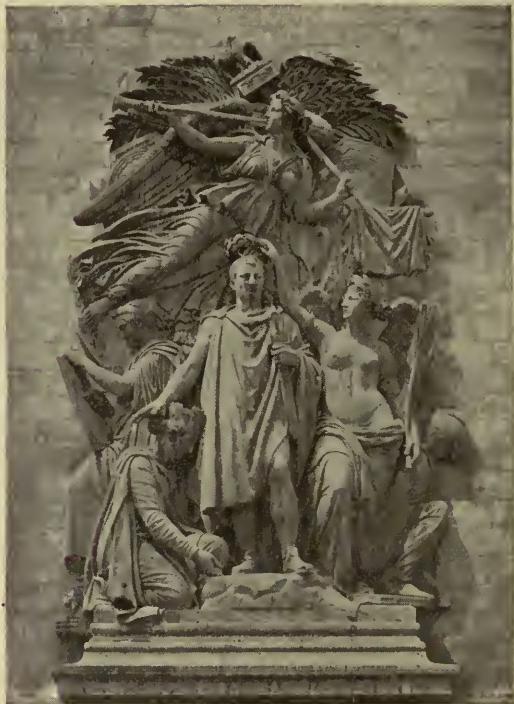
Everywhere we found little groups, and in wedging our way in, we would find little children dancing and singing for the amusement of all. At the street corners we found large crowds, and there on the pavement were dozens of people dancing as though in privacy, never apparently noticing the onlookers. Away down by the Hotel de



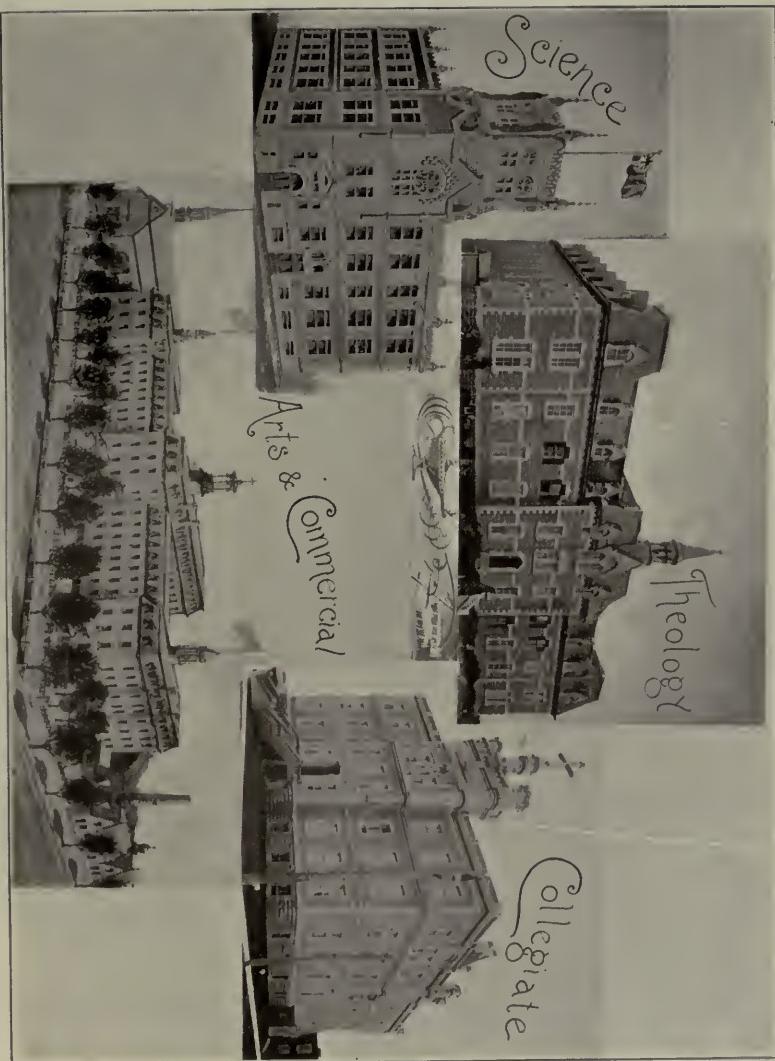
THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

Ville was the chief amusement—the fireworks. Thousands lined the river banks and made it impossible to get any nearer, but we bravely followed the old adage, "Persevérance and perseverance made a bishop of his reverence," but only one of us had the promised reward for perseverance. Here we found intense excitement. The fireworks were not only beautiful, but wonderful in design ; and with each fresh appearance the crowd for the moment would lose control of itself, and then settle down again to steady enjoyment. Drinking, of course, was prevalent, but for the hours that we

walked, or rather crept along, we saw a jolly French crowd, which, though filled with excitement, had not gone too far, and would have done credit to any nation. Although we saw Paris in a different and more profitable way during our other days there, I cannot say that we got such a good idea of the city generally, and the French people particularly, as we did on this great holiday.



BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.



A GROUP OF OTTAWA COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

SCIENTIFIC



The New Medical Buildings of the University of Toronto.



THE new buildings for the department of physiology and pathology of the University of Toronto are the first to exemplify the unit system of laboratory construction proposed by Professor Minot, of Harvard University, and, consequently, an account of them may be acceptable to all those who are interested in laboratory construction.

The main features of the unit system, as outlined by Professor Minot, are all comprehended in the character of the laboratory "unit" room. It must, first of all, be no larger than is required to accommodate readily the maximum number of students, whose practical instruction a single demonstrator can efficiently guide and control. It must also be of such dimensions that it can, at need, be made to serve as a museum, a library or reading room, or a small lecture room. The units further must be so placed with respect to one another, preferably in pairs or series, that, by the removal of partitions so separating them, rooms of larger dimension may, when desired, be obtained at a minimum cost, and in a short time. The dimensions of such a unit as determined by Professor Minot, are 23 x 30 feet, and this room will accommodate twenty-four working students, which number, experience shows, is the largest that should be under the supervision of a single demonstrator.

The units are for the most part grouped in pairs on both sides of the corridors on the various floors. The walls of the corridors are of brick, but those which separate the units from each other are of wood and plaster only, and they can consequently be removed in a few hours, without leaving traces of their disturbance other than those on the line of the fresh plaster added. Each unit communicates directly with its neighbor by a door, and further, has two doors opening into the corridors. It is thus possible at any time to form two rooms out of a unit, each of which will communicate directly with the corridor.

The building is heated by air forced over heated coils by large fans driven by steam, and the ventilation is thus in part provided for, and also by the exhaust currents in the ventilation turrets which rise over the entrances.

A feature of special interest is presented by the small research rooms. The half units are intended to be used for various purposes, but chiefly for small groups of students pursuing advanced work, or for special lines of research, but each of the fifteen small rooms adjacent to the lecture theatres is reserved for individual workers carrying on selected investigations. These, with other arrangements described, have been designed with the view of making the buildings a home for research.

(Reprinted from *Science*, N. S., Vol. XVII.)

Scientific Notes.

IN November McClure's the "Wonder of Radium" is told in a very interesting manner by Cleveland Moffet, who has had the opportunity of witnessing many experiments in the laboratory of M. and Mme. Curie, the joint discoverers of Radium. From his article we reprint the following :

"One of the most startling experiments performed thus far at the Pasteur Institute is one undertaken by M. Danyez, February 3, 1903, when he placed three or four dozen little worms that live in flour, the larvæ *Euphybestia kuebmella*, in a glass flask, where they were exposed for a few hours to the rays of radium. He placed a like number of larvæ in a control flask, where there was no radium, and he left in each case enough flour for the larvæ to live upon. After several weeks it was found that most of the larvæ in the radium flask had been killed, but that a few of them had escaped the destructive action of the rays by crawling away to distant corners of the flask, where they were still living. But they were living as larvæ, not as moths, whereas in the natural courses they should have become moths long before, as was seen by the control flask, where the larvæ had all changed into moths; all of which made it clear that the radium rays had arrested the development of these little worms.

"More weeks passed, and still three or four of the larvæ lived, and four full months after the original exposure I saw a larvæ alive and wriggling, while its contemporary larvæ in the other jar had long since passed away as aged moths, leaving generations of moths' eggs and larvæ to witness the miracle, for here a larvæ venerable among his

kind, a patriarch Euphestia kuebmella, that actually lived through three times the span of life accorded to its fellows, and that still showed no sign of changing into a moth. It was very much as if a young man of twenty-one should keep the appearance of twenty-one for two hundred and fifty years! What will we expect next from this wonderful element, it even arrests organic development."



THE St. Louis Exposition is to have a unique floral clock, says the *Electrical World and Engineer*. "This mammoth clock will be installed on the hill north of the Agricultural Building. The dial will be a flower bed one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. The minute hand will be sixty feet long, and the ring at the end, which will be fastened to the machinery, will be eight feet in diameter, large enough to support twelve men easily. A hundred people may promenade on this hand without interfering with the movements of the time piece. The minute hand will move five feet every minute. The flower bed will be a masterpiece of the florist's art. The entire dial will be a flower bed, and the numerals making the various hours will be fifteen feet in length, and made of a bright-colored coleus, a foliage plant with bright-colored leaves, that grows dense and may be pruned and kept symmetrical without impairing its growth. In a broad circle surrounding the dial will be twelve flower beds, one opposite each hour, each two feet wide and fifteen feet long. These collections will represent various flowers, but each will be so selected that the blossom is open at the particular hour it represents, and at no other. In this way both the hands of the clock and the flowers will tell the time of day. At night the whole vast time-piece will be illuminated with two thousand incandescent lights."



THE flying machine, or new airship, of Prof. L. P. Langley, of Smithsonian Institution, is not the first attempt of its builder, who has been a close student of aerial navigation for many years. The failure or disablement of the machine, in the early part of last month, has caused general comment in the daily press, a good deal of it written in whole or partial ignorance of the case. The *Scientific American* impresses the fact that though Prof. Langley has not met with complete success, yet he has solved some of the mysteries of aerial navigation. "Those who have the interests of aerial navigation at heart will regret the failure of Professor Langley's last experiment, not so much because the aerodrome or air ship refused to fly, but because of the adverse

newspaper comment which the trial has prompted. No scientist was ever absolutely successful in every experiment which he has undertaken, least of all, is success to be expected in so precarious an undertaking as that of testing the capabilities of a new air ship. Prof. Langley, despite his failure, deserves his full meed of praise for the earnest attempt which he has made to solve a problem which has puzzled inventors ever since the days of Icarus. He has attacked the problem in no uncertain fashion. This aerodrome of his is the result of years of arduous study and ceaseless experimentation. That it should have failed is simply regarded as one step in the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, and not altogether as an abject failure."



THE ignorance and the mental state of the peasants of Central Russia are forcibly shown by their ideas of the form of the earth and the nature of rain, thunder and lightning. They regard the earth as something like a sponge, a flat or possibly globular body floating in the ocean. The water of the ocean filters through the earth, leaving its salt behind in the interior, and issuing from the springs flows back in small and large streams to the ocean. This view is probably due in part to the character of the country which is filled with small lakes and swamps. The sky, being so near the sun, must become very warm, and, therefore, it must perspire very freely. In this way rain is easily accounted for. It should be noted that destructive cloud-bursts or violent downpours of rain are common in Central Russia, and that they occur there, as elsewhere, chiefly in the hottest of summer weather. Thunder and lightning have nothing to do with each other. Thunder is the noise produced by the sky cracking from intense heat, while lightning is the glow of the chariot of fire in which Elijah was taken up to heaven. The stars are firmly attached to the sky, and an eclipse of the moon is caused by a cloud.—*Staats-Zeitung, January 4th, 1903.*





NEAR LAKESIDE HOTEL.



SILVER BAY.



A BIT OF SHORE AT LAKESIDE.

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS



The Lakeside Conference.

BY W. H. SPENCE, '04.



HIS year Victoria's representatives attended the New International Student's Conference, held June 19-28th, at Lakeside, Ohio. This step was not taken without considerable discussion. Tradition has endeared Northfield to the heart of every earnest student. The famous Moody Seminary stands there and, down through the years, illustrious men from many lands, including the brightest minds from the best American and Canadian institutions of learning, have gathered to imbibe the spirit of a place so dear to the heart of the greatest evangelist the world has seen. Yet the International Committee felt that a better representation from the central section of the two countries could be affected by planting another conference nearer home. Toronto, Victoria amongst the number, felt it a matter of duty to support the committee in the experiment which was being made.

Nor did the step taken bring with it a regret. 'Tis true the location of the new conference was somewhat difficult of access and, in addition to that, fraught with certain minor disadvantages; but the experience of the ten days spent there assure us in concluding that the new conference, whether it be held in Lakeside or at Niagara-on-the-Lake, or some other spot on Canadian soil, must now be a permanent undertaking. The Central States sent large delegations, some institutions quadrupling their representation of former years. The spirit of ascendancy which characterizes some of the Eastern Universities at the larger conference was unfelt there, and the whole atmosphere of the place was redolent with a unanimity and sympathy which captivated the most apathetic heart.

The Conference found ample accommodation in the spacious and airy Hotel Lakeside and the various churches, halls and amphitheatres of the pretty park. As at other conferences, the mornings and evenings

were devoted to the work of the movement, the afternoons to recreation and athletics. The International Committee had labored assiduously to have the work properly organized and, under the guidance of Mr. A. B. Williams, it was so well completed that the whole Conference passed off without a *hitch*. The delegations were quartered in adjoining suites, and thus enjoyed the privilege of extended conversations upon the topics of most interest to them. Four of Victoria's sons were present—Pearson, Perley, J. W. Miller and the writer of this article. Their only regret was that her representation had not been twice as large.

Every student is already acquainted with Mott and Speer. They were there, stronger, more persuasive, more convincing than ever before. Many students availed themselves of the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with them, in the simplicity and fragrance of their lives. The ordinary pen fails to describe the addresses given by these men. Many volunteered for service in the foreign field, while every nook and quiet retreat along the precipitous shore was consecrated by the resolutions of men who will ever revert to these days as the crisis period of their lives. He, who, while on earth, so dearly loved the groves and the hillsides of His chosen Galilee, pervaded the place and, in the very song of the breaking waters and the rustling of the leaves, answered the trustful inquiries of His children as they asked, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

Nor must we forget the service given by other speakers. Rev. Drs. Howard Agnew Johnston and Wm. F. McDowell, both of New York, contributed in untold measure to the spiritual impetus of the Conference. The former conducted a Bible study class on "Personal Work," and stole daily into the lives of his students. The latter gave three addresses which rank amongst the most powerful and convincing talks given at the Conference. Dr. Elmore Harris, of Toronto, Mr. N. Wilbur Helm, Mr. Penfield, Dr. Hunt, and Messrs. H. P. Beach and Tom Jays, the veteran missionaries, will never be forgotten by the delegations.

It would be futile for the present writer to attempt to give his impressions of the whole Conference. The voice of it all was a strain from another country; the realm where sin is not, but where the hosts are ever marshalling to the assistance of every honest Christian warrior. It was a call to battle and in a winning cause, a vision of a living opportunity, a glimpse of man's own resource, if he but consecrate it: above all, an echo of the groans of those who are perishing in darkness, ignorance and superstition while we "eat our morsel alone." The

words of Mott, as he quoted Archbishop Whateley, "If my faith be false I ought to change it, if it be true I ought to propagate that which I believe," were the watchword of each honest man, as he lived those days of heart-searching and decision, and placed his hand in the warm grasp of Him who entreats the enlistment of every student to work this year for His universal coronation in every institution of learning on this continent.

The Silver Bay Conference.

BY MISS GRETA PETERSON, '04.

FOR the last three years the Student Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association has been held at Silver Bay, Lake George, N.Y., instead of at Northfield, and no more ideal place could have been chosen than this quiet little spot, shut off, as it is, from frequent intercourse with the outside world. From the hotel piazza one can see the mountains towering upward in all their grandeur on the other side of the narrow lake. Then, as one climbs the hills back of the hotel, an ever-widening view shows green-clad islands and quiet inlets, with cottages of varied hues perched on their banks. The spirit of peace seems to brood over the place, making the twelve days' stay a welcome change to the six hundred delegates, some of whom came direct from closing exercises.

The first evening of the Convention we gathered on the lawn for vesper service, when Miss Harriet Taylor, General Secretary of the American Committee, spoke to us from the words, "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ." She said that Peter knew Christ in three ways: He knew Him as the Man Christ Jesus, as the crucified Lord, and as the risen Christ; but it was only when he knew Him as the risen Christ that the people brought their sick for his shadow to fall upon; it was only then that his life was transformed and the boasting Peter became humble, the cowardly Peter became brave. So, she said, it was hoped that there would be transformed lives as a result of the Conference. And those hopes were not disappointed, for, of the six hundred girls who met there, not one went away without having formed the resolve to live a nobler and more unselfish life.

Very busy days followed this opening service. Bible-classes were held for an hour every forenoon, with Dr. Stone, Mr. Harry Wade Hicks and Miss Blodgett as instructors. A couple of hours were

spent in discussing plans for carrying on the Association work during the coming year. The work of the forenoon closed with a mass-meeting in the Auditorium.

The afternoons were devoted to recreation. There were launch trips, tramps to the mountains, sports, etc. July 2nd was College Day, when the girls sang their college songs and gave their college yells for the amusement of the leaders and their friends who occupied seats on the piazza. The Canadian delegates could not sing college songs, as most of the colleges sent but one delegate, but we sang "The Maple Leaf," and the Americans present must surely have seen that there were twelve Canadian girls who would not be annexed.

In the evening, from 7 o'clock to 7.45, vesper service, the sweetest and most solemn service of the day, was held. Then there was a mass-meeting in the Auditorium from 8 to 9 o'clock, after which each delegation met by itself to talk over the work of the day that was closing.

Throughout the Conference special emphasis was laid upon the importance of Bible study and the keeping of the Morning Watch. The result was that most of the delegates acquired a real love for Bible study, and morning after morning they could be seen making their way to some quiet spot with Bibles in their hands. Miss Bertha Condé gave a series of afternoon talks on Personal Work and its effectiveness as compared with other methods. She closed her last address with these words : " Be assured that nothing in all your college course can be compared to the joy of leading a soul to Christ." Several hours during the Convention were given to talks on the need of a spiritual awakening in our colleges and our part in it.

The principal speakers were Bishop Thoburn, Mr. Janvier, Dr. McDowell, Mr. Mott, Rev. R. J. Campbell, of City Temple, London; Dr. Stone, Mr. Speer, Dr. Ross Stevenson, who acted as chairman at the Auditorium meetings, Mrs. Gladding (*née* Miss Effie Kelly Price) and Mrs. Reynolds, World's Secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

Silver Bay quickly became endeared to us, and we were loath to leave when the twelve days were ended. The Americans were very thoughtful for their guests. They seemed especially anxious that we should not feel "left out" on the Fourth of July, and Dr. McDowell made us very happy by eulogizing the Englishman in Kipling's words:

" He claps the slave on the back
And behold he becometh a man."

We found so much to admire in our American cousins that we would willingly have prolonged our stay, but the last evening came with its solemn farewell words and the Conference had ended.

Most of the delegates were leaving for Caldwell by the early morning boat, and those who remained went down to the wharf for a last farewell. College songs and yells were interchanged from boat to wharf, and from wharf to boat. Then, as the boat moved off over the sunlit waves, someone began to sing, "God be you till we meet again." Instantly the giddy songs and senseless yells were hushed and the voices became very low and reverent as they sang,

"Till we meet at Jesus feet,
God be with you till we meet again."

So we parted, but six hundred girls went back to their colleges with the firm determination to walk in the footsteps of the great Master.

In College Halls.

January 15th to 17th is the time set apart for the Annual College Missionary Conference.

The opening meetings of the Y. M. C. A. were seasons of great spiritual uplift. Mr. Colton's address on "The Importance of Bible Study in Character-building" afforded much food for earnest thought.

The Committee in charge of the arrangements for the Annual Week of Prayer, to be held this year November 8th to 14th, have made careful and prayerful preparation for the services, and all are looking forward to a successful series of meetings.

The interest in the Bible Class led by Prof. McLaughlin is growing from Sunday to Sunday. About 150 members are now enrolled; the studies are taken from the book of Genesis.

Among the women students the religious work was begun with new enthusiasm. The Y. W. C. A. meetings have been well-attended, profitable and helpful. Fresh impetus has come to every worker through the inspiring sessions of the Dominion Y. W. C. A. The sweet Christian motherliness of Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, and the deep earnestness of Mrs. T. A. Gladding and others, touched many a young woman's heart to nobler ambition for Christ. At the Student Sectional Conference, which was in charge of Miss S. Little, B.A., a paper was given by Miss G. Peterson, '04, on the subject: "Essentials of Cabinet and Committee work."

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Editorial.

THE UNION "LIT." Does the Union "Lit" give adequate opportunity for the practice of public speaking? Of all the college societies it has probably been the most helpful to the average student. Till recently it has been the recognized custodian of the students' interests. It supplies papers for the reading room, contributes to the support of the library, sends representatives to sister institutions, and finances our journal. But, though nominally a society for the promotion of literary and scientific objects, we fear that because of the multitude of duties thrown upon it, this part of its work has been relegated to a secondary position. However, the organization of the *Alma Mater* Society, with general supervision over student affairs has relieved, and will continue to relieve, the "Lit" of much business not coming within the generally accepted sphere of such a society.

Hitherto the passing of accounts, the appointment of committees for the discharge of a hundred and one duties, and such like, with the inevitable wrangles over points of order, arising from irregularities due to imperfect knowledge of the rules of procedure have supplied

ALMA MATER SOCIETY EXECUTIVE.

F. A. E. Hamilton. J. A. M. Dawson, Treasurer. W. H. Spence. A. Elliott.
R. Pearson. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Hon. President. E. W. Wallace, President.
A. J. Brace.



the principal materials for discussion. Few people grow eloquent over business details or points of order ; and the latter seem only to give an opportunity to persons who have a fondness for hair-splitting to display their metaphysical cleverness, and incidentally annoy others. We venture the opinion that Victoria's failure in inter-collegiate debates has been due largely to the lack of opportunity for effective debating. Speakers have little opportunity to rise above the level of mere executive work ; there is nothing to draw them out. Consequently, when they meet others in oratorical combat they are disconcerted. Those responsible for the "Lit" programme should devise means for the encouragement of general discussions. If this were done members would derive more benefit from the meetings of the society ; and the society, by producing capable speakers, would bring honor and further victories to our college.



ANNESLEY HALL. The dream of the women friends of Victoria has been realized ; the Women's Residence is a reality. Through their untiring efforts and the generosity of the late Hart A. Massey, Victoria possesses in Annesley Hall one of the most complete residences in the land. The ladies are proud of it, and so are we. That such a building was wanted there can be no question. The opening of their doors to women students threw additional responsibility upon the colleges, which were acknowledged, and had sooner or later to be assumed.

In these levelling days, when there is a tendency to ignore distinctions which time has left deep-rooted in the human race, it may seem patronizing to speak of women as the weaker sex ; and yet, in many respects, the statement is true. A young man of ordinary strength and good morals may be sent forth alone from the parental roof without apprehension, and generally the change is beneficial. But with a young woman it is different, she cannot rough it like a man. There is a natural reticence peculiar to the sex, which, if shown by a youth, would provoke derision, but which, coming from a young woman, evokes commendation. And boarding house life is not always the most inviting of experiences.

A residence meets the needs and minimizes the dangers incidental to life away from home, and does so much better than any other means of accommodation. It is designed for a particular purpose, and its management is directed towards this end ; nor is this distinctive feature of its work overshadowed by the desire for profits.

Still it would seem that the chief benefit to be derived from life in residence comes not from the conveniences it provides, but from the associations it renders possible. Education ought to do more than acquaint us with facts; it ought also to have a refining effect. But what opportunity has a college to mould the character of a student who only comes under its influence while taking a few lectures within its walls? No matter what superior influence a lecturer may exercise over students in his class-room, it is more than probable that this will be worn off by contact with the coarse and common without. The conditions of a student's home life, both before and while attending college, are the strongest factors in the determining of his character, habits, and general deportment. The veneer acquired in the lecture-room and through familiarity with a few text-books will soon wear off.

Without casting any reflection on boarding and lodging houses, one must admit that such places are little conducive to the acquirement of culture. Their proprietors are only average persons engaged in a gainful business, whose obligations are considered discharged if they provide good victuals, or clean and tidy apartments. But a college residence is a regular department of college administration, and it, to a very large extent, reflects the character of the controlling institution. Accordingly, great care is taken in the selection of its officials that they are persons of superior attainments who will exercise an elevating influence over those in their charge. In view of these things we feel assured that the environment of Annesley Hall will have a marked influence on the lives of its residents, which cannot fail to result if the institution is governed wisely by rules framed with due regard to the age and independent character of the average student.



COMING EVENTS: The Conversat is the great social function of the year. On this occasion Victoria is at home to her friends. The date has been set for December 4th. Victoria is a connexional college, supported by one of the strongest denominations in Canada, the headquarters of which are in this, the Queen City. Supported by the wealth and social influence of this powerful body, there is no reason why Victoria's Conversat should not be one of the best and most largely attended in the country. Moreover, people appreciate being entertained, and by proving themselves good entertainers the students will win many staunch friends for their *Alma Mater*.

The annual oration contest will be held December 15th. Oratory is one of the noblest of the arts ; it is "the art of persuasion." Unfortunately, it seems to be on the decline. This may be due to influences in modern life too strong for the fitful stimulus by which its cultivation is sought to be encouraged through the offering of a few prizes. Yet we are glad to notice the appreciation for this noble art which still is found in literary societies ; and students possessing oratorical attainments should not fail to enter. Competitors may choose their subjects. Let them be of an inspiring nature. True eloquence springs from sublimity of conception. We hope that the coming contest will be truly representative of the oratorical ability of our institution.



ACTA BOARD. The vacancies on the Board have been filled by the election thereto of Mr. Cleaver, '04, and Mr. Campbell, '05. The former assumes the duties of Scientific editor, the latter the editorship of Athletics. These gentlemen need no flattering words of introduction. Readers of ACTA have read their writing, and perceived their worth.



ESSAY AND POEM CONTESTS. WE call the attention of the students to the fact that a prize of fifteen dollars will be given for the best essay, containing from twelve hundred to two thousand words, submitted to the Editor-in-chief by January 10th, 1904. The conditions of the contest are : Competitors must be members of the College Literary Societies, and paid-up subscribers of ACTA ; essays to be specially written for ACTA, and to become its property ; choice of subject is left to the writer, but it must be Canadian in character ; essays to be judged by the members of the Advisory Board of ACTA, and the professor in English. Five dollars is offered for the best poem of a maximum length of eight hundred words ; graduates may compete for this.



PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.



ISHING to make our column as helpful as possible we intend to continue the policy of our predecessor, and locate the old graduates of Victoria by years. To do this we shall work from both ends in each number. This policy will in four or five years bring to notice the names and addresses of all who have passed through the halls of our university. To keep the list correct and up-to-date we shall insert any change of address brought to our notice, and shall esteem it a great favor to be notified of such. We trust that all interested in this project will assist us as much as possible in making our records accurate. Owing to the number of changes in the addresses of the class of '02, we have deemed it wise to insert the names of all.

NAUGHTY-TWO.

C. E. AUGER, one of the ex-editors-in-chief, has resigned his position on the staff of the Washington and Jefferson College and accepted a more lucrative post in the McKeesport High School, McKeesport, Pa.

W. R. ARCHER has returned to College as a B.D.

J. H. BEER, also returns to College after a most successful year on the Westminster circuit. Herman is in as great demand as ever when a good man is wanted for the various tasks around the halls. He looks happy.

C. B. BINGHAM is in the insurance work in Toronto.

E. J. CARSON is studying law in Winnipeg.

J. N. CLARRY, having taken unto himself a wife, itinerates on the Cavan South Circuit—with head and heart quarters at Millbrook.

J. R. R. COOPER is a minister and preaching at Campbell's Bay, Montreal Conference.

Jos. COULTER is preaching in London.

E. CROCKETT has followed W. A. Potter, 'oo, at Chapleau.

C. W. DEMILLE is stationed at Vennachar, Bay of Quinte Conference. Owing to a very devastating fire in the town of Vennachar, Charlie was forced to convey his bride and household effects to Denbigh. May he there find all the comforts of a home.

F. H. DOBSON is teaching in the North-West.

L. R. ECKHARDT is preaching at Harris, Iowa.

J. H. FOWLER is now exhorting the good people of Malahide Circuit, London Conference.

THOMAS GREEN, having received a unanimous invitation to spend a second year at Phœnix, B.C., has been returned by Conference.

J. M. HAITH, is preaching at Lynedoch, Hamilton Conference.

W. H. HAMILTON is still a successful merchant at Winnipeg, dispensing that much-called-for article which enables people to sip the "cup which cheers but not inebriates."

J. W. HEDLEY is junior pastor of the Townsend Circuit, Hamilton Conference. His address is Simcoe.

J. E. HUGHSON has got the Western fever, and has transferred from the Nova Scotia Conference to the North-West, and is now at Lethbridge.

D. R. MOORE will this year teach English and History in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

W. J. MORTIMORE is in China with headquarters at Chentu.

HOWARD NEVILLE is preaching at Anemone, Birtle District, in the Manitoba and North-West Conference. We wonder whether he still exhorts people to save their voices.

I. A. RUMBLE, rumor has it, is on the staff of Albert College.

G. A. STACEY is in the Civil Service at Ottawa.

J. R. VAN WYCK has decided to enter the Presbyterian ministry. He will take Theology at Knox, Political Science at Varsity, and attend receptions at Victoria.

MISS ALLEN is in Rochester with her aunt, assisting in the training of a couple of growing lads. We are almost inclined to envy the boys.

MISS WARD is teaching in Assiniboia, N.W.T.

W. P. ROGERS is stationed at Demorestville, Bay of Quinte Conference.

MISS A. SMITH is also a schoolmistress at Port Perry.

MISS R. SMITH is still in South Africa.

MISS ELLA MCLEAN is attending the Normal College, Hamilton.

A. W. CRAWFORD, '95, Ph.D. (Cornell), formerly of Brantford, has accepted a call to the professorship of Philosophy and English, and the deanship of the college department in Beaver College, Beaver, Pa. He was formerly professor of Philosophy in Ursinas College, College ville, Pa.

J. E. ROCKWELL, formerly '03, is at present engaged on the staff of the Duluth *Evening Herald*. "Jimmie," in renewing his subscription to ACTA, wished to be remembered to all the boys, and stated that he expects to be in next year to graduate with '05. He also sent the following items:

MISS A. A. ROCKWELL, formerly '03, is with the class of 1904 in the University of Minnesota, and will graduate this year.

C. E. KNIGHT, formerly '03, is holding a responsible position with the wholesale department of Marshall Field, Chicago. He is to be married about Christmas time to a Chicago girl.

P. McD. KERR, '03, has been appointed professor of Classics in Columbian University, New Westminster, B.C. ACTA extends heartiest congratulations.

REV. W. G. WATSON, B.A., B.D., after taking three years in the Honor Classical Department, graduated in the general course in 1891. In '98 he secured his B.D., securing the Sanford gold medal. Becoming assistant pastor of the Metropolitan Church, he remained in that position for two years, at the same time pursuing the course in Honor Orientals of the second and third years, taking first-class honors in each examination. The following two years he spent on the Streetsville and Thessalon Circuits, in the Toronto Conference. Last summer he was called to the chair of Old Testament Exegesis and Systematic Theology in Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. We are pleased to read the very favorable comments which the papers in the eastern provinces have made concerning his work and scholarship. ACTA extends her congratulations and best wishes for continued success.

'03.—Since we went to press for the October number, we have learned that Miss O. C. Lindsay has been made assistant secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at Ottawa. ACTA extends congratulations.

'01.—Miss L. L. Staples has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the staff of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute, caused by the resignation of Miss Addison to become Dean of Annesley Hall. She will have charge of the Modern Language Department.

'84.—W. L. Kerr, LL.B., has been appointed County Crown Attorney (*pro tem.*), of Durham and Northumberland in succession to the late J. W. Kerr, K.C.

'94.—Rev. H. T. Lewis is the popular assistant pastor of the Cobourg Methodist Church. We hear glowing reports of his work in every department.

'85.—We are pleased to learn that F. C. Colbeck, principal of the Toronto Junction Collegiate Institute, is recovering from a serious attack of diphtheria.

A THRILL of keenest pleasure ran through the large circle of friends of Rev. Geo. C. Workman, B.A. ('75), M.A. ('78), Ph.D. (Leipsic '89), when it was learned that he had been invited to, and had accepted the chair of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature in Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. Those who had the privilege of sitting under his teaching when he held the same position in Victoria University, will not soon forget the strong personality, the keen, scholarly insight, and, above all, the deep spirituality which characterized his teaching. And those who, while not so privileged, have read his many works, cannot but recognize that he stands in the front rank of those who have sought fearlessly to present the truth as it is revealed in the light of modern criticism and science. We feel sure that we voice the sentiments of the students and graduates of Victoria in congratulating our sister college on having secured such a strong addition to their staff, and trust that Dr. Workman's health, which has of late caused great anxiety to his friends, may enable him to carry on his noble work of unlocking the truth, and of causing the Scriptures—and especially the Old Testament—to appeal more and more to man's conscience and reason as the inspired word of God to man.

THE members of ACTA Board acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a parcel of wedding cake from the Rev. Robert Hughes, of Nanaimo, B.C. The reverend gentleman spent the summer in England, incidentally was married, and generally had a very pleasant holiday. We thank him for these few crumbs of remembrance and wish him every success.

SENATOR LANDERKIN is dead. He was born in 1839 in West Gwillimbury, on the old homestead still known by the family name. He worked on the farm till his seventeenth year, when he entered Victoria University. After spending two years in Arts he entered Medicine, graduated in 1862 and commenced practising in Huston, Wellington County, removing the following year to Hanover where he lived to the end of his life. In 1870 he was married to Mary, daughter of Joseph Kirkindall, of Elora. He entered Parliament as member for



THE LATE HON. DR. LANDERKIN.

South Grey in 1872, was defeated in 1878, returned again in 1882, and sat continuously till 1900. He was appointed to the Senate in February, 1901. He was a very witty speaker, and did much by his witticisms, in the last decade of his service in the Commons, to lessen the strain of party warfare. He has obeyed the summons of the grim Reaper, but his memory will long be cherished by his associates in political life. He passed away at his home on Sunday, October 4th, and was buried on October 7th.

MARRIAGES.

AT Bayham, Ont., on September 10th, Miss Edith Estella, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Procnier, was married to Mr. Walter Keast, '05, of Thorndale. Miss Clara Procnier, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Russell Keast, groomsman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Kennedy, B.D., of Londesboro', assisted by Rev. A. E. Lloyd, of Corinth.

IN Belleville, on September 24th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Miss Florence Maude Galley was united in marriage to Rev. S. C. Moore, B.A. ('96), B.D. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. R. M. Pope, assisted by Rev. J. A. McCamus. Miss Marguerite Galley was bridesmaid, and Rev. G. S. Faircloth, groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Moore spent their honeymoon in the East.

AT Toronto, on May 27th, 1903, Miss M. Fisher was married to Rev. A. A. Scott, B.A. ('99), both of Toronto. Mr. Scott is in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

AT Toronto, on June 17th, 1903, Miss E. Gregory was married to W. D. Young, B.A. ('97), M.B. ('02), of Toronto.

ON June 5th, at the residence of the bride's father, Port Perry, Florence Estelle Jones, '00, was united in marriage to W. J. M. Cragg, '00, by Prof. J. F. McLaughlin, M.A., B.D., of Victoria University, and Rev. E. Cragg, father of the groom.

AT St. Paul, Minn., on September 24th, Miss Olive Luxton, daughter of Mr. W. F. Luxton, of Winnipeg, was married to E. R. C. Hosking, '94.

AT Burlington, July 15th, Percival Dobson, '00, to Miss Louise Moss.

Exchanges.

SEVERAL numbers of our old friend, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, have come to our hands since assuming office. As usual they are good. *Notre Dame* is certainly to be congratulated on having so many of its students ready to assist in keeping its journal up to the mark, for from them seem to come the majority of the contributions. However, it is well that the editors do not confine themselves to such a small constituency, but seek at times to bring their readers into touch with men who have had the wider experience which contact close and vital with the great pulsing heart of the world alone can

give. As students, we need such to keep us from becoming utterly absorbed with our little round of life, however exciting and interesting that may be, and so developing narrow sympathies.

YOUNG LADY (on introduction committee)—“Is your topic card filled, Mr. ——?”

Mr. —— (Freshman)—“Yes; I’m sorry, Miss, but I know another nice fellow, and I’ll introduce you to him.”—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

K.—“I must watch for that eclipse of the moon to-night.”

O’B.—“You’ll see it in about 20 minutes.”

K. (observing the heavens attentively)—“Say, isn’t it strange how the earth gets between us and the moon.”

O’B.—“Pshaw, that’s impossible.”

K. (seeing his mistake)—“Well, anybody can make a mistake. I confess I do not know much about geology.”—*Univ. of Ottawa Rev.*

THE *Almanian* has a fine issue for October. The article on “The True Individual Power of Every Man” is a splendid treatment of a subject that can never be old, for it strikes at the springs of life. The stories, too, are good. “A Page from Cupid’s Note Book” gives us a good love-story in a unique and fascinating manner. We shall have some more, please.

Queen’s University Journal is also on hand, with two good articles by Principal Gordon and Dr. Campbell. The management informs us that next month will be a special edition of peculiar interest, giving full report of the installation proceedings, with a large number of lithographs. Victoria is interested in these, not only from sympathy with a sister institution, but also from the fact that our own honored Chancellor was a recipient of an honorary degree on that occasion.

THE Baccalaureate sermon, preached at Columbian University by Geo. A. Gordon, on the question of the “Educated Youth,” and reported fully in the *Quarterly*, is well worthy the careful perusal of every student. In a strong, manly style he shows the attitude the student ought to bear toward humanity and the religion of Jesus Christ.





WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.



THE LIBRARY.

 HE library is the place to study,
For there one can see everybody ;
And what could better suit a preacher,
Than human nature for a teacher ?

— *Theolog.*

IN the Ladies' Study when ACTA came out—"Te-he ! te-he ! te-he !"

MISS D — T, '05 (looking at cover)—"Is this the tree of knowledge with the serpent sticking up in the middle?"

FRESHETTE—"Say, are you on the committee that gets this thing out?"

MISS ST — SON, '07 (reading joke on herself)—"Why, what does it mean?"

SENIOR—"I fail to find the deep moral tone which should underlie all this satire."

THE "At Home" of the Women's Literary Society on Friday evening, October 23rd, was one of the largest receptions ever held in the College. The programme consisted of short addresses from the President, Miss Fife, the Honorary-President, Miss Addison, and representatives from St. Hilda's, McMaster and University College, a violin solo by Mr. Rogers, B.A., and a vocal solo from Miss Hollinrake. A few students appreciated the pretty decorations in Alumni Hall Annex, "Silence to them being greater than song." The dainty promenade cards were the work of Miss Dwight. The early closing proved a successful finale to a pleasant evening.

MISS BERNIE, '07, to Mr. S. G. M — , Sophomore—"Well, my programme is full, but I'll skip a Sophomore if you'll point one out." Stanley points out a Freshman's name and secures the promenade.

H. D. R — , '05—"But what do you think, Freddie? Twenty-six freshettes and only six promenades!"

VICE-PRES. CLASSICAL ASS'N—"I came from an unexpected quarter."

Miss Ch——ck (in confusion)—"But, really, I haven't that quarter with me."

G. E. T——, '06 (to Freshettes)—"Well, if I cannot have a promenade, might I have your phonograph on the back of my card?"

FRESHIE No. 1 (glancing over promenade card behind the piano)—"By gum, she asked me to call next week."

Freshie No. 2—"Oh, gee, she asked me, too!"

SP——LEY, '05—"Can you give me two?"

She—"I think one would be enough."

Sp——ley—"I mean No. 2."

OUR REPORTER—"I saw you having a good time last night, old boy."

Elmer (anxiously)—"Where?"

Reporter—"When you were singing the College song."

Elmer (with gasp of relief)—"Oh, it's all right then."

WHEN the Committee requested that the faculty go to Jackson Hall for their refreshments, it was amusing to see how quickly and with what an important twist of the head Jas. H. Wallace, B.A., Fellow of Toronto University, escorted his fair companion thither.

THE CONVERSAT.

Do you know we are to have one? Well, we are!

Do not forget the date, December 4th. Remember, too, that its success depends largely upon you, your interest, your presence. The vacancy on the committee, caused by the resignation of Mr. Spence, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. G. K. Bradshaw.

Mr. Wallace has suggested scientific demonstrations on the top flat, and Mr. Spence has followed this up with the ingenious proposal that the tower door be opened and he be put in charge of an astronomical observatory on the roof. But the Committee demurred out of consideration for Willie's health.

DR. B——y—"I like dogs in their place, but it's no place for dogs where we teach dogmatic theology."

FLEMING, '07 (on tennis court)—"I wonder would Robert bring us out a glass of water."

MISS KEAGEY has been ill in residence, suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis. We are glad to hear of her recovery.

MISS K—S (to Mr. Hewitt, into whose arms she has just run)—“Oh, gee, Mr. Hewitt, this is so sudden.”

WILLIE W—, '05 (after a visit to Annesley Hall)—“No, but the gong rang before I left.”

THE Freshmen's raid on the Bob practice this year was a big success. Some thirty-five uncouth, shaggy youngsters, rustic as their native wilds, and tough as the rock-elms growing there, proved a hor-



DO YOU KNOW THEM?

rible apparition to the fifteen worn-out Sophomores whom they surprised away up in Jackson Hall. The children got no Bob material, but it is said that the prolonged existence of '06 is due to the physical protection of Pearson, Gain and a few others, and the importunate pleading of Dr. Reynar and the President of the Y. M. C. A. “Teddy” Moore is said to have escaped with his moustache only because the Freshies' knives were “too dull to cut the thing.”

TINY JAMES, '07 (afterwards)—“I got hold of that great, big, broad, fat fellow, and tussled with him for quite a while.” How's that for a description of poor Dr. Horning?

C——y—"The Bob certainly changed me."

Voice—"What were you bobbed on, Bill?"

C——y (hesitating)—"The girls."

WE hear considerable murmuring and complaining among Freshmen and C.T.'s about their laundering. To these we would say that a genuine classic on the subject of Home Laundering was lately written by Mr. J. S. B.—'05, but the manuscript has, it is said, fallen into the hands of one of the ladies of the First Year. ACTA would be pleased to receive the same and publish it in the interest of all worried ones.

PERHAPS Marshal Brace will never be prouder of Victoria than he was on the evening of October 20th, when he mustered a band, forty strong, to go down to Massey Hall to see "Everyman." On the way a few raw recruits joined the ranks, the appearance of Mr. E. M. Burwash calling forth from one of the country-bred Seniors the expression, "Well, I'll be cow-kicked!" Who can doubt that a man so careful of his exclamations was in a fit mood for a morality play?

Arrived in the second gallery, the boys made the lofty roof ring with the soul-thrilling verses of "The Old Ontario Strand," "Canada," "Toronto," "Clementine," and with the College yell. Then there was a little chaffing between Victoria and Wycliffe "bunches," but this was forgotten when the cry, "Well, I do D. Clare!" pealed out, and then there came a spontaneous and lusty outbreak of that college stand-by, "See him blushing just now," which was carried through several verses. The play began before the presence of Mr. G. K. Bradshaw could be fittingly recognized.

The acting we shall not describe—see *Saturday Night*. Miss Mathison was charming, and the students will not soon forget the moral intensity of the play, though Brother Hunter considered it sacrilegious.

MISS LLOYD, on Latin prose intent,
Was startled by a friendly gent.
The library rules he had not spied!
She whispered faintly, "Come outside!"

THE rooms in the Residence are evidently not all very spacious. One girl describes her room as so small that she has to be put in with a shoe-horn and taken out with a corkscrew.

PROFESSOR—"Unfortunately a very important engagement necessitates my closing this lecture at 12.30."

The professors (and students) would not lose so much time if we had golf-links on our own grounds.

THE first of the inter-year debates of the Women's Literary Society was held on Wednesday, October 21st. Subject : "Resolved, that music and household science should be included as options in the university courses for women." Debaters : Miss Patterson and Miss Walker, '05, affirmative ; and Miss Baxter and Miss Jeffrey, '04, negative. The '05 girls were winners. The evening papers congratulated the ladies of Victoria on their views, and "hope to see a generation of women who understand housekeeping and know how to cook a beefsteak."

ECHOES OF ANNESLEY HALL PRANKS.

"OH, Miss Addison, if you don't get out you'll get wet."

"STOP—you're hurting be" (and somebody's nose was being pulled.)

Miss B—er, '07.—"I called them lobsters, I called them big lobsters, I called them big red lobsters, and they wouldn't get out."

CAUGHT UP AT THE UNION LIT.

HON. MR. BRACE, M.P., for Sunsetville : "Mr. Speaker, and ye members of this honorable body, in my constituency along the overland route to Moose Factory they grow pumpkins and cabbages as large as 'my head.'" This reminds us of a large poster lately displayed before the Y.M.C.A. of one of our larger towns : "Meeting for Men at 4.15. Trooper A. J. Brace. Come and SEE and Hear."

BOB PEARSON (waxing warm in debate) : "If I had some adjectives I'd add a few here."

Voice—"No, Bob ! never ! Keep cool, Bob !"

HON. MR. DAWSON : "Mr. Speaker, I should like to ask whether a lady might not be a member?" We should think John ought to be satisfied with bringing her to Open Lit. on November 21st, and assure him a hearty welcome.

THE presence of a number of grads. other than those taking B.D. course has called forth from some fertile brain the significant, but peculiar, abbreviated title, "P.G.'s."

LAWRENCE AND SHAVER (dolefully singing)—

"They tossed us all about,
And they put us 'neath the spout,
On the old Ontario strand."



THE "BOB."

"I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im a year ago ;
I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot on the things that 'e ought to know!"

RUDYARD KIPLING must have been a Sophomore to have expressed so clearly the feelings of that individual who is the leader of academic orphans applying for admission into the family circle of *Alma Mater*. The eventful first year, in many respects



R. J. MANNING, Sec.-Treas.



G. E. TRUEMAN, Pres.

of his College life, has taught him many lessons in addition to Latin Prose and Algebra, and, in the exuberance of his joy at having successfully passed up higher, he joins in a movement to



P. B. MACFARLANE.

socialize these newcomers. He has learned enough Greek, or has attended chapel often enough, to become acquainted with the importance attached to the *thyself*, and in the usual to some other person. these young persons mirror, and therefore, *tous brethren*, he holds During the month of walk circumspectly, and servational exercise are crystallized, and drama- of the waning days of A. M. HARLEY.

it was the evening of Friday, the 30th, and a goodly audience gathered in the main hall to appreciate the welcome extended by '06 to '07.

To essay the task of describing this "Bob" necessitates the manipulation of the adjective market so as to corner the supply. To dismiss it by using only the superlative degree and calling it the best, savors of helplessness, and consigns one to the class of those who sometimes describe a

Greek maxim, "Know human way he applies it He is really anxious that should gaze into the with his equally solici- the annual "Bob." October the Sophomores the results of their ob- carefully systematized, tized on some evening the month. This year



J. W. WILKIN.

F. F. TRELEAVEN.

certain graduate under discussion as the *cleverest* Victoria ever turned out. It is difficult to compare "Bobs," but certainly the one this year has not been excelled by seen, and in his day, at True, conditions now are more is expected since allowed to enjoy the and the boys have proved able to satisfy the most familiar registration meets the youths and academic life, was very meeting was uproarious- works exhibition was one of the cleverest bits of acting that has ever been at a "Bob." It was remarkably well done and the acting was

any that the writer has least, was not equalled. much better, but much outsiders have been Victoria social evening, themselves abundantly exacting persons. The scene, in which Dr. Bain welcomes them into successful; the class

ly funny, and the wax-



C. D. HENDERSON.

well sustained throughout. The Faculty meeting contained the usual good-natured hits, and the awe-struck Freshmen were encouraged to think that the members human; the usual inheritance to emphasize this point. poetic quality, considered were well sung. The rather better than usual, remembers the primitive Victoria wonders at the lineating. The performance remarkably well balanced Mr. H. L. Rice made a

gave an interesting sketch of some of the old "Bobs." Robert's usual extempore speech, carefully prepared with touching references to the

class of '06 being the best class so far, but that '07 would be greater, was received in the usual tumultuous manner. The Freshmen were all there, with stirring songs which were well sung, and the audience showed their appreciation of the Victorian spirit.

Altogether, the "Bob" was

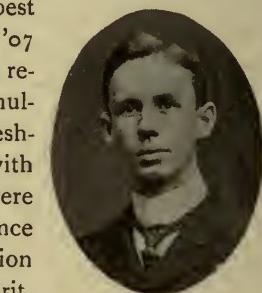
of that august body are monious ending seemed The songs were of good ing their local origin, and stereopticon views were and the old graduate who art in the days at Old modern methods of de ance as a whole was re and of a superior quality.

very good chairman and



W. H. THOMPSON.

a great success. It is a custom peculiar to Victoria; it is a good-natured, good-humored travesty which everyone enjoys because there is nothing mean, nothing com- it. It uncovers or dis- among the Sophomores, educational adjunct to flourish and keep alive



F. C. BOWMAN.

mon, nothing petty in covers amazing talent and is a truly valuable Victoria. Long may it the Victorian spirit.

Echoes.

"I'm just as green as you are!"

"I'll lead you on to victory!"

—Freshman Class Meeting.



M. E. WILSON.

Echoes.

"I don't want to be a minister, boo! hoo!"

—Smith.

"We love to hear the children sing."

—Seniors on Stairs.

The impersonation of Robert in the wax-works scene was excellent—his little jog-trot was faithfully reproduced. The make-up of the Freshettes was superb. We liked the blonde one.

"O yes, I'll raise a stir."—*Lawrence.*

"If you want to be clean and look like a Soph,
Give Robert your order for laundry right off."—*Hues.*

"Yes, Dr. Wallace, this trip would be a pleasant one, recalling the youthful pleasures of your honeymoon before God had blessed you with comely sons and daughters. We congratulate you on it."—*Dr. Reynar.*

"O, we hold the 'Bob' to-night,
Just to set the Freshies right,
Teach them some manners and give them advice,
Polish their manners and make them look nice ;
For as yet they seemed so crude
One would almost think them rude ;
But we love them, we do,
So their faults will be few
Ere they close their eyes to-night."

—Chorus of "Bob" song, sung by Mr. C. W. Bishop.

CHAIRMAN—"When I was in college the 'Bob' was in its infancy."

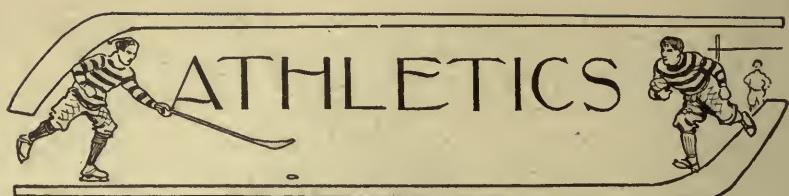
FRESHMAN—"So were you."

"HE comes from a place where they never use gas,
That place by the hill, just up there near Dundas,
Where nothing is found but a little green grass,
And the owls that hoot at night.

"We hear he's engaged to a maiden named Pearl,
He probably is, for his hair it doth curl ;
And that comes from sitting up late with a girl,
When the stars are shining bright.

"One day in the basement William cut his hair,
He paid seven cents, just as sure as you're there ;
That shows he's as soft as a ripe Bartlett pear ;
And we'll "bob" him well to-night."

—*Extracts from "Bob" Song.*



DAMS, '06, as last year, was the only Vic. man who won a place at the Varsity-McGill games. He showed up splendidly, coming in second in the mile. At McGill Adams was third. Archibald, entered in the high jump, was among the "also" class.

DURING the summer the Board of Regents had the alley-board moved over to the north side of the "kindergarten" campus. The old flooring was used to repair the wall of the board, and this necessitated a considerable outlay by the A.U.E. The contract was awarded to Mr. Kirby at the cost of \$114. And now the game is in full blast, and the hearts of the C.T.'s are merry.

FOOTBALL.—The Association championship once more has eluded our grasp and has gone elsewhere. However, we have this year to our credit the scalps of several teams, and in our series hold second place. Under the captaincy of Green the team practised faithfully. The freshmen furnished but one man, thus following '05's ill-timed precedent. Verily the incoming years of the near past have been dead to Association. Our one practice game was with the City Teachers. With ten men a side we won, 3-2. At half-time the score stood two all. During the brief rest the managers waxed eloquent with entreaties to beat out an intermediate team. This, as has been said, we succeeded in doing in the second half. "Bill" Connolly, for the last minute or two, was the object of periodic attacks from a teachers' heavy-weight, but managed to outlive the game. On October 24th the Meds. met us in our first league game. At the athletic field a fair crowd witnessed our triumph. The Captain gave us his final exhortation with promises of "fizz" (whereat, of a truth, we were bubbling over with anticipation) and the game began. Verily the game waxed warm, the Meds. pressing hard, having the advantage in wind (and by wind is meant heaven's fair zephyrs) and in vociferous yells from their hopeful followers. Individually our opponents were fairly strong, but they showed very clearly lack of team play. At half-time the score stood

— —, which, being translated, means nothing more than nothing, nothing. In the second spasm our efforts were spasmodic, but crowned with success. Soon after the referee started the game a-going, on a corner kick Green smote the sphere heavily. The noise therefrom was as thunder, and the speed of the ball as lightning. - The former was re-echoed by our supporters, and the latter reflected in our faces.

The playing of Green and Brown were the features.

Alas ! alas ! where the Meds. failed School won, and what is more, by the decisive score of four to none. And they did it calmly, without showing traces of remorse. Their team is the best that has been around the University for some years, and will undoubtedly land the championship again. The defence is strong and accurate, and feeds the forward line better than a whole hospital-staff of nurses. On the forward line every one of the five is swift ; collectively they present a quintette perfect in combination and judgment. Our forwards took keen pleasure in watching the contest between School and our defence. It certainly was a game struggle thus viewed, and our back division has lost none of its reputation thereby. Every one of the six put up a star exhibition, and deserve great credit. McMaster, the fourth team of series A, has withdrawn, and the Meds. have defaulted to School, leaving the latter winners of the first round. Probably they will meet University College in the finals. The team that battled for our honor was : Pearson, McElhanney, Woodsworth, Green, Ruddell, Brown, Connolly, Mahood, Thompson, Hamilton, Campbell.

RUGBY.—Now that we are down and out in Association, Rugby occupies our attention. Captain Gain has been working hard from the day College opened in getting men out and teaching them the game. Neither has been an easy thing, though the latter presents the greater difficulty. As a result of the endeavors of the captain and manager, we have a strong, fast line, with considerable rivalry for positions. There are at least a dozen trying for a place on the line, and all have a working chance. To win an opportunity to play in first league games means hard, consistent practice, and keeping in shape day and night.

Gain, at quarter, is doing splendid work, not only in coaching the men, but in actual play as well. On the half line Green and Lane are showing up well, the former being of particular service in his strength and speed, the latter in his magnificent punting. The first league game is scheduled for the 18th with the Dents., as last year, our opponents. At present we seem to have a strong team. However, we need a coach who is thoroughly acquainted with the

game. The Athletic Union Executive should see that the wants of the club are supplied in this respect.

Our old opponents in many games, St. Mics., were very much surprised and disappointed on the 29th, when they were defeated by 6-3. For more than a month they had been perfecting themselves in team work, under the careful and watchful eyes of the incomparable Dooley and Carey. Practice games with them had been numerous, and also victories. In the game with us they lost much by off-side interference, and at times played in hard luck, on several occasions being within an inch or less of a try. On the start they worked in some fine plays, and Dooley's forty-yard run brought the ball over our twenty-five yard line. A little later Archibald was forced to rouge, and St. Mics. led 1-0. Then our line had the decided advantage, and several times gained the required yards by massed plays, Green finally going over for a try. Lane converted, and we led 6-1. Just before half-time Vic. was within a yard of the St. Mics. goal line, but a hasty play by the snap back lost the ball. At half-time the score was as above. In the second half St. Mics. had the ball the greater part of the time, but our wings checked hard and close, and two rouges were the sole result. Thus we won our initial game, 6-3. Gain, Green, Lane and Watson showed up well. The team lined up as follows: Hamilton, McElhaney, Walden, Cates, Kelly, Rogers, Watson, Gain, Archibald, Green, Lane, Campbell.

OFFICERS OF THE RUGBY CLUB.—Hon. Pres., Prof. Lang; Pres., A. B. Rankin, '04; Captain, J. H. Gain, '05; Manager, W. G. Cates, '04; Sec.-Treas., J. H. Wallace, B.A.

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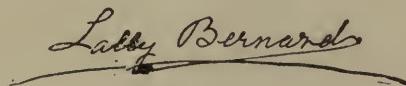
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My Creed.



At one with Nature is to be
Tranquil, soul-poised, supremely free.
He who attunes his mind to greet the sun-
set's glow
May meet dull sorrow, and no sorrow know;
Who laves his soul in silver pure of morn
Knows no betrayal and can feel no scorn.
The man who Nature's pathway consciously
hath trod
Walks free, unfettered, almost as a god.



Lally Bernard





VIEW FROM THE LOOK-OFF.

Scenes and Songs of Acadia.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

“ Come back, come back ! across the flying foam,
 We hear faint, far-off voices call us home ;
 Come back ! ye seem to say ; ye seek in vain ;
 We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.
 Come back, come back !

“ Come back, come back ! more eager than the breeze
 The flying fancies sweep across the seas,
 And lighter than the ocean’s flying foam,
 The heart’s fond message hurries to its home.
 Come back, come back !”

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The gods who shower their gifts have one with which they grace the somewhat thorny stalk of our life—the white, sweet rose of Infancy and the magic of the Dawn. The best of places—for such is the verdict of Memory, reinforced by Fancy—is the place where our eyes were first opened to see and our hearts to feel ; where first we knew the secret, inexplicable charm of being, while—

“ Round us all the thickets rang
 To many a flute of Arcady.”

Nor does it matter whether it is Italy or England, “ Arcadia ” or “ Acadia ” (which is Hellas, with the loss of only a letter), it is our native land and we love it ; for has it not been the experience of

many a poet since Ovid that, "Our native land charms us with inexpressible sweetness and never suffers us to forget that we belong to her." Therefore, easily, upon slight bidding—

" With dreams that haunt the evening fire,
While fields without lie stark and chill,
And frantic winds the drifts whirl higher
That buffet doors and windows, still ;—
With songs, like meadowy breezes borne
From places where our hearts were free—
No longer lonely, nor forlorn—
My native land, I come to *thee!*!"

" Back to the scenes, the friends I knew
In that sweet season of delight
When skies put on a holier hue,
And suns arose with gladder light ;—
Back to the grove that crowned the hill,
Where Music dwelt the livelong day ;
To mingled brede of flower and rill,
And birds of many a tuneful lay."

But, if I am to write of Acadia, it must be that Acadia I knew over forty years ago, when "nothing but well and fair" was in the hours. Then this glorious Dominion was not, nor its wide provinces confederate, as they are to-day; nor had all Canada begun to burst into song. The summer tourist had not begun to hurry through the land; and, in place of the well-dressed, conventional drummer, an occasional Sam Slick went loitering abroad, to fall, like that traditional Blackbird, into the dish of our convivial humorist, Haliburton. The summer cottage had not been perched in its nook, and as for Evangeline Beach, there was only the sand out of which it has been made. But Blomidon was there, and the waters of Minas, and the Grand-Pré marsh, dotted with cattle by day, swept by winds and meteors in the autumn night, just as they are to-day. There were the wooded hills, descending to the Avon (and why Avon, in Shakespeare's name, instead of Piziquid, its rightful, harmonious designation from the Micmac?), with their intervening fields; and there were the most crystalline of brooks, enticing our feet by alder-shaded banks and under cliff of slate to meet the roaring tide through gorges over which the traveller now goes flying on dizzy trestles. From that South Mountain home it was a "delitable sight" we looked upon :

Acta Victoriana.

“ Pleasant to sit and look below
 O'er twilight pastures stretching bare,
 O'er darkening woods, where fell the glow
 Of sunset on the Basin fair ;
 To Blomidon, whose silken veil
 Of sea-fog brooded o'er his form,
 Where oft the slow, incautious sail
 Meets the swift angel of the storm.

“ To see the isles, purple and blue,
 Crouching along the farther shore ;
 The long, red bar disclosed to view
 By the retiring tide once more ;
 The silvery sails that come and go
 Across our placid, inland sea ;
 The banks where Avon's waters flow,
 The sheltering coves of Chevarie.

“ There, just below, the wheat unshorn,
 The smooth-mown field, the larches tall,
 And the loved cot where I was born,
 With dusky roof and whitened wall ;
 The neighboring homesteads ; the wild vines
 Clambering o'er the open door ;
 The orchard trees ; the sombre pines ;
 The bluffs that overlook the shore.

This, of the long ago, may be a superseded song, but I can light upon nothing more accurately descriptive. The cottage—now falling to decay, and tenantless—was the abode of a sailor and his family—whose forefathers had been among the English-Americans who had resettled Acadia after the expatriated Frenchmen—the

“ Families from Tolland, from Killingworth and Lyme,
 Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong men in their prime.”

The mother had a mingling of Scotch and Huguenot, her name and lineage having been drawn from the old town of Besançon.

I awoke the other morning with tingling veins and the blue blood running crinkly, but the Huguenot drops therein beat more quickly when I opened the book that happened to be uppermost on my dressing-table, and renewed this old strain :

“ Oh ! weep for Moncontour,
 Oh ! weep for the hour
 When the children of darkness
 And evil had power ;

Sam Slick's House-Windsor, N.S.



Old Magazine at Annapolis.
Two centuries and a half old



Sally Port at Old Port Royal
Annapolis.



Bonidon
and
Minas Basin
FROM
COLLEGE HILL.
WOLFVILLE,
KENTVILLE, N.S.

New from
The Lookoff
NEAR
Kentville, N.S.



Acta Victoriana.

When the horseman of Valois
 Triumphantly trod
 On the bosoms that bled
 For their rights and their God.

“ Oh ! weep for Moncontour,
 Oh ! weep for the slain,
 Who for faith and for freedom
 Lay slaughtered in vain.
 Oh ! weep for the living,
 Who linger to bear
 The renegade’s shame
 Or the exile’s despair.”

It was the “exile’s despair” my ancestor chose, and not the “renegade’s shame,” when the infamous Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes. He took his way to Switzerland and thence to America, where at least was freedom and “bread and work for all.” The latest of the race who could gaze on its faded honors tearfully confessed the loss of this old patent of nobility—which, whether lost or stolen, was gone—the last link that bound him to the old land and life. Ehu ! So we lay our honors and our trophies down.

The day of these grace-notes was the day of the old stage-coach, for then the locomotive that now “shrieks its discords to the hills of Gasperau” was an unbelievable and undreamed-of thing. Then Kilcup (prince of jolly fellows), with his four-in-hand and his piled-up stage, went lumbering along the old post-road behind our village and on through Avonport, Grand Pré and Wolfville to Kentville. Its coming was the event of the day and it went ill, in rain or shine, if none of the boys could be at the post-office, in Oliver’s store, to see it drive up. Put your horn to your lips and give us a “tantivy.”

“ Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
 And let the man who calleth be the caller ;
 And in his calling let him nothing call
 But Coach ! Coach ! Coach !”

Nay, now it is none of this ; it is, “Flag the train.” I have a picture of the old Oxford and London coach in my sleeping-room, and when I see the driver, with whip in hand and his four calico horses at full tilt, I think of the Windsor mail-coach and Kilcup, and Washington Irving, and Charles Dickens, and Tom Brown. Then we had none of the smaller steamers that now ply on the Avon and on Minas Basin ; but twice a week the old *Emperor* doubled Cape Blomidon, crossed

the Basin and passed up river to her dock at Windsor. Afterwards, we had the *Empress*—I remember her better, and can see her yet—the white swan of Fundy, breasting the swelling tide on a day in summer, and sailing close under the shore, sometimes betrayed only by her banner of darkly trailing smoke.

And there, from the brow of the hill, we could look down upon Hantsport, whitely gleaming in the morning sun ; with the quiet streets, its wharves and ship-yards, and its oak groves at the brink of Avon. There I walk again, but see not the faces I knew best in its thrifty



CAPE BLOMIDON.

environs or along its now more populous streets. “Nantes !” and can I forget thee and thy song-loving wife ? with thy stories of “Running down the Trades” and doubling the Cape, while, in the monsoon,—

“ Loud
Screamed each quivering backstay and shrilly-keyed shroud.”

Walking in thy “pleached garden,” I heard more literary lore than has sufficed to give some writers a reputation, and more philosophic wisdom than I or thou have ever succeeded in bringing home to our practice. Yea, and from thy door I saw Joseph Howe come rather

feeble up the walk, and carrying a cane—for this was in the sorrowful day of his decline. The noblest of the Romans, he ; and the scars of his many battles were upon him !

There is something in the very manner of this Acadian land, and in the airs that sweeten its secluded vales, that induces the dream-spirit, provokes aesthetic musing, and bids one like Mr. Wegg, drop into poetry. How can we escape it, when the names of the poet's gentle people are written everywhere and his musical hexameters are never out of our mind ? But, had he never come, this were still a song-begetting clime. The pathos of two vanished, or vanishing, races is here, with Autumn in the land. There is also a touch of the grotesque in the picturesque of our lovely Acadia. Think of rivers that run away, as if frightened, and leave us high and dry and then come racing back again ! Look at the naked flats and then at the struggling tides rushing around Blomidon, who rises in homely grandeur and holds the fogs and storms at bay.

Then there are our days of dream and wandering in that dear Acadian land, never to be forgotton. In the valley of the lower Gaspereau there was the Trenholm farm, midway between Brooklin and Wallbrook. My boyish feet were thither led. Did sweeter waters ever flow on the bed of a brook than tickled my ear at evening, as they ran by that door? At night I lay listening to that brook and learned its lore of music in my heart. In that deep vale the shadows fell early and its gardens and orchards were surrounded by hills and sleepy woods. A little way up the brook were cliffs of slate, and from the walls above the sombre firs and spruces and the stems of the silvery birch overhung the rippling water ; while from the orchard close came the scent of mellow apples that lay thickly on the dewy grass. Or one could follow its waters down to the river and mount the dyke-ridges and follow on to where the Gaspereau debouches into the red waters of Minas. The dear folks have gone and people I know not abide there ; but in my dreamy day I was a young Rasselas, and this was my "Happy Valley."

I must introduce here a note from "The Masque of Minstrels," and a few verses descriptive of this selected playground of my childhood : "I had some leisure for the indulgence of my roving and dreaming propensities. Health, as well as poetic illusions, had to be pursued by the brookside and along this delightful river. Weeks that were spent at the Trenholm and the Anderson farms, and at the farmsteads of Grand-Pré and Avonport, are among the best remembered of my life. When shall I forget the moon-lit evenings between the Anderson



THE CHURN, YARMOUTH, N.S.

farm and Gaspereau village? When, the beechnutting in the Autumn afternoons? I can yet see the netted cherry trees, where the noisy robins contended for the bright and juicy spoil, and the ladder that tempted my feet to climb among the laden boughs! I can see the meadow, rich in grass and grain; and the river course, marked by the thick-clustering trees, with glimpses of its waters here and there.

"Thus, days that were come back again!

Thy scenes their wonted joys renew;

My heart is touched with pleasing pain

As still they lighten on my view;—

Thy murmur'ring haunts of laboring bees,

Thy bowery river's distant glow,

Thy quiet walks 'mid orchard trees,

O happy, happy Gaspereau!

"Low in the shelter of the dale

Thy river's circling silver flows,

And plats of verdant intervalle

Have hedges of the wilding rose;

Embowered in elms, my fancy sees

The roof-tree of the farmhouse old;

And, peep'd from leafy apple trees,

Bright spheres of red and green and gold.

"I hear the farm-boy's whistled tune,

As slow he walks behind his team;

I see the kine at sultry noon,

Stand in the willow-shaded stream;

And ling'ring long, with fond delay,

While evening comes, serenely still,

Watch the retiring flame of day

Through pines that plume the western hill."

And there, at Wolfville—the classic Acadian centre—with all its fairest scenes within reach or within view, stood the old white college among its green groves. My brother was then an alumnus, when suddenly its "bell rang out in dying tones," and our beloved Academe went up in fire. Another, as white and fair, occupies its site and has become dear and venerable to many who never knew the past. Worthy and gifted men have presided within its walls—a Cramp, a Crawley, a Sawyer; it has sheltered song-loving souls—the Elders, Samuel, William and Irene. William, recently gone, an intellect steeped in science, a soul rich in piety and in the fragrance of finest literature. While Minas Basin—

Acta Victoriana.

“All night long . . .
Holds up her molten mirror to the stars,”

he should be remembered among the worthy.

It was easy for the lovers of song and scenic loveliness to slip over the brow of the hill into the valley of the Gaspereau; and so they did and gained impressions of sweetness that have left their record behind. An alumnus of Acadia, and a native of this valley, sings beside the Wissahickon—John Leander Bishop—before the chorus of its praise had begun, a strain sacred to memory :

“ My thoughts, tho' seldom now I may
Beside thy murmur'ring waters stray,
Oft turn, by fond remembrance led,
Where thy gray rocks obscurely shed
Their image on thy foaming wave,
Whose eddying course was wont to lave
Their shelvy base, where in and out
The salmon and the speckled trout
Gliding were frequent captives made
By patient angler in the shade.”

For the Gaspereau river at its upper waters is hemmed in by “mural precipices.” In those earlier days Miss Katzmann, walking in this valley, sang a song of dreamy tranquillity :

“ Fair slept that pleasant valley, a sweet Arcadian scene,
As the lazy river wandered the sleeping banks between ;
The blue flags cast a shadow of azure on its breast,
And sedgegrass choked the mill-wheel now motionless in rest.”

Then Bliss Carman came to sing his lyric of “Low Tide on Grand-Pré”; and Arthur Wentworth Eaton, in gathering up the legends of Acadia, has not neglected the pathetic story of Gasper in his, “The Naming of the Gaspereau” :

“ Now the rainbow tints of Autumn
Deck the ancient hills,
And the dreamy river saunters
Past the lazy mills,
Let us seek the murmuring forest
Where the pines and hemlocks grow,
And a thousand fringed shadows
Fall upon the Gaspereau.

" Still it flows among the meadows,
Singing as of yore
To the ferns and trailing mosses
On the winding shore ;
To the pines that dip their branches
In the crystal wave below,
And the crimson leaves of Autumn
Falling in the Gaspereau."

It has not lacked tribute of the muses, this lovely vale and stream; for some who live upon its borders, or not far away, like



ACADIA UNIVERSITY AND SEMINARY.

John Frederick Herbin, Constance Fairbanks, Edward Blackadder, and others we might mention, have given it tribute of song. Theodore Harding Rand sings—

" Willow of Normandy, say, do the birds
Of motherland plain in thy sea-chant low,
Or voice of those who brought thee in the ship
To tidal vales of Acadie?—Vain words!
Grief unassuaged makes moan that Gaspereau
Bore on its flood the fleet of iron lips!"

And one, who loved to walk beside this stream, who writes in verse not much but well, has embalmed its memory in some well-nigh perfect stanzas :

“The river plashed and gurgled through its glooms
 Slow stealing to the sea,
 A silver serpent ; in the apple blooms
 The soft air rustled free.

“And o'er the river from afar the sound
 Of mellow tinkling bells
 From browsing cattle stirred the echo round
 In gentle falls and swells.

“No sound of human sorrow, nor of mirth,
 Streamed on that peace abroad,
 And all the night leaned low upon the earth,
 Like the calm face of God.”*

Ah ! had we space and time we would survey the goodly land in its length and breadth, from the entry at Digby and where “flows Annapolis along its apple-scented valley,” and Lahave’s waters of mingling rural and forest loveliness, to where the ocean breaks on Scatarie, and

“Breezy Aspotogon
 Lifts high its summit blue.”

But we must cramp the wing of our too great excusiveness and resign the field to another.

And the lovely land was here before it was unveiled to the eyes of man ; before the Micmac shot his birch canoe upon its waters and, in his adoring belief, saw Glooscap’s shrine on Blomidon. It was here before Evangeline’s kindred, and before—

“Rough English voices echoed thro’ the woodland’s green expanse,
 Where fell the silvery cadence of the sunny land of France.”

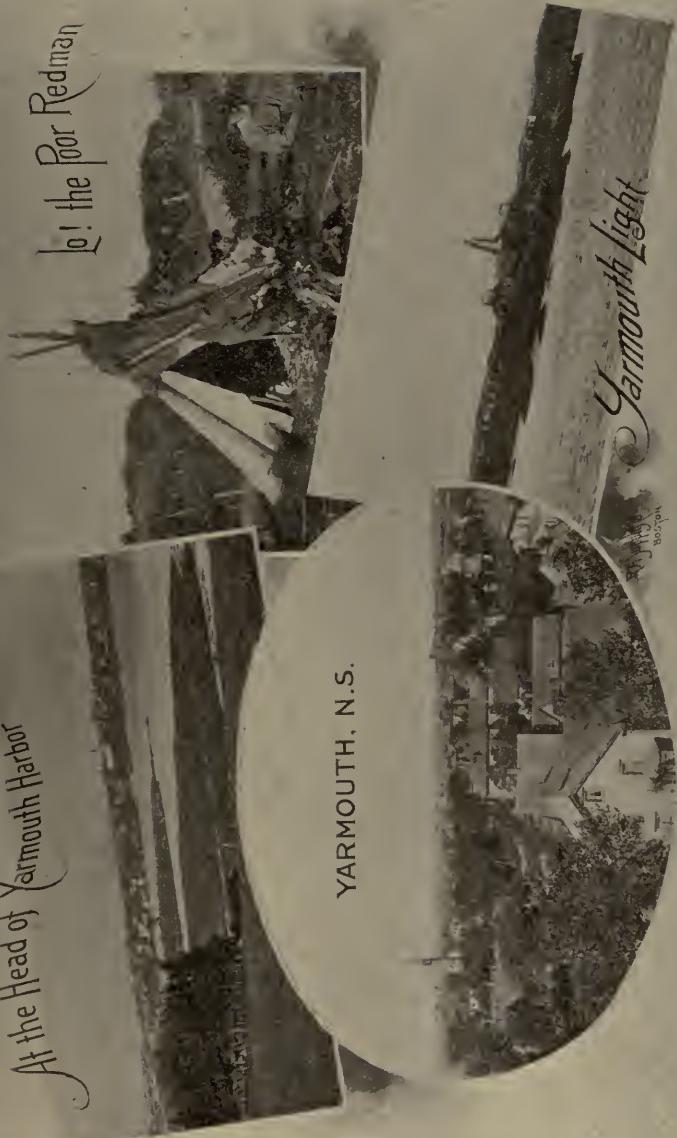
Yes, it is still here, the lovely land ! And the cattle low on the Grand Pré, and the music of bells goes floating over it, and the willows still chant their legends, and the traveller pauses to muse over some old cellar or mouldering apple tree, or mounts the dyke-wall to feel the sea-breeze in his hair ; while over all the place falls—

“The light that never was on sea or shore,
 The consecration and the poet’s dream.”

* Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D.D.

At the Head of Yarmouth Harbor

[o! the Poor Redman]



YARMOUTH, N.S.

As I wrote a few months since in an article entitled, "The Genesis of Evangeline,"* so will I write now: "When the poet describes that land of his dream—my beautiful country, now haunted and consecrated forever by that vision of sorrow and loneliness—ah! if he sometimes errs, how many felicities he has given us of true topography and faithful portraiture! When the moon rises large and red through the mists of the marshes, and we see the huge wain go home in the scented dusk laden with briny hay or sweet timothy and herds grass from the old Grand-Pré, shall we not say that our poet wrote faithfully and well? How often has my father—and his father before him—come home from those broad sea-acres with just such high-built loads! And when we look away from our upland homes to see the Basin of Minas, and Blomidon risen from the wave, clad in his forests, while

‘Aloft on the mountains

Sea-fogs pitch their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Look on the happy valley,’

let us turn again to the poem with the phenomenon before us and wonder that the poet was never there. How often on summer evenings have I stood at my father's door and seen the summit of Blomidon capped with sea-fog, just as the poet has described it, looking exactly like great tents with their flaps drawn down a little way over the verge of the mountain, but not descending to the valley. Beauteously then through the purple air, shone in sunset light our mountain fortress—our ‘Blow-me-down,’ as the sailors hailed it—our Cape of Storms.

“Yes, it is still radiantly there, that lovely land of ours! seen by many admiring eyes; unseen—except by the inward eye—of him who so well described it, who robed it with the light of undying song. Autumn scatters her crimson and purple and gold on the trees that fringe her uplands; and then the apples glow in the orchards throughout the valleys of the Cornwallis, the Gaspereau and the Annapolis, and the brown cattle are dotting the green acres of the Grand-Pré. Back then we hie to the shores of ‘Acadia, home of the happy’; and next our heart, that we may read it again amid the scenes to which it perennially belongs, we carry our sweet poet's idyllic story steeped in tears.”

* *The Methodist Review.*



The Coming of Winter.

THE first snow flies in the Autumn skies
And the wind is chill and eerie,
And night looks down with her pale, cold frown
On the fields grown grey and dreary.

For whole nights long with their piping song,
In the heavens high and calm,
The bird-hosts passed from the winter's blast
To the cypress and the palm.

From the chill snow-flake and the dark, blue lake
And the river's weedy mouth,
The wild duck swings on his whistling wings
To the rice-swamps of the south.

A chirp will sound from the frozen ground
On the morrow's morn full clear—
The whip-like note from the snow-bird's throat
Of the winter's chime and cheer.

W. J. Allison

The Return of the Natives.

BY ARTHUR R. CARMAN.

IN a community, neither large nor transient, where each family has a distinct place in the minds of "the neighbors," the houses come to wear an appearance very like the people within. The manse has a sober and shuttered placidity; the Methodist "parsonage" a more effusive and "whosoever will" air—a home with young folk in it who give parties, never seems to be more than temporarily in a state of quiet, while that with no gay birds in the nest is always in the shadow.

There was one house in the town which had to each and all of us a peculiar appearance. It was friendly enough; there was no reticence about it; good neighborliness looked from its open door. Yet it had an aloofness, a suggestion that it belonged to another and a distant community; its very windows seemed to reflect another sky.

Of course, every one knew why. The people in it were not "living" in our town. They were making money there with a view to returning, as soon as they should be ready, to the picturesque English village which they had mistakenly left, many years before, to seek their fortunes in a new land. They were kind-hearted people—a man, his wife and her sister; all now carrying the gray dust of time in their hair. No one was more ready to help a neighbor, but they joined in none of the plans of those who intended to stay in the place. This seemed quite natural. They were soon going away to live their lives out in beautiful England, so what should they care for our new church—except in a missionary spirit, which we would have resented—or for the bringing of the city water to our district?

And finally they went. There was not much of a "send off"—our relations had not been cordial enough for that—but they sold their house and garden and gave away most of the furniture which was too worn to bring a price. They wished to take very little to England but the money they had earned.

I had a short chat with Mr. Morden before they went, in his desolated front door-yard. He had dug up and given me a number of plants from his round bed. He was a short, stocky man with a round face and figure.

"You will be glad to get 'home' again," I said.

"Yes," he said, and a soft smile lay in his eyes; "very glad. I was brought up there, you see."

"You will be among friends," I suggested.

His answer met rather a doubt in his own mind than my remark. "There will be some changes," was what he said, "but not many. And I will know every hedge and lane, every tree and house."

Mrs. Morden had come out and stood with us. "We are going," she said, "to try and get back my mother's old home. The windows are framed in roses, and the bridge over the brook is just down the road a piece." And man and wife looked at each other with fond memories of an English childhood in their eyes; and I, who had thought them unfeeling and given over to money-grubbing, felt their gift of flowers heavy on my conscience.

This was in the spring, and but a little later in the following spring, they were back. And they were back to stay. The news went through the community with a ripple of amusement in its wake. We had not said so to each other, but we had a little resented something in their departure. It could not have been that they preferred England to us, for it was natural that they should like their "home," just as we did; nor could it have been an unconscious envy of them in their return to a land of history and romance, for we would have been the first to say that we liked our own country much the best. Yet we had not quite liked their choosing to do what we did not choose to do; and here they were back again, content to take our choice. So we permitted ourselves a flash of amused satisfaction.

I did not see them until after they had bought back their old place and were settled in it for quite a while. In fact, I rather avoided seeing them, for everybody said that they were sour and uncommunicative. But passing their place one evening—the house seemed to have settled more deeply into the earth and to wear an appearance of grim endurance—Mr. Morden greeted me from his replanted round bed.

I extended my hand over the low gate. "Glad to welcome you back," I said.

He took it firmly. "Thank you," he said, as if he meant it. "If the neighbors had not given us a welcome," he went on, "I do not know how we should have stood it."

I laughed what was meant to be an assuring laugh. "They'd be sure to welcome you," I replied. "We were only sorry to see you go."

He stood in stolid silence until I showed signs of moving on. Then he delayed me with—

"Mrs. Morden couldn't stand the winter in England."

"No?" I said in surprise. "I always thought it was milder there than here."

"So it is," he said, with a touch of bitterness in his tones, "if you're an animal and live out of doors; but if you're a Christian and want to live in the house, you'll have neuralgia where you haven't got rheumatism, and you'll have cold feet where you haven't got either."

"Oh!"

"For a person who has got used to stoves," went on Mr. Morden impressively; "those open grates are not even civilized. They're pretty enough to look at. The first two or three cool days that we had in the autumn Mrs. Morden and Martha and I used to sit staring into them like as if we were spell-bound. They brought up memories of other days. But they brought down lumbago to me, and neuralgia to Mrs. Morden, and a fearful cold to Martha. Why, to sit in front of one of them is just as if you would open a window wide on a very cold day when your stoves were going, and then sit right in it, with your back out in a snow-storm and your legs dangling in the heat. You simply couldn't get a man in this town to do it." And Mr. Morden tossed his head in assertive indignation.

"But didn't they heat with grates when you were young?" I asked.

"They had them," he admitted. "But they didn't heat with them, because a grate is not a heating contrivance. It is a ventilating shaft—a sort of second cousin to a refrigerator. It don't heat a room; but if you go and stand over it it will burn your clothes on one side."

I laughed.

"But what do boys know or care about such things?" he demanded. "I suppose I was cold all winter, but I was used to it, and didn't know that I could be any other way in the winter. The people there are cold. Only the hardest of them can sit down in a room away from the fire and not know that it is a cold day outside, as you can in your house. They stand it as long as they can, and then they go to the fire and bake up."

Mrs. Morden had come out in the yard while we were talking, and now joined us, evidently feeling some surprise that her husband was talking so long and so frankly with me.

"I was just saying," Mr. Morden told her, "that you couldn't stand the winter."

"Yes," she replied, "I heard you." And there was that in her

tone which implied that she had not heard him altogether with approval.

"English villages are very lovely, are they not?" I put in, by way of making conversation.

"Well, ye—es," answered Mrs. Morden, as if reflecting on the subject for the first time. "I think they are—to people just passing through. But it's not worth while to be beautiful, if you've got to be uncomfortable and unhealthy into the bargain." As soon as speech came to her she had forgotten that she came out to check her husband's frankness.

"I am surprised to hear that doctrine from one of your sex," I said gallantly.

"Well, you needn't be," she retorted in a downright manner. "I never was one to pinch and powder myself in order to be beautiful;" and her solid, ruddy appearance was proof of her assertion. "There is nothing more picturesque," she went on, "than a cottage covered with ivy and climbing roses, with moss on the thatching and the sloping roof hanging over the upper windows like drapery. But deliver me from living in it!"

"Damp!" explained her husband. "Always damp! No sun can get at the walls—everything seems moldering—the rooms smell musty."

"Yes," she joined in, "and if you want to stand up in the up-stairs rooms, you have got to keep your back to the inner wall. It's as hard to get to the window as the Bible tells us it is for a rich man to get into heaven. Then there is the village pond, a green-scummed pit of disease. Why, we hadn't been home a month until we tried to get the neighbors interested in draining it off. But do you suppose they'd listen to it? Not one of them. They said it had always been there and had done no harm, and that we had got high and mighty notions from living in America!" The long pent-up disgust on the two faces before me would have been withering if I had been responsible for their particular "sweet Auburn."

"Did you find many old friends?" I asked, at hap-hazard.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Morden, grimly, "in the grave-yard."

"Not all, surely!" I protested, sorry to have inflicted pain.

"Just about all," said Mrs. Morden, in low tones, "who would have been companions to us. There were quite a few we knew left alive; but they were terribly changed." It apparently did not occur to her that it was more likely she and her husband who were changed.

There was silence for a few moments after this, and again I thought of going on, but Mr. Morden began speaking.

"You would be surprised," he said sadly, "how narrow people grow as they grow old. Those people didn't seem to know anything that had happened outside of their little village. We would speak to them of events out here, but they knew nothing about them—and cared nothing. Why, when I left there, they were all mad to know about America. Now, they chiefly doubted the things we told them when they did not sneer at them. Yet they would go on for hours telling us what had become of Joe Adam's boys, and Maisie Watson, and how this lad had gone to London and started a shop, and that young son of Lord Silchester had got on in the army."

"You have lords in plenty there," I observed.

"They have," said Mr. Morden, a dogged look coming in his face. "And it would make a man like you sick to see the way they cringe to them."

"Indeed, it is not only the lords," put in Mrs. Morden. "There are just such people that will call on you; and the others either wouldn't stoop to it or wouldn't presume to it. And there are so many things you mustn't do. I was telling a lady once about driving our horse down town here one day when it got frightened, and she lifted her eyebrows and her hands and exclaimed, 'But where was the coachman!' She was horrified to think that I would drive a horse myself."

"We are freer out here in a new country, I suppose," I said.

"Yes, yes," agreed Mr. Morden, heartily. "Why, I felt after I had slipped into the life there," he went on, "as if I were on my Sunday behaviour all the time. I seemed always to be wanting to do things which it would not be proper to do. I dressed in my grayest clothes, but it was no use. The restrictions of Sunday were with me all the time."

"Well, that may not have been a wholly bad thing," I laughed.

But he was too serious to even smile. He shook his head and said, "But the restrictions were not Sunday restrictions, you know. They were just sheer foolish. There would have been no real harm in doing the things I wanted to. It was having the discomfort of Sunday without the virtuous feeling," and he glanced an apology at his wife.

She looked as if she were going to rebuke this light reference to the Sabbath, but she didn't. Possibly she felt some revolt against restrictions of all sorts herself.

"How did you like the railways?" I asked. I had heard some criticism of English railways.

"Oh!" and Mr. Morden smiled. "We liked the railways all right. You wouldn't, because you were never used to them. But it was our first sensation of getting 'home' to have to label our luggage and tip a porter to put it in the van, and then tip the guard to keep our compartment for us. We enjoyed it hugely. And then skimming through the fat English landscape. That was all right. It was the comfortless, contracted, stiff life of the village that disgusted us."

"We had some lovely walks in the lanes, too," added Mrs. Morden with a sigh of reminiscence. "I can't see why we can't have hedges out here."

"If you are not careful," I warned her, "you will get dissatisfied out here, too."

"No-o," she said, but as if half-inclined to doubt her own negative. "I like the ways of the people here, and that is so much to one. But you are not set in your ways—you should not be above taking an improvement from England or anywhere else."

"It takes time and wealth to grow hedges, and velvet lawns, and all that sort of thing," I said.

"Yes, and 'home parks' with great trees in them," added Mr. Morden dreamily. "But," waking up, "we have more room out here. England is so full of things that a man must keep to his track, and must live his life according to precedent. Here I make my own life—I choose my own path; and I had rather get along with less furniture and more freedom."

With that I bade them "Good night," and left them standing in their little garden, with the newly-planted round bed behind them. I looked at it as I moved away, and all about it was a circle of English daisies. The ground had been disturbed at the front stoop, too, and I suspected a climbing rose.

Further up the street I looked back at the house and noticed that the windows were all open. It seemed to be breathing deeply of the free western air.

Montreal.





KANANISKIS FALLS.

A Camp in the Rockies.

I NEVER camped in a more picturesque spot than where the shadows of the Rocky Mountains fell for the first time across our well-worn and well-patched little tent. It was on the Indian Reservation lands in Alberta, a perfect natural park, level and clean under foot, and thickly dotted with clusters of the beautiful Douglas spruce. Our canvas was stretched under an arch of these stately trees, the spires of which rose high against the sky, their swaying boughs chanting a faint evening hymn. A winding path, made probably by the shining black hoof of the buffalo, and seldom trod by white men, led through short avenues of spruce and cedar down to the brink of the Kananiskis river, not far from the spot where it plunges into the Bow after a tortuous course of sixty or seventy miles.

When our evening meal (bacon, bannock, stewed dried apples and tea—regulation camp fare) had been disposed of, our provisions suspended from high branches to be secure from possible calls from inquisitive and hungry coyotes, and our ponies freshly tethered for the night, we followed the rough and somewhat obscure path to the river's brink. A soft, misty moon, veiled now and then by ragged fringes of cloud, lighted our way, and made quavering shadows under foot as we passed the trees. The murmur of running water, which

had been a subdued undertone before, gradually swelled, as we neared the stream, to a deep roar, and when we emerged upon the plateau of smooth, worn rock which bordered it, our voices were completely lost to us—smothered in the sound of the flood. We sat down on the



CAPILANO CANYON, NEAR VANCOUVER, B.C.

flat rock close to the swirling water—so close that almost without stirring I could dip my fingers in the backward swept waves that rippled over the stone. It was a wild scene, and under the light of the pale moon it seemed unreal. Before us loomed the mountains—

great masses of indistinguishable black shadow piled against the sky ; in the foreground irregular walls of slaty rock sloped to the river's brink, glistening in the moonlight, wet with the spray the troubled waters threw upon them ; while along the broken shores, clinging to the rugged cliffs and crowning the perpendicular rocks, were many fantastic groups of spruce and poplar and cedar. At our feet foamed the torrent, born of mountain snows far back in the hidden recesses



TAKAKKAW FALLS, B.C.

of the wilderness, hurrying to fling itself into the depths of the larger tide that flowed majestically on but a short distance to our right. We seemed to be standing in Nature's very citadel, watching her secret processes. Perhaps at no other moment does man feel so lifted from the round of his common, trivial thoughts and sensations as when he stands in the presence of Nature's forces—overwhelming, resistless, ceaseless. His egotism, well nourished in crowded city life, where

steam and electricity have been harnessed to do his bidding, drops from him at such a moment and he realizes how insignificant is the part he plays in Nature's economy. He is no more to her, indeed, than the bird that pipes from the swaying bough overhead, or the yellowing leaf ruthlessly torn from the poplar yonder, and cast into the devouring tide. Not to Nature need we look for explanation, recognition ; she sustains life, it is true, but she builds up only to tear down again, creates only to destroy.

And how time seems to shrivel up and vanish in the presence of such hoary giants as these mountains ! One can feel the ghosts of



FOOT OF THE GREAT GLACIER, CANADIAN SELKIRKS.

past ages still hovering in the air. These waters have flashed in the light of a million moons even as now, carrying the same message from the lonely hills ; and upon the face of the wilderness has rested the same burden of beauty and mystery, long before man came to witness and bear testimony. I remember Hawthorne says somewhere : "It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language when we ascend into the higher regions of thought and emotion and spiritual enjoyment ; they are only expressible by such grand hieroglyphics as those that Nature writes."

When the chill breath of the waters had driven us back to our snug tents, and well-wrapped in our Hudson Bay blankets, we sought

the rest which was to fit us for the morrow's long march, I became aware of a subtle rhythmic music that seemed to pervade the space about us. I listened intently, and while it was subdued and somewhat indeterminate in character, it was yet insistent once the ear became open to it. I heard it unmistakably every night of our stay in the region, when we were camped beside flowing water. I made many efforts to decipher or express it, but with little success. Yet it was to me distinctly music, as real as any Wagner or Beethoven I ever listened to, and not merely a confused murmur of pleasant sounds. The rhythm was perfectly sustained, and the tempo about allegro, by no means slow or melancholy. On the contrary, there



NELSON, B.C., AND KOOTENAY RIVER.

was something peculiarly joyous in the strain, and the effect was not unlike that of a multitude of stringed and wind instruments played separately, yet in perfect harmony. Voices, too, seemed at times to mingle in the flood of sound, and though distant, yet were distinguishable as separate strains—"And the hills sang together."

The scientist of our party—and what have science and imagination in common?—recognized this aerial music as quickly as did the rest, and after the manner of scientists sought an explanation. The river hurrying over its uneven bed, would give varied depths or tones of sound, lower in the middle or wherever the water was deepest, higher along the shores and in shallow spots. These, combined and softened

by the liquid murmur of the flow, would produce harmony, and the volume of water changing but little at this season (September) the speed of its flow would be unvarying and hence give rhythm.

To this rare and exquisite music of the waters was joined that other music sweet and weird which has been sung by poets of all ages, familiar and dear to every nature lover—the music drawn by the fingers of the wind from a great company of pines. Once heard in this wild country, where whole mountain-sides are clothed with the murmuring trees echoing and re-echoing their whispered sighs, it is a sound never again to be forgotten. But whatever comprised this invisible choir in those far-off lonely valleys, it chanted the sweetest music I ever heard. William Minto says of De Quincey : "One of his favorite



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENE.

pleasures of imagination (if we may use the word in a sense not exactly warranted by its derivation) was to construct ideal music out of the sounds of nature," and the best description of that ideal music is the following passage of De Quincey's, which called forth the remark : "Often and often, seating myself on a stone by the side of the mountain river Brathay, I have stayed for hours listening to the same sounds to which so often C. L. [Charles Lamb] and I used to hearken together with profound emotion and awe—the sound of pealing anthems, as if streaming from the open portals of some illimitable cathedral, and many times I have heard it of a quiet night, when no stranger could have been persuaded to believe it other than the sound of choral chanting, distant, solemn, saintly."

H. C.

Charmette.

A WAY off back on de mountain side—
 Not easy t'ing fin' de spot—
 W'ere de lake below she's long an' wide,
 A nice leetle place I got,
 Mebbe ten feet deep by twenty-two ;
 An' if you can see it, I bet
 You'll not be surprise w'en I say to you,
 I chrissen dat place Charmette.

Dat's purty beeg word, Charmette, for go
 On poor leetle house so small,
 Wit' only one chimley, a winder or so,
 An' no gallerie at all ;
 But I want beeg word, so de worl' will know
 W'at de place it was mean to me,
 An' dere on de book of Jean Jacques Rousseau
 Charmette is de nam' I see.

O ma dear Charmette ! an' de stove is dere,
 (Good stove) an' de wood pile, too,
 An' stretch out your finger mos' anyw'ere
 Dere's plaintee for comfort you ;
 You're hongry—wall ! you got pork an' bean,
 Mak' you feel lak' Edouard de King ;
 You're torsty—jus' look dere behin' de screen,
 An' mebbe you fin' somet'ing.

Ha ! ha ! you got it ! ma dear Charmette !
 Dere's many fin' place, dat's true,
 If you travel aroun' de worl', but yet
 W'ere is de place lak' you ?
 Open de door—don't kip it close ;
 W'at's air of de morning for ?
 Would you fassen de door on de win' dat blows
 Over God's own boulevard ?

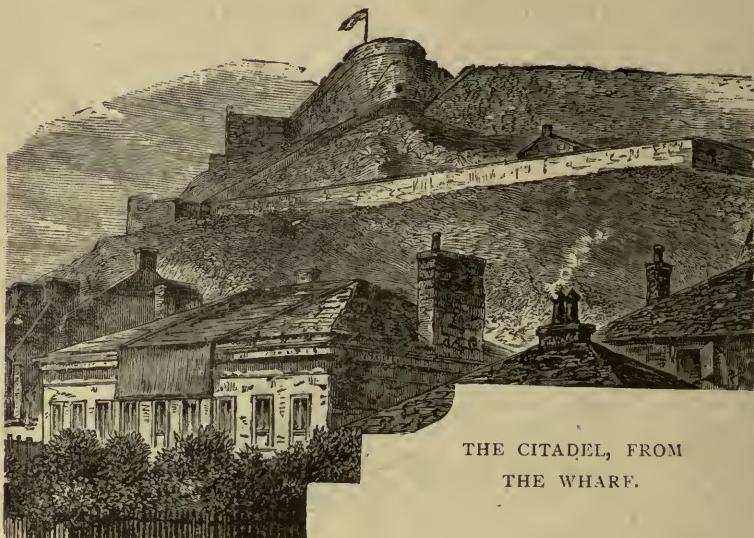
You see dat lake? wall, I always hate
To brag, but she's full of trout,
So full déy can't jomp togeder, but wait
An' tak' der chance turn about;
An' if you was campin' up dere above,
De mountain would be so high,
Very offen de camp you'd have to move,
Or how can de moon pass by?

It's wonderful place for sure, Charmette—
An' ev'ry wan say to me,
" You got all de pleasure a man can get
'Cept de wife an' de familee";
But somebody else can have ma wife—
De familee, too, also—
An' I'll stick to Charmette so long ma life
Was spare to me here below.

For we can't be happier dan we been
Over twenty year—No siree.
An' if ever de stranger come between
De leetle Charmette an' me,
Den all I can say is, " Kip out de way,"
For dynamite sure I'll get,
An' affer dat you can hunt all day
For me an' ma dear Charmette!

William Henry Brewster

(Permission of *Rod and Gun.*)



THE CITADEL, FROM
THE WHARF.

The Fortress of Quebec.

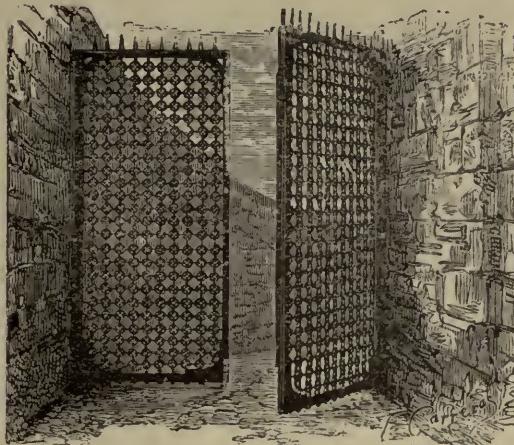
BY ARTHUR R. DOUGHTY.

IT may be that if Quebec were to lose all claim to being the only walled city of the Western World she might still remain a queen among her sister cities. For her superb, unchallengeable throne was founded in strength and set here in beauty by Nature long ages before the tide of civilization had swept over the Western World. But it was man who came and crowned her. And seldom have the works of Nature and of man combined in a more befitting glory.

When in the sixteenth century the spirit of adventure, or of patriotism, led the hardy St. Malo navigator to our shores it was the lofty sentinel of the St. Lawrence that arrested his progress, and seemed to invite him to settle beneath its shadow. And in 1608 it was the grandeur and strength of this natural fortress which induced Champlain to select it for his sovereign, as the site of the first city in the New World. Although no one would question the wisdom of Champlain's choice, the kings of France soon realized that the crown of Cape Diamond was more costly than all the old crowns of old France. For nearly one hundred and fifty years under the old *régime*, talent and ignorance united in their efforts to extort from the treasury of the motherland, enormous sums of money for the purpose of the defences

of Quebec. Elaborate plans were projected, sanctioned, and carried out, apparently with the certain knowledge that their completion would insure their speedy alteration.

The Fortress has always been in an intermittent state of development from the time Champlain put up his first palisade under the cliff down to our own day, when the very idea of defending the city by a stone-faced citadel and surrounding wall has become as obsolete as the walls themselves. But though this three centuries of development was in a sense continuous, yet its history falls naturally into six periods, each of which embodied its own idea, either in the form of regular new works, or merely in temporary shifts and expedients to meet the necessities of the moment.



CHAIN GATE.

1. From the year 1608 to 1689 there was nothing more than an isolated fort, into which the people could withdraw in case of an Indian raid, or a stray attack from the sea.
2. But from 1689 to 1759 there was a constantly developing scheme of defence, mainly concerned with the protection of the key of New France against regular British attacks in force.
3. From 1759 to 1778 there was a continual tinkering at the defences in time of danger, but though the French works remaining were useless, no new British scheme was attempted.
4. In 1783 the first comprehensive scheme took form under the new régime; but the works were only of a temporary nature.
5. Forty years later, in 1823, extensive works were undertaken by

the British Government at a cost of \$35,000,000. The result was the citadel and walls, practically as they stand to-day.

6. Between the years 1865-1870, when modern conditions had made it impossible to rely upon the present walls, a scheme of distant detached defences was taken in hand, and the forts on the heights of Levis were built.

It is only within the last nine months that the student of Canadian history has been in a position to trace the development of these successive schemes, for the plans and documents were not hitherto available.

Under the first period, the fortification consisted of little more than a single fort, first at the foot of the cliff, and later, with several extensions, upon the crest of the rock. This work, however, was scarcely completed when it was handed over to the invader, Keith.

During the first fifty years after the foundation of Quebec, the demands upon the treasury were heavy, but they appear to have been paid with good grace. But when the Baron D'Avagour made a request for a hundred thousand écus for the fortifications; one hundred thousand écus for munitions of war, and for three thousand well-trained soldiers, the King refused the demand, and ordered the recall of the Governor.

The second period, from 1689 to 1759, was the most fruitful from the contractors' stand-point, because France had begun to realize that Quebec was the objective of all British schemes in America. New England was always watching the opportunity of putting into practice the "Glorious Enterprise," which was first formulated in 1689 by Peter Schuyler, Mayor of Albany. And it is interesting to note that this was substantially the same plan as that adopted by Pitt in 1759.

Rumors of threatened invasion reached Québec from time to time, and the people became alarmed. Failing to obtain the necessary assistance from France, they determined to fortify the city on their own account. The paternal French government immediately seized this excellent opportunity of overworking the willing horse.

"His Majesty having learned that the inhabitants have made preparation to enclose that town with palisades, they must be obliged to lose no time in proceeding therewith; and if they should not be absolutely able to complete the work without some help, the Sieurs de Frontenac and Champigny will examine the means of making provision for that purpose."

The time, however, was ripe for something more substantial than wooden palisades, and Frontenac obtained the sanction of the govern-

ment to enclose the town with a stone-faced wall; while the government promised to send over a number of pieces of heavy artillery.

The opportunity of the contractor had arrived. Engineers were scarce in the country; but the talent of "un capitaine reformé" was



MONUMENT OF BRAVES.

pressed into service, and walls were thrown up at hazard without taking into consideration the nature of the land, so that when the works were completed it was discovered that they were commanded by higher ground immediately outside.

Five years later another engineer estimated that one hundred thousand livres would be necessary to place the works in proper order.

A new scheme was decided on in the year 1700, and in the space of two years from that date fifty-six guns and eighty-six mortars were set up around the town ; but there were less than 300 men capable of bearing arms.

Additions were made to these works, and money was freely expended until the year 1707. In the meantime complaints had been made to France concerning the faulty nature of the work. The engineers blamed the contractors ; the contractors referred to the Governor and to the Intendant. It would seem, however, that an unfortunate system of patronage was at the root of the trouble.

Eight years later a still more elaborate scheme was proposed. The existing walls were condemned, and the safety of Quebec was shown to depend absolutely upon an improved method of fortification.

France was now assured that building operations in Quebec were costly, and at the same time unsatisfactory. Caution was exercised, and five years passed before the new plans were sanctioned.

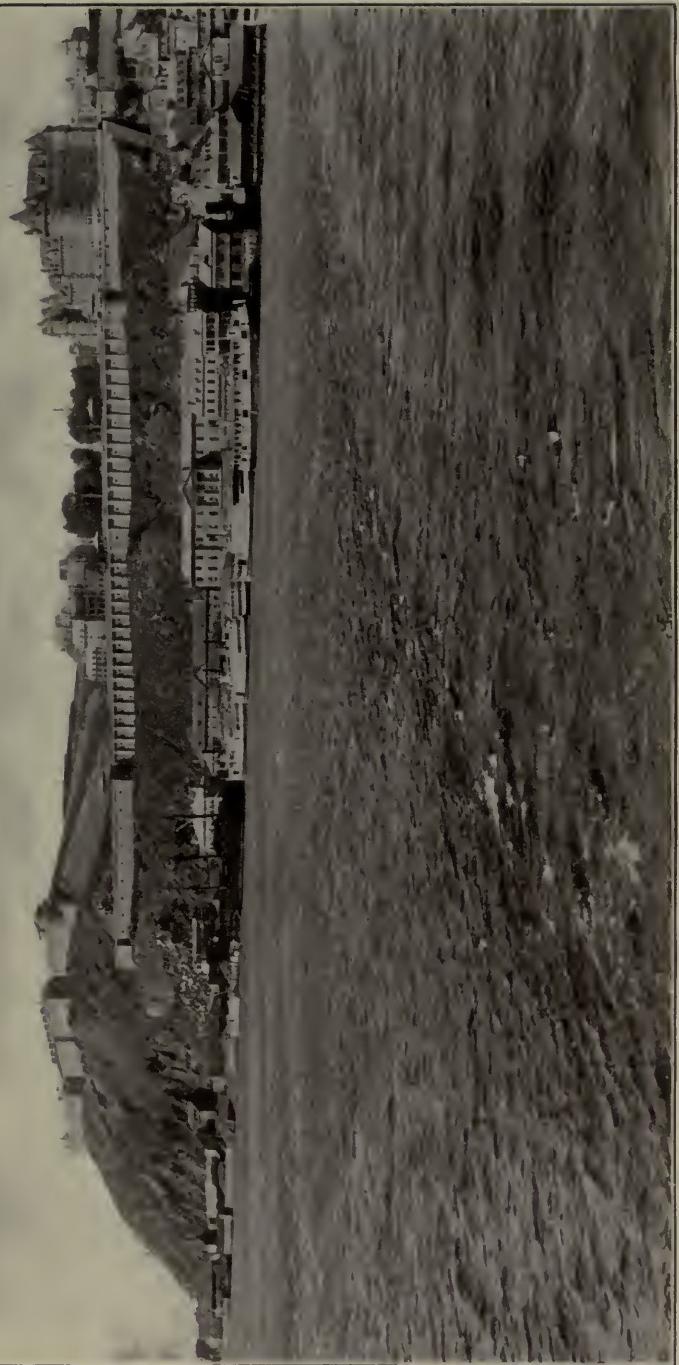
De Léry, the engineer, was entrusted with the carrying out of his own plans, but the work, in the end, proved to be scarcely more successful than that of his predecessors. Some of the work seemed to have an unfortunate habit of falling down, and the skill of the contractors was severely tried in keeping the stones in place until the work had been paid for. Seven years later one hundred thousand écus were again asked for to restore these unsteady walls.

The King did not at once comply with this request ; but he ordered a new plan to be made " which will not be susceptible to alteration, like previous ones."

Some of the plans were probably capable of alteration or of improvement ; but the problem of keeping the stones in a perpendicular position was one which the contractors had apparently no desire to solve while the treasury of France was open. The King at length determined to limit the expenditure. The contractors did not object. In fact it was proposed to lighten the burden of the King considerably by the imposition of a tax upon wine and silk. The imposition of new taxes does not appear to have been more popular in those days than in the present. A meeting of the citizens was held in the Chateau St. Louis on the 26th and 30th of July, 1746, to discuss the question ; and finally the people declined to be further taxed.

The Government therefore ordered the works to be abandoned. It was evident to those in authority that this policy was not prudent, if

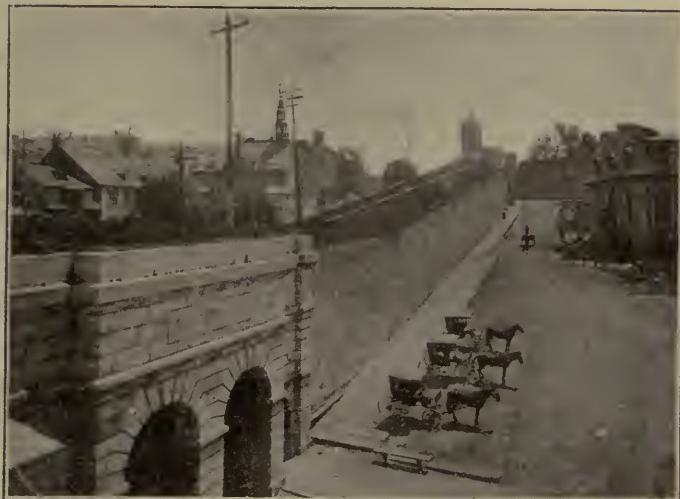
CITADEL AND DUFFERN TERRACE.



France desired to retain a foothold in Canada. Vast sums of money had been expended upon works of defence, and the city was unprotected. Representations were made to France, and certain works were ordered to be executed which cost within the next three years nearly five hundred thousand livres.

In the year 1752 an engineer was sent out from France to make a careful report of all the fortifications. The works then existing, although better than previous ones, were reported to be defective and inadequate. Once again a new scheme was proposed.

Under the plans of the French engineer it was suggested to fortify



ST. JOHN'S AND KENT GATES.

both the Upper and the Lower Town of Quebec, and several detached works were carried out. When the British came before Quebec, however, in 1759, breaches could be seen in the walls at a distance of five hundred yards. From 1689 to 1759 it is evident that the works at Quebec were built more with the idea of profit than utility.

From 1759 to 1778 the British commandants had to make the best of a very bad state of things. The existing works were worthless, and the home authorities refused to carry out any new scheme at all. In 1760 the Marquis de Lévis evidently thought that he could batter down the walls on the land side if he had anything like a proper siege train. He says :

" Il fut décidé, après avoir reconnu la place, qu'on couronnoit par une parallèle les hauteurs qui sont devant le front des bastions St. Louis, de la Glacière et du Cap au Diamant, et qu'on y établirot des batteries, d'où on espérait, malgré l'éloignement et la faiblesse du calibre de nos pieces, qu'elles pourroient faire brèche, le revêtement étant mauvais dans cette partie."

On the 6th of June, 1762, General Murray transmitted to the King a report of the state of the fortifications of Quebec, in which he points out their defects.

" The walls not being built upon a level, but humoring the ground, the flankes of the bastions cannot defend their opposite flankes in a proper manner, for the flankes of the lower ones must throw theirs above it. To remedy this defect, the French built two counter guards or faussebrays with casemated flankes, before the right face and flankes of la Glacière Bastion, and the left face and flank of Bastion St. Louis ; this however introduced another inconvenience, of which they appeared sensible when Monsieur de Lévis besieged the Town in 1760, as he directed his fire to this place, which had such an effect, the rubbish of the wall filling the counter guard, and that from the lower the ditch, that an easy ascent might have been very soon made to the breach.

" To make up in some measure the want of outworks, in the winter 1759, I erected a line of blockhouses within musquet shot of the capital wall to secure the body of the place against surprises, such outworks are proof against musquetry only.

" The walls are built of an irregular unwrought stone and in many places the work is very badly executed, as was sufficiently visible from the effect of the fire from the French batteries in 1760.

" The gates are illplaced and not defended."

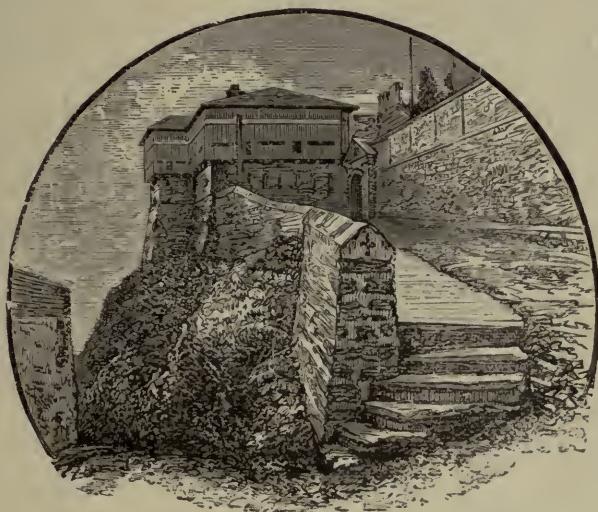
General Murray also suggested that a citadel should be built upon Cape Diamond, and Major Holland prepared plans, upon the main lines of which the extensive scheme was carried out in 1823.

From 1764 until 1811 the official correspondence from Quebec is burdened with complaints about the wretched condition of the city, and with suggestions for improving it.

In 1769 Sir Guy Carleton urged the Home Government to carry out the work which he had proposed, but no notice was taken of his representations. He wrote :

" It is now long since I transmitted to Lord Shelburne, accompanying my letter No. 20, the plan of a citadel for Quebec ; at that time, I expected the Engineer, Captain Gordon, who made but a short stay here in 1767, agreeable to my orders, and his promise, would have drawn up an estimate of the expense ; as he has never done this, at

least that has come to my knowledge, I again transmit said plan with an estimate annexed, made out by Engineer Marr, who arrived here last fall from Halifax ; I have already said so much of the expediency and utility of such an undertaking, that I have now little to add, I am, however, to observe to Your Lordship, I have found it the general opinion of the Canadians that if Admiral Durell had pushed up in May, 1759, with only a small part of the army, the town might have been taken before the Governor-in-Chief could have sent there any assistance from Montreal, where and in the upper Country all the troops were collected to defend the entrance by the Lakes ; that after the defeat of the army upon the Plains of Abraham, the 13th of September, altho' they had eight Battalions and forty companies of regular troops, with fifteen or sixteen thousand warlike militia in the field, after having had



OLD HOPE GATE, BLOCK, AND GUARD-HOUSE.

four months' time to strengthen the town, they apprehended the same so indefensible that it surrendered immediately, before one single battery could be opened against it."

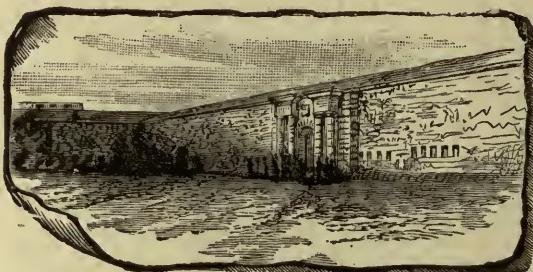
The governors and the engineers were therefore left to make the best they could of the situation ; but as no repairs could be made to the old works, they threw up out-works in various advantageous positions, which happily served their purpose in the troubrous times of 1775.

In 1778 we find Lord Townshend (who had acted as Brigadier under Wolfe) taking a deep interest in the question of fortifying Quebec ;

but it was not until the year 1783 that General Haldimand received instructions to construct a temporary citadel upon Cape Diamond.

The works carried out at this time were outside of the present walls, and were intended to command the high ground until such time as the Government could undertake the building of a citadel on the summit of the Cape. The foundations of these temporary works, which were excavated in the solid rock, are still visible, and have led the local historians to attribute them to the French *régime*. The plans of their commencement and progress, however, are still preserved, and they date only from the year 1783.

These works served until the construction of the magnificent citadel in 1823, carried out on the basis of the plans of Holland and Twiss, by Lieut.-Col. Durnford and General Mann, the main parts of which are to be seen to-day.



INSIDE THE CITADEL.

The chief changes have taken place in the gates, most of which have disappeared altogether, and others have been rebuilt in ornamental form. Hope Gate was first built in 1786. It was altered in 1823-32, and strengthened outward in 1840. It was finally demolished in 1874.

St. John's Gate was built under Frontenac ; removed by de Léry in 1720 ; rebuilt in 1791 and again in 1867 ; and demolished in 1898.

St. Louis Gate was built under Frontenac, appearing first in his plan of 1693. It was rebuilt in 1721 ; altered in 1783 ; again rebuilt in the scheme of 1823-32, and replaced by the present arch in 1873.

Prescott Gate was built in 1797, rebuilt in 1823 ; and demolished in 1871.

Palace Gate, first built under Frontenac, was restored in 1720 and again in 1790. It was rebuilt in 1823-32 in imitation of the Nola and Herculaneum gates of Pompeii. It was demolished in 1864.

BOW VALLEY, NATIONAL PARK.



Kent Gate was built in 1879, Her Majesty Queen Victoria contributing to the cost, in memory of her father, the Duke of Kent, after whom it was named.

Chain Gate forms a part of the works undertaken in 1823-32, and protects the road to the Citadel, known as Citadel Hill.

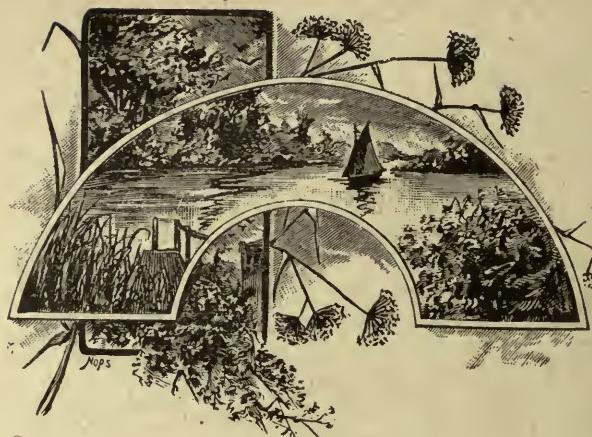
Dalhousie Gate, which forms the entrance to the Citadel, was erected in 1827, during the administration of Lord Dalhousie.

From time to time the demolition of the walls has been threatened, but it is to be hoped that Quebec may be able to maintain her unique character. The greatest plea in favor of the walls is, perhaps, that they are the living symbol of a glorious past, in which the honors of war were equally divided between French and English, and for the living monument of which, therefore, French and English alike should stand united. The water front is the same from which Frontenac hurled defiance at the discomfited fleet and army of England, and the land face follows the same line of defence which stood there when Wolfe and Montcalm fought for the dominion of a continent. And their own mute appeal is more eloquent of living honor than all the vain words that might recall them after they had disappeared for ever.

ERRATA.—After the issue was nearly run off, it was found that the words, “the invader, *Keith*,” conclusion third paragraph, p. 152, should have read, “the invader *Kirke*.” The correction was made as soon as discovered, so the error will not be found in a number of copies.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.



A Sermon for Freshmen.

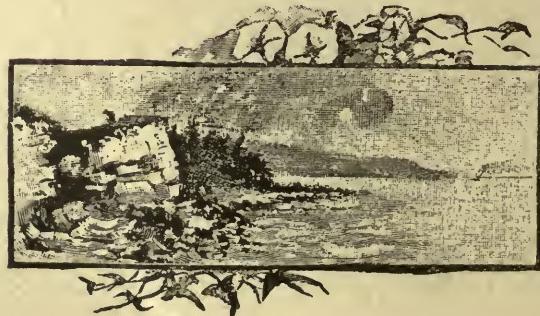
BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

I.

IF the Adam in us ordains
That we can't be eternally good,
Then let us be kindly at least, my son,
As devil or saint, we should.

II.

Though the best of us wander at times
From the path that is narrow and straight,
To be honest in sin, as in saintliness, sir,
Wipes half of it off the slate !



Lucky Thirteen.

BY F. HERNAMAN-JOHNSON.

A N account of my career would be profitless reading—I shall not trouble you with it. Suffice it to say that a combination of ill-luck and ill-health had landed me in a little fishing village in a remote corner of Scotland. In fine weather it was my custom to go out fishing in a small sail-boat; on the occasion I am about to tell you of, I went a good deal further up the coast than I had previously ventured.

The fancy took me to land and fish from the rocks. Grim and forbidding are these rocks, and the ship that gets near them with a hurricane blowing on shore is only too likely to make their close acquaintance. A sad sight it must have been to see the stately galleons of the Armada, bearing the flower of Spanish chivalry, as the storm-fiend beat them with his relentless wings, and drove them headlong to their doom. Knowing the evil reputation of the coast I kept a fair distance out until I should spy a suitable spot to land.

After some little time my scrutiny was rewarded by the appearance of a small bay, whose waters, though they washed the base of cliffs as high and rugged as any, were sheltered to a great extent from the wind. Into this little haven I directed my boat. It was not long before I discovered, at the far end of the bay, what appeared to be the mouth of a cave. Prompted by heaven knows what spirit of curiosity or devilment—for caves are common enough in these parts—I made for the entrance. This upon close acquaintance, proved to be of no small size—several yards across, and of such a height that one could scarcely touch it with one's finger-tips when standing upright. The boat glided through, and for some half-dozen strokes or so went smoothly along. Then the oars began to catch on either side, and on attempting to stand up I bumped my head violently. This puzzled me somewhat, and it seemed well, as everything was shrouded in semi-darkness, to light the little lantern I had brought in case night should overtake me. Carefully I searched the place, making the beams of my lantern dance and quiver on the glistening slime-coated walls. All at once, at the end of one of its wild leaps, the little spot of light

NOTE.—Dr. Francis Hernaman-Johnson is an Englishman by birth, but spent several years in this country. Five years ago he entered the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, where he had a most distinguished career. He has contributed articles and stories to the *London Magazine* and other periodicals.—F.D.

disappeared, and the band of illuminated spray seemed to stretch away from the lamp into nothingness. Clearly, then, what I had passed through was merely the cone-shaped entrance of a tunnel, leading perhaps to a hidden cave. I would see.

Belief in the marvellous is inherent in everyone, and if I did not exactly expect to find a dragon keeping guard over an enchanted princess, I was at least conscious of an uncanny feeling as the boat glided down that gloomy passage. It was much too narrow to row in, so I was fain to push myself along with an oar. Nor was this easy, for the roof was so low that one had to crouch, and the oar slipped half the time on the slimy rocks. For the space of several yards I progressed warily, keeping a sharp look-out ahead. Then, rendered bold by immunity, I began to push with vigor. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the oar slipped, I lost my balance, and found myself struggling in the water.

When an indifferent swimmer is suddenly plunged, fully clad, into waters of Arctic cold, he is apt to lose his head. I clutched wildly at the rocks, sank, came up, clutched again; and this time my fingers closed round something firm and rod-like. The support, whatever it was, lay just beneath the surface, and I put up my hand to feel over the slippery rocks for some fresh hold. Imagine my astonishment when I came upon another and a similar support! I raised myself and felt for a third. Sure enough, I found it.

A ladder in very truth, and doubtless not there without a purpose. Yet where could it lead to? I determined to regain the boat, and there, in safety if not in comfort, to consider what should be my next move. Luck favored me, for there were oil-skins and an old jersey in the locker, and in this curious garb I arrayed myself. This done, my first inclination was to make for daylight and home as quickly as possible, trusting to return later and clear up the mystery of the iron steps. But on second thought, proverbially the best, I decided to seize opportunity by the forelock, and all bedraggled as I was, to see the thing through.

To moor the boat to the lowest rung was the work of a minute. Then, making sure there was plenty of oil in the lamp, I began the ascent. At the very outset, things were not auspicious. Eaten through no doubt with rust, the first bar my weight rested on broke beneath the strain, and I narrowly escaped another ducking. However, the rest seemed sound. It was not an easy climb. My outlandish garments clogged every movement, and at each step I had to shift the lamp from one hand to the other. The tunnel, you will remember,

was at first so low that one could not sit upright ; afterwards, the erect position had become just possible. Four—five—six steps I ascended. Plainly the roof was here lacking. I stopped and examined the place carefully. Apparently the ladder ran up a vertical cleft, for behind one could reach out and touch the solid rock, while on either side the beams of the lantern shot away into unfathomable darkness. I continued the ascent. At the fourteenth step, and, as nearly as I could judge, about twenty feet above the water, the wall behind me terminated abruptly. I raised the lamp above my head, and saw that I stood upon the threshold of a vast cavern.

Why had the hand of man built an approach to this rocky chamber? To form a theory was not difficult. The days are not long past when smuggling was a lucrative pursuit, and what place more suited for a smuggler's nest? No avenging sloop could ever enter the dark and tortuous channel that approached it, and bold indeed would be the man who should scale those steps in the face of a desperate foe. Yes, it was undoubtedly an ideal smuggler's cave, and I set out to prove the truth of my conjecture.

Along one side ran the fissure by which I had entered. The place was evidently of great length, for while the opposite wall could be dimly seen, a thick curtain of darkness alone seemed to limit it elsewhere. Crossing the bare, rocky floor, I commenced to skirt the wall, keeping a sharp lookout lest I should tumble into any cleft and leave my bones in a tomb more dark and awesome than the secret vaults of the pyramids themselves. I had advanced some fifty paces, seeing nothing but the naked rock, when strange-seeming objects began to loom through the uncertain light. As I came nearer, peering anxiously into the gloom, little by little the objects took unto themselves form and shape ; and finally resolved into nothing more formidable than a collection of small barrels. In some places they were piled up three deep ; and upon each was painted, in bold red characters, a number. The numbers ranged from 10 to 500, and appeared to be distributed with a complete absence of any definite plan or numerical order. Fives and sixes jostled seventies and hundreds in hopeless confusion. As I passed along I kicked several of the barrels. Some were full ; others gave forth a hollow sound. Determined to know what the former contained—for I had vague notions of treasure—I picked up a fragment of rock and dashed in the head of a cask. Then I brought my lamp close to examine the contents, thinking perchance to see the glint of gold and precious stones. What I did see caused me to take a backward leap that would have done credit to a

kangaroo. In my terror I almost dropped the lamp, for the barrel contained—gunpowder!

To fly the unhallowed spot forthwith—this was my first impulse, but I managed to control myself and continued my investigations, though I did not dare to open any more of the kegs. For a long time it seemed as if no fresh discovery would reward my efforts. But finally I came upon something which, though I am not a particularly nervous man, gave me a nasty shock. Concealed behind a row of barrels lay a human skeleton. The whole frontal portion of its skull was in fragments and beside it on the ground lay a rusty pistol. I picked up the weapon and examined it. A double-barrelled flint-lock, of clumsy proportions and antique shape. One barrel was empty. I knocked the butt against a cask—a little powder ran out into the pan on the other side. Probably the thing would go off on occasion, for in the warm, dry air of the cave it was not likely the powder had suffered. Well, the old pistol would be a memento of my adventure, so, having carefully let down the hammer, I put the weapon, unwieldy as it was, into one of the capacious pockets of my oilskin.

It was now past three o'clock, and high time to get out of this strange arsenal. As I walked back to the other end of the cave, for the first time a sense of utter solitude was borne in upon me. The little lantern twinkled in that vast chamber like a single star in the dark expanse of the firmament, its beams lost everywhere in infinite blackness. A death-like silence reigned, broken only by the ring of my footfalls on the rocky floor. It was weird, uncanny, awesome. Memories of horrible legends crowded thick upon me—of the spirits of buccaneers who held revel in their ancient haunts ; and imagination pictured that ghastly skeleton, endued with life, and dogging my foot-steps with a rattle of dry bones. Smile at my folly, you who sit in arm-chairs and read this story ; but remember that by one's own fireside it is easy to be wise and bold.

After what seemed hours, but could only have been minutes, I reached the ladder, and it only remained to descend, jump into the boat, and get away from this accursed cavern as fast as a pair of oars and a fair breeze would take me. There were, as you will perhaps remember, fourteen steps, the lowest on a level with the water. Frequently, if not always, the unexpected happens. As my foot was approached the eleventh rung, a splash and a thrill of cold let me know that I had put it into the sea ! For a moment I was dazed. Then, thinking I must have counted wrongly, I lowered the lamp to look for the boat. She was gone.

Slowly the truth dawned on me. I saw, as in a dream, the tide—the tide which I had forgotten—rise slowly higher and higher, and with it, for a while, my little boat. Then she began to tug at the short rope that bound her. Irresistibly, inexorably the waters rose. They crept up her bows, held fast down by the cruel rope; they trickled in, at first in a gentle stream—then came with a rush, and she sank.

There could be no doubt about it. The good boat *Highland Mary*, heavily ballasted as she was, at that moment hung some feet below me, as useless as if she were at the bottom of the North Sea. Though indeed, even with the boat intact, it would have been impossible to escape then. A few yards down the water doubtless blocked up the tunnel, for room was not plentiful even at low tide. What to do? Go back to the cave to be alone with that grinning skeleton? Never! So there I stuck, clinging to the ladder, my fingers numb with cold, and despair gnawing at my heart.

Wearily the hours dragged by, and slowly, reluctantly as a monster baffled of his prey, the tide fell away from my feet. At last a little piece of the painter came into view, stretched taut by the hanging boat. The passage, then, was open. A desperate resolution took possession of me. I would swim out. The lamp hung to the ladder would afford light for a while, and as for the rest, fate might decide.

I let myself down into the water till my feet touched the boat. What was this? She did not seem to hang vertically. I kicked about to discover her position. No, she lay at a gentle slant. Evidently her stern had either caught on a ledge, or—blessed possibility!—was resting on the channel bed. I let go the painter, sank up to the neck, and lo! my feet touched the solid rock.

Well, I must hurry over the rest of my story. What with walking, and crawling, and sometimes swimming, I emerged at last from the portals of the chamber of death, and once more beheld the open sea. Aching limbs, dripping clothes, and an empty stomach. Take a man afflicted with all these evils, set him on a storm-swept coast a good ten miles from any human habitation, and you will admit that his situation is not enviable. For some time I sat disconsolate. It was a case of the devil and the deep sea: the sea was there in very truth, and the fast deepening shadows made the scaling of the cliffs well-nigh impossible. Fortune, however, favors the brave—and sometimes the not brave. At any rate, before the last gleams of sunset faded out of the west, a schooner hove in sight, skirting the coast. I hailed her and waved my handkerchief frantically. She

hove to. Presently a boat put off, and in a few minutes I was in warmth and safety.

Illness followed, not unnaturally, and after the fury of the attack was spent, depression. I seemed to have no heart to face life again. Long hours I would sit gazing out over the sea, sometimes thinking helplessly of my prospects, sometimes seeing with a shudder the skeleton of the cave. And meanwhile I fingered the old flint-lock pistol, fraught with memories of that ill-omened spot. A strange fascination the ancient fire-arm had for me. Whose blood was spilled when last its iron throat vomited forth death? Had the bullets of his enemies taken that man's life, or had his own hand done the deed? Probably the latter, and I wondered if his end would be mine.

One day, as I toyed with the weapon, there was a slight click, and behold, a piece of the solid butt seemed to double back, and out dropped a small roll of paper. Too weak and depressed to be greatly excited over an incident which would at any other time have aroused my keenest interest, I nevertheless picked up the paper, and began to decipher the somewhat faded writing. But judge for yourself whether my languor was of long duration. What I read was as follows :

" MY DEAR BROTHER :

" Long before another sunrise I shall be at peace. My hand has been against every man, and every man's hand—save yours—has been against me. The accursed revenue sloop caught us close to the cave. It was a splendid fight, but we were outnumbered three to one. When I saw that I alone was left alive, I jumped overboard and escaped in the confusion.

" I have collected treasure—do not enquire too closely by what means—in gold and jewels, to the value of over a hundred thousand pounds. With it my intention was to equip a pirate craft, but all my companions are gone and I am weary of life. However, you know the secret of the pistol and the treasure is yours.

" Hear, then, its hiding-place. *In every keg of powder whose number is divisible by thirteen* there is a false bottom. Beneath it you will find what would have made me yet more feared and hated, and will make you still more loved and honored. Soak the casks in water before you attempt to open them, for you know I have some knowledge of chemistry, and I have done my best to ensure that they shall explode if broken by stranger hands.

" Farewell, my brother, and think not too hardly of me. Only one

thing I adjure you,—let not her who ruined my life be richer by one farthing for my death."

No date and no signature ; but at the bottom of the secret recess in which the letter had reposed, there was inscribed a name. It is not necessary to disclose it, nor yet the details I afterwards discovered of the life of the unfortunate man who bore it. Suffice it to say that the name was an uncommon one, and that in the long struggle against the power of Napoleon it had not been unknown to fame. Why the letter had never been removed from its strange hiding-place is now one of the secrets of the past.

There is little else to tell. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I made an expedition to the cave, having meanwhile kept my own counsel. To my great joy, I found everything as stated in the mysterious letter, and now I am a rich man.

But, you will say, did you take no steps to find any of the unfortunate man's relations? Not being a saint, and having tasted the bitterness of poverty, I had no mind to relinquish, without some very good reason, any of my newly acquired wealth. But I did make enquiries concerning the family, determined that at least none of its members should be in absolute want. At length I discovered, in the person of a girl of twenty, the only surviving descendant of the man for whom the treasure had been destined. She was a governess in a large family, a girl without friends or fortune, but a girl with a heart of gold. What need to say more? It was not necessary to divide the inheritance.

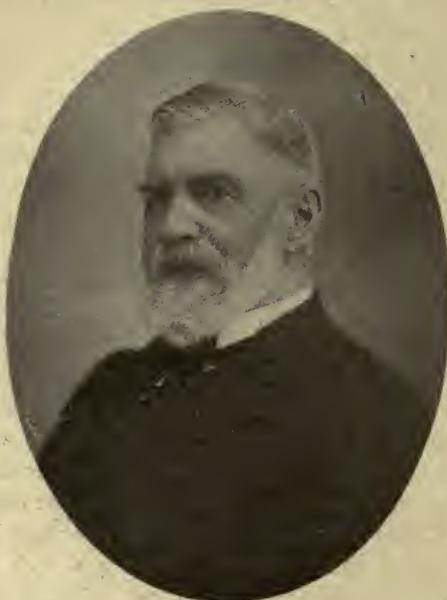
* * * * *

And now that you know how I came by a fortune and a wife, you will not wonder at the title of this story.



Canadian and American Relations.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.



JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

HERE are at the present time 84,000,000 English speaking people on the North American continent. They possess an area of 7,000,000 square miles of territory, superior in soil, minerals and natural resources to any other compact continental area of similar extent upon the face of the globe. This vast region will easily support a population of 350,000,000. Its inhabitants possess civil and religious liberty, and free institutions of the most advanced character, and

based upon English models and example. Between the various sections of this vast region there exists no antagonism founded upon differences of race, religion, language, laws, or form of government. Its inhabitants are virtually one people, living under substantially the same form of government, and with common interests in developing a continent, and planting securely the foundations of the future.

One-half of this great continental area is embraced in the great American Republic, and one-half in the Dominion of Canada. The Republic, consisting of forty-four states and five territories, has enjoyed the blessing of free trade and uninterrupted intercourse between all of the states and territories since the adoption of the Constitution in 1787, to the great advantage of all concerned. The provinces comprising the Dominion of Canada, if admitted to this great zollverein, would profit in an equal degree with the American members of it. Such an arrangement is not at the present time practicable, but in

adjusting our trade relations the nearer the approach to this condition the greater the advantage to our interests.

The formation and perpetuation of two hostile Anglo-Saxon commonwealths upon the North American continent would not harmonize with geographical conditions, natural affinity, or ethnic relationship. Nature never designed such a monstrous perversion of its self-evident purposes. United, either politically or by securely adjusted bonds of common purpose and alliance founded upon mutual interest, this great region with ocean bounds on the east, west and north, would be invulnerable to foes and dominant in its position. To move in the direction of thwarting such a consummation is fatuous and criminal, and the vision of those who would countenance, or aid in the consummation of such a purpose, is distorted and utterly unreliable.

Canada has developed markets for her products in the home land. These markets are valuable, and have been won in open and unaided competition with the entire world. Sentiment and favoritism have not been factors in the achievement of this result. It has been attained because it has been deserved. This market can be held and extended by the same influences, and the Canadian producer does not need to ask for a tax upon the loaf of England's struggling millions, and especially if that concession is to be purchased at a price that will retard the development and progress of manufacturing and other interests in Canada.

Half a century ago Canada obtained a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, which remained in force twelve years. Its effect during that period was to quadruple the trade of the two countries each with the other. It was mutually advantageous, and that, in the highest degree, and the economic forces were set in motion that, with ever increasing momentum, were working to increase the intimacy of relationship and the magnitude of commercial transactions between the two peoples. The generation that partook of the advantages conferred by this treaty has passed away. The extent and the value of these advantages are a matter of tradition, and the present generation cannot readily appreciate their extent and value. In the meantime the conditions that rendered such an arrangement desirable have become much more favorable to the profitable and satisfactory working of a policy admitting Canadian natural products into the markets of the United States free of duty. Since the abrogation of that Treaty in 1866 the population of the United States has more than doubled, the urban population has increased in a much greater ratio, and the capacity for the purchase and consumption of our natural

products which amounted to \$44,000,000 in 1866, has more than trebled. We should not underrate the prospective value of this near-at-hand market of a great world power, with teeming and rapidly increasing millions of inhabitants, especially if the shackles are removed from trade.

In 1874, eight years after the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, Canada sought for a renewal of free trade relations with the United States, by sending Hon. George Brown to Washington, who, acting in concert with Lord Thornton, the British Minister, negotiated with the American State Department a Reciprocity Treaty of a broad and liberal character. By the provisions of this treaty natural products were again put upon the free list, and also all kinds of agricultural implements and an extensive list of manufactures, embracing among other things leather and leather goods, tweeds, cottons of various grades, machinery and engines, etc. This treaty provided for the construction of a canal with twelve feet of water, from the St. Lawrence above Montreal to Lake Champlain, and one of like depth from Whitehall at the head of Lake Champlain to the Hudson at Albany, thus giving practical proof of the desire of Canada at that time for increased facilities for making New York a port of entry for Canadian exports and imports. This treaty was to continue in force twenty-one years. Had it been ratified and gone into operation, the result could not have failed to have been a much greater development of Canadian resources and increase of Canadian population than has taken place. With a degree of stupidity and utter lack of knowledge of Canadian matters greater than has ever been manifested by British statesmen from the days of Lord Ashburton down to the settlement of the Alaskan boundary, the United States Senate refused to ratify this treaty, and Canada settled down to an earnest effort to secure other markets for her products.

Since the Brown draft treaty failed of ratification, the two countries have steadily drifted apart, and the American trade policy as it relates to Canada, has steadily and effectively fostered a feeling of resentment and bitterness, all the more deep-seated because our own policy towards the United States was liberal and moderate, while their policy towards us was repressive and unreasonable. This, beyond doubt, was largely due to the fact that Canadian matters attracted but little attention in the United States, and the trade conditions existing between the two countries were not well understood, in fact, general ignorance concerning the matter prevailed. Since 1898 the attention of the American public has been directed to this trade question

by a series of articles in American newspapers, magazines and reviews, and addresses to Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Bankers' conventions and business conventions, setting forth the true conditions of trade between the two countries, and the fact that under the operation of their respective tariffs Canada was buying twice as much from the United States as the amount of her exports to that country, and that her free list of American imports was more than ten times greater than the free list granted by the United States upon imports from Canada. The dissemination of this information has produced the desired effect, and the result is the development of a very pronounced sentiment in favor of reciprocity with Canada. It is believed that the American administration shares this sentiment, and that if the Joint High Commission were reconvened a satisfactory treaty could be framed, in fact, that the most serious obstacle in the way of the consummation of a satisfactory trade arrangement will be the United States Senate. My own presentation of views in the United States has been that Canada was entitled to free trade in natural products without making her tariff upon American imports more liberal in character, except as relates to natural products, than it is at present. This view of the case is generally received with favor, and to receive its adoption it is probably only necessary to stipulate that the United States shall, under the Canadian tariff, receive the treatment of the most favored nation. It will be urged in support of this view that in removing her duties upon grain and other Canadian natural products the United States will be giving Canada a preference in her markets to the extent of such duties as they will continue to be levied against other nations.

Canada already gives Britain a preference of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. This preference was first $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This policy was adopted in 1897. At that time British exports to Canada had gone down from \$68,000,000 in 1873 to \$29,000,000 in 1897. The preference arrested this decline and led to a satisfactory increase of British exports to Canada which went up to \$59,000,000 in 1903. The value of this preference is not fully appreciated in Britain, and last year Mr. Chamberlain spoke of it as being most disappointing in its results, and chiefly valuable as an evidence of loyal sentiment. In 1902 the value of this preference to Great Britain in duties saved on the preferential list as compared with the full rate of duty was \$2,697,000. For this substantial preference not the least return in kind has been made by the British Government. Our cattle continued to be scheduled at British ports, and when a small grain tax was imposed

no preference was made in our favor. We cannot even console ourselves with the reflection that we have at least been repaid by the marked manifestation of loyal and generous sentiments towards us.

The amount of preference for the colonies indicated by Mr. Chamberlain in his Glasgow speech would be fairly compensated for by the present Canadian preference, for it cannot properly be assumed that the colonies would receive a price for grain greater by the amount of the preference than would be received if no preferential duty was imposed. Mr. Chamberlain assures the British elector that the price of the loaf will not be increased in consequence of the preference, and this could only be the case if foreign grain ruled at a lower price abroad in consequence of the duty. The proposed preference upon wheat and flour on the total export of 1902, would have been \$1,922,000, and would be of no advantage to the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and British Columbia, and of very little advantage to Ontario. The free admission of our natural products into the United States would be of much greater importance to Canada than the proposed British preference would be. Free trade in wheat would bring American buyers into competition with our own dealers ; would bring American methods in storing, handling, and placing the wheat and flour surplus for export upon the market into operation, and would raise the level of the prices of our wheat to the level of those of corresponding markets in the United States ; would be of more value to the wheat growers of the North-West than the proposed Chamberlain preference of six cents per bushel would be, and in addition to this we would receive better prices for various agricultural and animal products, and for ores, lumber, and fish.

That the Imperial preference scheme is workable may be reasonably doubted. The primary motive of Britain is to secure wide markets for her manufactures, and preferential duties on the part of her colonies, against the manufactures of other nations. We will be asked to refrain from permitting the starting of manufacturing in lines not already established, and will be expected to allow Britain to retain all the advantages she already possesses. For a young aspiring country like Canada, with measureless resources, the price that will be asked for the moderate and limited preference proposed, will be to deliberately dwarf our own growth. When details come to be considered great difficulties will be confronted. Imperial and Colonial statesmen will view the question from different standpoints. The conditions and interests of the various colonies will be dissimilar. A plan uniform in its application, and satisfactory in its character can hardly be devised,

and a beautiful scheme for Imperial trade consolidation that appeals strongly to the imagination is likely to be wrecked upon the rocks of practical difficulties. When British statesmen come to take stock of all the conditions, the fact that 72 per cent. of their export trade is with foreign countries, and only 28 per cent. with their own possessions, and that Canada takes less than 5 per cent. of their exports, it is possible that the theories of Imperial dreamers will be dissipated in the crucible of relentless analysis.

British statesmen are fully alive to the importance of friendly relations with the United States. If British diplomacy holds any one thing as a matter of paramount importance it is this. Friction between the two great powers is more likely to originate in questions pertaining to Canada than in anything else. The importance of securing friendly and mutually advantageous relations of a permanent character between Canada and the United States, in its bearing upon the relations of the two great empires, can hardly be placed too high. There is little room to doubt that the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of colonial preference will produce friction with foreign states. That it will be looked upon with favor by the American government it is folly to believe. That it will secure retaliatory measures and seriously strain the present friendly relations is more probable. If this is to be the case it will settle in the negative the advisability of attempting to unite disjointed and widely separated colonies in a common fiscal system in more or less pronounced antagonism with the United States and all foreign nations. Canada belongs to a continent, and has a position upon that continent that will render futile the attempt to sever herself from its great continental interests and forces without injury to herself. Fate has made her the neighbor of a great world power of the same language, race, and institutions with herself. Geographical and natural conditions invite the closest commercial and social relations between the two, and these conditions cannot fail to make their influence felt.



Acta Victoriana.**Twenty.**

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

TWENTY hath a happy laugh,
 Who shall sigh for Twenty?
 Who shall chide her in a world
 Where is grief a-plenty?
 For in all her life she can
 Only once be Twenty.

Twenty hath her wilful ways,
 Who shall fear for Twenty?
 Wilful ways and wistful ways,
 Changeful ways a-plenty.
 God hath care for little birds,
 Why not care for Twenty?

Twenty hath a broken heart,
 Who shall grieve for Twenty?
 Happy years she's lived, twice ten,
 Friends she's had a-plenty.
 And, if tears must come at all,
 Why not come to Twenty?

Twenty hath a quiet bed,
 Who shall weep for Twenty?
 Who shall dare to call her back
 From that strange and silent track,
 Where is peace a-plenty?
 If 'tis true that rest is sweet,
 Why not sweet to Twenty?

Halifax, N.S.



The High Places of Labrador.

BY R. A. DALY.

"THE Labrador Peninsula is less known than the interior of Africa or the wastes of Siberia." So the noted naturalist, Packard, in 1891, summed up existing information on that anciently discovered but long neglected land. Low's fruitful journeys across Labrador have added much to the store of knowledge, but there is even now but little exaggeration in Packard's statement. It was therefore with great and prolonged interest that the members of the *Brave* expedition of 1900 studied the 700 miles of coast from the Strait of Belle Isle to the Hudson's Bay post in Nachvak Bay. The *Brave* was a tight little schooner of but forty tons, specially fitted up to be the home of the exploring party for the summer. The party consisted of five Harvard men and one man from Brown University. Three seamen and a pilot captain with a miraculous knowledge of the ten thousand islands, shoals, rocks, channels and landmarks of "the Labrador," sailed the little vessel. Leaving St. John's, Newfoundland, on June 25th, the schooner coasted all the way to Nachvak, which was reached on August 22nd. This slow passage gave us of the exploring party numerous opportunities to sample the natural history and geology of the coast. One member of the expedition or "exhibition," as the fishermen with unconscious humor and truth called it, was an amateur botanist, another an ornithologist, a third a prospector, a fourth a geologist and the others enthusiastic hunters. Thus rich stores of truth, venison, bird, bear and seal meat came aboard to suffer rumination and digestion in the long waits in harbor. The writer was busied with the geology of the coast, finding so much pleasure and profit in his job that he is impelled to offer a few notes to advertize this wonderful part of our sea-shore, therein meeting the request of ACTA'S editor for a short paper.

Labrador is the land of charm, whether it be among the low, moss-covered islands of the south or on the superb mountains of the north. This is a statement which, to one acquainted with the literature of Labrador is verily commonplace, but the "Labrador charm," described in terms of impressions derived from visits to what is really southern Labrador, is a hundredfold greater in the region north of Cape Mungford. The same cool but temperate air plays over both regions, the same rich, inexpressible purple bathes the distant landscapes, the same

grand procession of "ice-islands" floats majestically past the whole coast, but for impressive grandeur the seldom visited northern half of the Atlantic shore is incomparably finer than the southern. A brief account of the northern coast-belt and then only in one phase of the topic is all that can be essayed within the limits of such a note as this.

The scenery throughout the whole stretch from Belle Isle to Hudson's Strait is to be related sooner or later to one great group of geological formations, all rocks of the remotest antiquity. They belong for the most part to the Archean series, offering like the Archean rocks of the world, problems of extreme difficulty. Able and highly trained geologists, specialists in the Archean, during the past thirty



ICEBERGS OFF THE LABRADOR COAST.

years have solved some of these problems but it is still fair to call this vast group of rocks forming the staple material of the Labrador coast by a name confessing at once some knowledge and much ignorance. The Archean formations compose the foundation on which the continent of North America has been built. Resting upon its ancient surface are the rock-beds bearing the skeleton remains of the earliest known organisms and upon those beds have been in turn accumulated the limestones, shales, sandstones, conglomerates and lavas which make up most of the continent. This is one of the main facts *known* about the Archean—it is a basement formation. Another fact, no

less certain, no less important, is that the Archean is complex in its composition, complex in its structure, complex almost to the despair of geologists, in its history. As yet, therefore, no wrong is done even to the special students of Archean geology and even in the face of the fine results they have attained if their favorite terrane be called "the Basement Complex."

Here and there on the earth the younger, covering rocks have been swept away by age-long weathering and wasting and the ancient foundation has been exposed to the air. Probably nowhere on the earth is so great a continuous area of the Archean to be found as in Eastern Canada. From Lake Winnipeg to the Atlantic and from the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers northward to the Arctic, the Basement Complex, still locally bearing on its back patches of the younger rocks, forms a rolling, timber-covered plateau which amazes every explorer who compares the simplicity of its present-day relief with the infinite turmoil through which its constituent rocks have passed. These rocks are almost entirely crystalline—gneisses, schists, marbles, coarser crystalline limestones and granitic rocks of endless variety, yet agreed in the telling of a common story: that the Complex is the remnant of an enormous mountain-system, long battered by the weather of ancient days and long and successfully attacked and lowered by streams. Already very early in the earth's history these mountains had been thus flattened to a relief probably as tame as that of the great Canadian plateau to-day. It was *this* old-mountain plain, or almost-plain, which formed the nucleus of North America. No one can say yet even approximately how much that old plateau has been affected by the destruction of the millions of years since it was re-elevated from beneath the sea with its mantling load of Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian and later sediments. Again and again the Basement has been, wholly or in part, alternately above and below sea level. With each emergence it has lost substance and with each loss a new physical geography has been developed upon it. Where the workers of the nineteenth century have asked one question concerning this long evolution, those of the twentieth century will ask a hundred, and it is clear to the geologist as to the physiographer that geological science is here, too, in the stage of simply placing many questions in a clear light, *not* in the stage of stating final solutions.

When a mountain system is young its summits are arranged more or less systematically in straight or slightly curved lines, joining the crests of the various ranges. When the system is very old, that is, worn down flat by age-long wasting, these same trends may still be

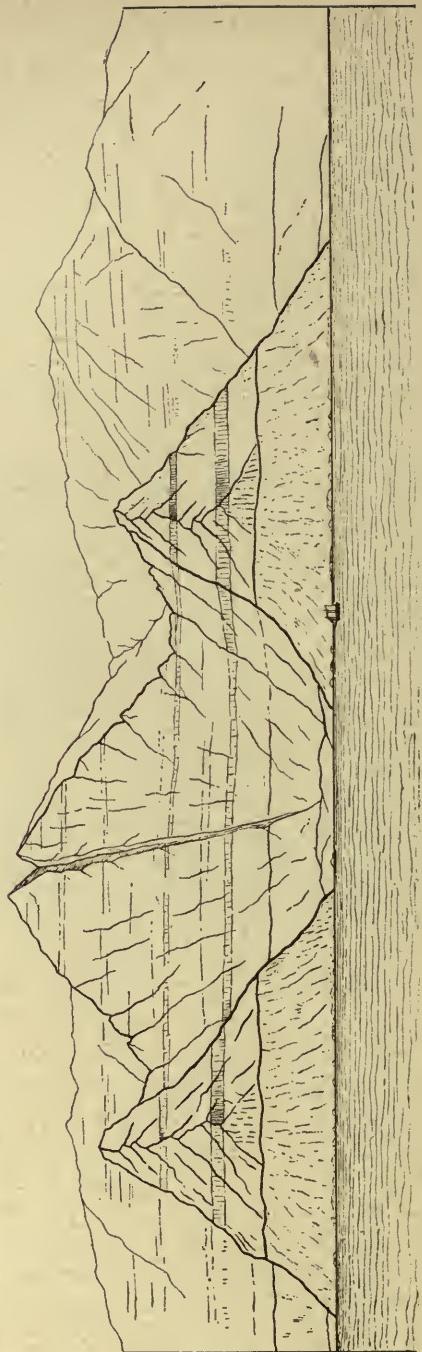


FIG. 4.
Sea-coast view of the Bishop's Mitre (left) and "Brave" Mountain (right), members of the Kaumajet Mountain group.

recognised in the structure of the mountain roots. A normal range owes its existence not so much to simple uplift of the earth's crust as to an intense folding and crumpling together of its rock-strata by powerful forces, acting tangentially with reference to the curve of the earth and transverse to the axis of the range. If, therefore, the Basement Complex forms the root of an old mountain system, the natural inquiry arises as to the trend of the rock bands now visible to the geologist; for these, even in the absence of the long vanished mountainous relief, will tell the direction of the old ranges, and by implication the direction of the great compressive forces which set the earth's crest writhing long ago, and so built earth's earliest mountain system.

Rather, then, to raise the question than to declare an answer to it, the writer has prepared the diagram of Fig. 1, embodying a tentative conclusion, the result of observations at some twenty-five localities on "the Labrador." The little map is intended to show that there is a definite trend to the rocks of the Basement Complex, and that it shows a remarkable parallelism with the present north-east coast of the peninsula. That is, the edges of the worn-down, folded schists and other rocks, like the axes of the folds, run parallel to the general shore line. It "looks as if" this part of the Basement Complex were originally built up by mighty earth-forces, acting in a N.E.-S.W. direction, and raising a distinct and lofty mountain chain on the line of the present coast. Further exploration is necessary before the conclusion can be considered as final, but Dr. Bell's discovery in the Baffin Land Archean of what would appear to be the continuation of the same "Labrador trend" (thus extending more than 1,300 miles) lends force to the idea.

In Fig. 1 heavy black lines diagrammatically represent the "Labrador trend," and others represent the various elements in both relief and rock-structure which belong to the great Appalachian mountain system. The two trends meet at the Strait of Belle Isle. The "Labrador trend" locates one of the most ancient (pre-Cambrian) mountain-ranges of America; the "Appalachian trend" characterizes the much younger (post-Carboniferous) system that includes the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge, the White Mountains, the Green Mountains and the lower ranges of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Where so little has been done in the field, one must hold but loosely to the idea of a definite law of structure in Canada's most difficult terrane, but it is believed to be a fair and just, perhaps

helpful, working hypothesis to govern further exploration. Whatever the future may have to say on the problem, some such compilation of results will be necessary to the working out of the scientific physical geography of the Dominion. In the meantime, even a false working hypothesis can aid the truly careful explorer in his work, since it may tend to focus his attention and in some fashion to correlate the multitude of single observations necessary to the discovery of wide-reaching truths.

But the imagination is not left entirely unaided in its attempt to reconstruct the Archean mountains. In comparatively recent geologic time a portion of the Basement Complex on "the Labrador" has been



Six-thousand-foot mountains (the Torngats), seen from salt water,
Nachvak Bay, August, 1900.

warped, *i.e.*, bodily uplifted, so high that the streams of the country have been enabled to cut many thousands of feet down into the old rocks. As a result the 150 miles of the coastal belt south-eastward from Cape Chidley presents to-day a rugged relief rivalling in grandeur many famous Alps of Switzerland and our own Selkirks of the West. Here the strong topography has a distinct coastal trend, and its boldness, too, forcibly suggests that there has been a veritable resurrection of the Archean mountain-chain. This long mountain belt has been called the "Torngat" range, from the Eskimo word for "bad spirits." A single view of the bare, forbidding, riven and jagged cliffs, of the saw-tooth ridges and huge Alpine horns, whether seen in the interior

or as they spring their thousands of feet from salt-water in the fiords, can leave no wonder at the name. The absence of trees, the eerie loneliness of the whole land, and in the countless gorges and ravines, the depth of shadow made startling by the brilliance of the high lights under a northern sun, might well cause the savage mind to people these mountains with unnumbered sinister devils.

A noble introduction to the Torngats is had as the vessel bound for Nachvak Bay rounds the long finger-like promontory of Gulch Cape, ten miles south of the bay entrance. All along the shore cliffs of gray, naked rock, streaked with great black seams (dikes) of trap, rise 2,000 to 2,500 feet directly out of the sea, and terminate in sharp, jagged peaks and ridges. One of the latter has been appropriately named "Mount Razor-back." Imagine four miles of a saw-toothed pile of rock, nearly 4,000 feet high, and furrowed on the seaward face by a score of deep gulches, which cleave the mass from top to bottom, and each of the lateral ridges in like manner broken by a dozen ravines on each slope, and you have a picture of mountain land without a parallel on all the American coast of the Atlantic to the southward. Between the great ridges open long, flat-floored valleys, that have been moulded into their present forms by the glaciers of the Ice Age—glaciers like those of Greenland, which all summer long keep shedding the splendid bergs which, months afterwards, drift slowly southward past the headlands of Labrador. During a memorable day the *Brave* beat up the inlet, her crew and passengers enjoying an ever-changing panorama, recalling in its grandeur the cliffs and fiords of Norway. The bay forms a huge trough running transverse to the range, and heading some thirty-five miles from the Atlantic at a point more than half-way across the mountain-belt. It is, therefore, fortunately situated for the exploration of the Torngats. For a half-dozen miles together its walls present steep and even vertical precipices, their heads often covered with clouds a half-mile above the sea. At one salient angle, formed by the meeting of two branches of the fiord, is such a cliff (Mount Idyutak) 3,400 feet high—twice the height of the famous Cape Eternity of the Saguenay fiord—yet simply the culminating point of a notched and bastioned wall extending seven miles to the southward. Often the vivid and varied coloring of the rocks or the threads and broad ribbons of numerous waterfalls cascading over the cliffs, enliven these scenes of almost terrible magnificence. How rarely the inlet is visited appears in the fact that the *Brave* was the first schooner in eight years to cast anchor at the Hudson's Bay post of Nachvak.

Acta Victoriana.

Both to south and to north of the bay the mountains are truly Alpine in form, their summits measuring more than 6,000 feet in altitude. Indeed, some fifty miles to the northward, at least one of the "Four Peaks" is believed to be over 7,000 feet in height. In any case, it is not too much to say that the Torngats afford the most lofty land immediately adjacent to the coast in all the long stretch from Baffin Land to Cape Horn. When it is remembered that these mountains rise out of the sea itself, not from an elevated plateau as in

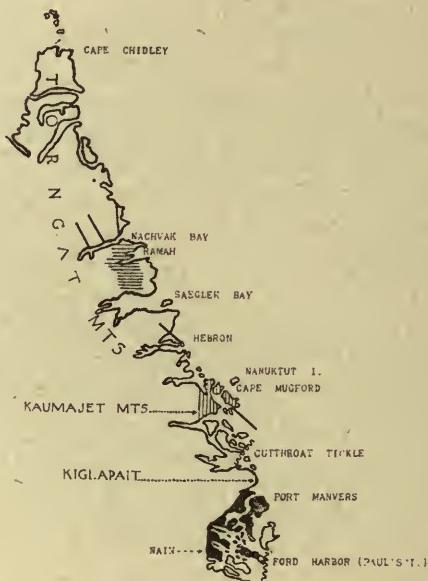


FIG. 2.

Sketch map of Northern Labrador, showing location of the Kaumajet and Torngat Mountains. Scale—100 miles to one inch.

the case of the Green Mountains and the White Mountains (Mt. Washington, 6,300 feet in altitude), one may well be prepared to understand the fact that in all eastern America there is no scenery that even approaches in scale and ruggedness the Torngats of the Labrador.

At its southern end the range gradually assumes the tamer profiles of a broken plateau. About fifty miles south-east of Hebron, the Moravian mission station, the scenery once more becomes specially

impressive, but a wholly new element appears in the landscape forms. Again we met with a boldness of relief extraordinary for eastern America, with heights of from 2,500 to 3,500 feet for mountains starting up out of the depths of the Atlantic. This second mountain group covers about 300 square miles. It is called by the Eskimo the "Kaumajet" or "Shining Mountains," a name forming the exact equivalent of the Hindoo "Himalaya," and forming one more in the considerable list of names of peaks, as Mt. Blanc, the White Mountains, Mauna Kea, etc., covered with perennial or evanescent snow-fields.

So far as known, the Kaumajets have a unique history in the topography of the coast, and it is of special interest, not only in the



FIG. 3.

The Kaumajet Plateau Mountains, looking north from Mudford Tickle.

discussion of the wonderful mountain-forms of the present day, but because of a geographic fossil, long preserved beneath rocky leaves. It is an ancient record now visible, for the book is open and may be read. It will be remembered that the Basement Complex was worn down to an "almost-plain" before the earliest known fossil-bearing rocks of Labrador, as of the world, were formed. Let us imagine this old mountain-root land-surface sinking beneath the sea; then imagine piled upon it a thickness of 3,000 feet or more of mud, sand and gravel, along with the lavas, flows and ash, of sea-coast or marine volcanoes. Such material, since hardened to form well-bedded slates, sandstones, conglomerates, tuffs and trap-rock, was the raw stuff from which the Kaumajets have been made. The whole mass, including the well buried Basement Complex, was long ago hoisted above the sea,

warped and slightly folded into great shallow troughs and low arches. For countless millenniums the new surface was given over to the patient but powerful attack of frost and other weathering agents and the still more destructive water-streams new born on that surface. The result has been to wear away all but a comparatively small patch of the ancient sea-bottom sediments. Steep-walled gorges and



FIG. I.

Diagrammatic map showing mountain trends in Eastern North America.

canyons have thus been sunk, leaving massive tables, mesas, and terraced plateaux that reach down to the valley-bottoms in gigantic steps like those in the much younger strata of the Colorado Canyon. The result has been to fashion a type of mountain scenery truly wild and imposing, and of unusual interest in possessing an architectural element quite lacking in the other high mountains of the Atlantic

coast. This special quality is best brought out when a fresh fall of snow lying on the narrow ledges of the even-coursed cliffs makes evident the nearly horizontal structure. Examples of the Kaumajets are represented in Figs. 3 and 4, both drawn from photographs. In Fig. 3 the heavy black line shows the old buried surface of the Basement Complex revealed once more after its millions of years, perhaps tens of millions of years, of burial. The same surface again appears above the broad unstratified band at the base of the Bishop's Mitre in Fig. 4.

Seen from the north-east the Mitre (estimated to be more than 3,000 feet in height) displays a symmetry which is most remarkable in view of the fact that the existing profiles are everywhere the result of weathering and wasting. The two peaked summits are separated by a sharp notch about 500 feet in depth—the uppermost part of a long ravine cleaving the mountain to its base at the shore two miles from the notch. Occupying the bottom of the ravine an uninterrupted snow-bank still marked, in the month of August, the line of symmetry of the whole mountain. From either peak of the Mitre a rugged razor-back ridge descends, each gradually diverging from the other across the widening intervening trench. With essentially similar profiles, the two spurs further match, as each terminates at an elevation of about a thousand feet in a bold rock-tower. Each sentinel tower rises some 800 feet above the ridge-crest, from which there is a sudden slope of the full 1800 feet into the sea. The light gray color of the Basement, in contrast with the black of the cyclopean masonry above, adds to the impression won from the beautiful symmetry that the whole structure is the work of giants with the brains of men. No more interesting mountain occurs on the whole coast.

So far only samples. Many volumes might be written on the high places of Labrador, yet their story would not be complete. They form one of nature's picture-galleries and all that their student can do is to erect a finger-post to guide others to go thither, if they can. If they cannot, they may yet remember that Eastern Canada has a splendid heritage in Alpine scenery unequalled elsewhere on the whole western shore of the Atlantic—a region sharing with other subarctic lands "the purity of an untarnishable world of rock, sea and air."

Historic Side-Lights on Western Development.

BY ADAM SHORTT.

WHEN we are dealing with large undertakings of the present, and contemplating our magnificent projects for the immediate future, we are apt to fancy that our fathers, could they revisit our busy world, would be mightily astonished at the progress which we are making, and the enormous developments upon which we are entering. Yet, when one takes the trouble to look into the details of the schemes and projects which filled the minds of our predecessors, one begins to realize that their astonishment, on revisiting us, might frequently be of the reverse order. Surprise might often be expressed at the modest extent to which we had realized the large dreams which they had entertained as to the achievements of their country in the near future.

That this will apply to the great West, quite as much as to the older parts of Canada, is evident from the projects connected with that region which were current half a century ago.

I have before me the first bill which was introduced into the Canadian Legislature, with a view to establishing a transcontinental highway for the opening of the North-West Territories to trade and settlement, for fostering the mining development of British Columbia, for securing the traffic between the eastern and middle States and those on the Pacific coast, and for opening a new route to the far East which would control the European trade with China and Japan. This bill,



PROF. ADAM SHORTT.

introduced in 1851, was entitled, "An Act to incorporate the Lake Superior and Pacific Railroad Company." The preamble states that, "Whereas Allen Macdonell, Angus Duncan Macdonell, James McGill Strachan, and Joseph D. Ridout, Esquires, of the City of Toronto, have presented a petition to the Legislature of this Province, praying that an Act might be passed to authorize the construction of a Railroad to connect the waters of Lake Superior with the Pacific; and whereas, the construction of such a road would not only open out for



FORT GARRY, 1870.

immigration and population an extensive and fertile country, at present a wilderness, making available and bringing into market lands at present too remote from civilization, but it would also open out a new channel for the commerce of Europe and Asia, thereby creating new influences and interests throughout the British possessions." The bill anticipated several features of the later C.P.R. bargain, especially with reference to the liberality of the land grants. In this case the Company was to receive a stretch of territory sixty miles wide—thirty on each side of the railroad—from Lake Superior to the Pacific. At this

time, however, Canada was asked to give away territory which she did not yet possess.

This ambitious project for the development of the West first took shape in 1847, having been brought forward by Allan Macdonell, who in turn, obtained the idea from Mr. Whitney, of New York. Mr. Whitney, shortly before that date, had projected and partly explored an American line from the lakes to the Pacific, along much the same route as that now followed by the Northern Pacific, while the British American line would apparently have had much the same location as that of the present C.P.R. Later information, supplied mainly through merchants from St. Paul interested in the trade of the Red River and



REMAINS OF OLD FORT GARRY.

Saskatchewan valleys, indicated that a better route lay along a line very nearly identical with that now proposed for the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Several bills were introduced into the Canadian Legislature in the years following 1851, with much the same object as the first bill. But the first which actually passed into law was that of 1858, which granted a charter to the North-West Transportation, Navigation, and Railway Company, which had adopted the Winnipeg to Edmonton route and from thence to the Pacific. This transportation system was to be a combination of rail and water, and, like most of the grand schemes of the decade, was expected to be financed by British capital.

As a preliminary step, however, a canal had been needed to surmount the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie. Between 1847 and 1850 three bills were introduced into the Canadian Legislature for the purpose of chartering a company to construct such a canal. A company was formed, the capital subscribed, and much preliminary work done, but the Government of the day would neither grant a charter nor undertake the work itself. The result was that a canal was constructed on the American side, where the conditions were regarded as much more difficult.

Another sample of the Canadian dreams of that period is furnished by a bill, introduced in 1859, to incorporate the "Transmundane Telegraph Company," of which the modest preamble runs as follows:— "Whereas, it is desirable that a line of telegraph communication



WHAT REMAINS OF OLD FORT EDMONTON.

should be established from this Province westward, by way of the Aleutian Islands, or Behring's Straits, through Northern Asia to Europe, with branches extending to the great centres of commerce in the East Indies, Australia, China and Japan; and whereas Sir George Simpson, the Honorable Lewis T. Drummond, the Honorable John Young, and the Honorable Luther H. Holton have presented a petition praying to be incorporated for the purpose of constructing the first link in the said line; Therefore," etc. Some considerable progress was made with this enterprise when the successful installation of the first Atlantic cable arrested its further development, and the Indians fell heir to most of the wire which had already been strung.

These are simply a few western samples of the numerous projects which filled the minds of the Canadian people and attracted millions

of British capital and thousands of British immigrants, during the period from 1848 to 1860. This was the period when, after obtaining political emancipation from the Colonial Office through the concession of responsible government, Canada was also given economic independence through the breaking down of the barriers imposed by the navigation laws, and by the abandonment of the preferential treatment of Canadian produce in the British markets. Then, for the first time in her history, Canada realized that she had a destiny of her own. At the same time both Britain and Canada discovered, somewhat to their surprise, that the dissolution of the economic bondage to each other meant not only great mutual freedom and prosperity, but a very decided strengthening of the far more important bonds of sentiment and allegiance to a common ideal of free institutions and British civilization.

The only injury which resulted to Canada from her emancipation from the system of preferential trade throughout the Empire was that, in the exuberance of her freedom, she conceived so many and such ambitious projects for her expansion, and endeavored to realize, within a decade or so, a programme whose complete fulfilment would have occupied the greater part of a century, that, though much was accomplished, much also inevitably failed, and the country suffered from an ensuing depression. The feeling that eastern Canada was much too small for the emancipated capacities of a new nation had led to the demand for the annexing to Canada of the great western region between the Lakes and the Rockies, then in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. The projects to which I have referred indicate that the Canadians could not wait for the transfer of this new and vast estate before embarking upon projects for its development. That development is now, for the first time, in the full tide of practical realization.

But is it not one of the striking ironies of history that this great fulfilment of the hopes of half a century ago should coincide with the first serious revival of the proposition to place Canada and Britain once more under the bondage of the old Colonial Policy, with its mutual preferential system? Yet Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of a mutually dependent Empire is exactly of the same character as that from which we were emancipated upwards of half a century ago, and from which freedom such an era of expansion resulted as we have just been illustrating. Verily the history of man is an entertaining study.

David Thompson—A Canadian Boundary Maker.

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.

THE fixing of boundary lines has been a source of vexation, dispute and altercation ever since man began to multiply upon the face of the earth. From the petty strifes over line fences to the great wars waged over national boundaries, there has been unceasing contest and controversy. Canada has had her share of such disputes. Some have been settled by wars; but the final working out of details has, in most cases, been left to commissioners appointed under various treaties of peace. We have lately passed through one of these settlements, and the Canadian people are feeling no little quiet irritation over the result. The resentment and uncomfortable feeling so prevalent in this country are due, not so much to what has been lost, as to the manner in which the loss has come. The Premier of Great Britain assures us that the two little islands on the Pacific coast are not worth much, and the United States representatives endorse his statements. If so, it is a great pity that, on sentimental grounds alone, Canada was not given the two islands that her representatives believed were to be allotted to her. "It was not what he said, but the nasty way he had of saying it," is an old expression. It is not what we lost, but the nasty way of losing it, that has stirred up Canadians to the surprise of Britishers at home.

We are told that Canada always gets the worst of it in their boundary settlements, and that the Britishers are no match for the shrewd United States commissioners in running boundary lines. It may surprise some of our readers to know that there is at least one case of boundary fixing wherein we did not get the worst of the agreement, that a line was once run that did not do us an injustice. The purpose of this short article is to recall to our attention one man who was equal to his work, a Canadian Civil Servant, whose work was not discounted, and whose services should be fully appreciated by Canadians.

Prior to the Revolutionary War, the Province of Quebec extended south to the Ohio and west to the Mississippi. When the Treaty of Peace was signed in 1783, all the land south of Lake Erie and west of Lake Huron was cut off from Quebec, and the southern boundary of British America, beginning on the St. Lawrence at the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, passed up the middle of the river to Lake

Ontario, through the lake to the Niagara River, up the middle of that river to Lake Erie and thence through Lake Huron. Nothing further was done as to the definite settlement of this portion of the boundary until the Treaty of Ghent, signed December 24th, 1814, brought the War of 1812 to a close. Article Six of that treaty provided for the appointing of commissioners to locate this boundary line. Upon it depended the dividing of the islands in the St. Lawrence, Niagara and Detroit rivers, and the islands in the northern part of Lake Huron. The records of this commission are very meagre, and for the most part unavailable. At the same time the story is of interest.

In 1816 Great Britain and the United States took up the question and finally appointed the commissioners in 1817. Great Britain named Mr. John Ogilby, and the United States General Peter B. Porter. Mr. Samuel Hawkins was appointed United States agent. The Commission met at St. Regis, and Mr. Andrew Ellicott, a noted United States surveyor, who had worked under President Washington, set up a boundary post at the point where by astronomical calculations it was determined that the forty-fifth line of latitude crossed the St. Lawrence. The United States astronomical surveyor was Mr. David P. Adams. Henceforward the running of the line was left largely to the surveyors, whose results were laid before the commissioners for their approval. The Canadian work was done by Mr. David Thompson. For five years the work went on. Mr. Ogilby was succeeded by Mr. Anthony Barclay as British commissioner. The result of five years' work was the laying down of the line from St. Regis to the vicinity of the Neebish Rapids below the Soo, and the final approval in a report signed at Utica, New York State, on the 18th June, 1822. The line then agreed upon has remained unchanged ever since.

In the St. Lawrence are the Thousand Islands, and in the Niagara and Detroit rivers are several islands of importance. The division of these between the two countries was a subject of much work and no little careful discrimination. It was in the division of these islands that David Thompson did his work so well. He has left on record some letters that tell the story. Two of these letters were printed in Volume I. of "Papers and Records" of the Ontario Historical Society (1899). Thompson was a very shrewd man, an excellent surveyor, an extensive traveller and explorer, and a safe and trusty servant. He was one man who was not outwitted or persuaded into sacrificing his country's interests.

The following extracts from Thompson's letters give some interesting points as to how the work was done :

" When the survey was undertaken to decide the place of the above boundary line, several important questions arose not contemplated in the Treaty, among which was that, as the middle of the river is a line an equal distance from both banks of the river, this line would often intersect islands which would give a boundary line on land, under circumstances very inconvenient to each power, especially on civil and criminal processes, illicit trade, etc. It was therefore determined that to whatever power the greater part of intersected island should belong, that power should have the whole of the island, and thus avoid all of the above evils. This decision was approved and confirmed by the Foreign Office and at Washington. It may be said, by following the middle of the greatest navigable channel, a boundary line could have been readily established ; but on my great surveys of this continent to the latitude of 60 degrees north, I examined almost all the great rivers from their sources to the eastern seas or Pacific ocean, and found them all obeying the same physical law with the great rivers in Europe and in a bolder manner. On this continent the deep channel for five miles out of six miles will be found on the north side of the river. After the survey was finished this truth was forced on the United States Commissioner and he insisted on the middle of the deep channel for the boundary line, but was kept to the letter of the Treaty."

" The Treaty of 1783 gave peace to the United States, but their treasuries were exhausted. To raise money, the State of New York sold to the Holland Company large tracts of land, among which were all the islands of the river Cataraqui from St. Regis to Lake Ontario, which, by the boundary to be drawn, should belong to the State of New York. The several naval commanders who had been in charge of Kingston Harbor, the vessels on the lakes, etc., had sent to the Admiralty from time to time their opinions on the necessity of securing to Great Britain certain islands for the protection of the navy, etc., at Kingston. These were transmitted to the Foreign Office and forwarded to the British Commissioners, and every place pointed out by the Admiralty for the safety of our navy, etc., was obtained, the principal of which was Grande Isle (Wolfe Island) opposite to Kingston. By the Treaty, this island belonged to the United States, and on account of the Holland Company was considered hopeless, but at the time the division of the islands took place, certain peculiar circumstances happened, which enabled the British Commissioners to exchange Grande Isle above the Niagara Falls for Grande Isle opposite Kingston on condition of indemnifying the Holland Company by giving up British isles to make up 13,359½ acres, the difference in area between the two islands. This will account for several islands in the River Cataraqui being placed on the side of the United States."

"As the obtaining of Grande Isle near Kingston was strongly recommended by the Admiralty, I paid more than common attention to the depth of water along its shores, and found the south side to be so shoal that in many places at 100 yards from the shore there was only four or five feet of water. In order to have the free use of this side of the island, it was proposed and agreed that the boundary lines should be 100 yards from the shores of all islands, and if the space between the opposite shores was less than 200 yards, then the boundary line should be the middle between the two shores, and the distance of 100 yards also gives free space for the construction of rafts to both nations."

The above will explain many things in connection with Ontario's boundary line; why the islands adjacent to Kingston are Canadian, and why Grand Island in the Niagara belongs to the United States; why the dividing line follows such an irregular course through the Thousand Islands, and why the main channel of the lower Detroit River is entirely in Canadian territory. In connection with the last mentioned it is interesting to be told that the United States Government has spent large sums of money in Canadian waters in improving the channel.

David Thompson was a remarkable man, and a few notes about his life may be of interest. He was born at Westminster, England, on the 30th of April, 1770. After a few years at the "Blue Coat School," he received further training at some English College, probably at Oxford, and then entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. His journal begins with 1789. In 1797 he transferred his services to the Great North West Company and for many years worked about the upper waters of the Mississippi, along the Red R'ver, and around the shores of Lake Superior. His footsteps are to be found even on the Pacific Coast where the Great Thompson River still bears his name. In 1812 he settled down at Terrebonne, Quebec, and there he put the results of his twenty years explorations on a large map of western Canada, which for many years has been carefully preserved by the Ontario Crown Lands Department, along with his books of notes and astronomical observations. From 1816 to 1826 he was engaged in surveying and defining the boundary line between Upper Canada and the United States. For many years he lived at Williamstown in Glengarry County. His last years were spent in straitened circumstances. He died at Longueuil, near Montreal, 16th February, 1857, and his remains lie in the Mount Royal Cemetery at Montreal. His wife, whom he had married as a young girl in the North-West in 1799, followed him three months later.

H. H. Bancroft has given us this description of David Thompson : "Tall and fine looking, of sandy complexion, with large features, deep set studious eyes, high forehead and broad shoulders, the intellectual was well set upon the physical." This is the picture of the man—fur trader, explorer, geographer, astronomer, geologist and palæontologist—a remarkable man, who served his adopted country well, and who deserved a more enjoyable and peaceable old age. We of to-day are enjoying in no small measure the results of the work of this pioneer, and we should preserve with gratitude the memory of David Thompson.*

* For further information see the following : "A Brief Narrative of the Journeys of David Thompson in Northwestern America," by J. B. Tyrrell in the Canadian Institute Proceedings for 1888. Also "New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest—The Journals of Alexander Henry and of David Thompson," by Elliott Coues, New York, Francis P. Harper, 1897.





Toronto Bay.

THE ships sail east, and the ships sail west,
 Out on the broad, befriending breast
 Of the inland, beautiful sea—
 The flowing, sapphire sea—
 And the gulls come in at the grey wind's call,
 The storm fire flashes, the rain clouds fall,
 Full many a mile away ;
 But the strong ships weather the beating gales,
 And moonlight breaks on their gleaming sails
 Unreefed to-night on the Bay.

The ships sail east, and the ships sail west,
 And follows my heart on a secret quest
 Under the sun and the stars—
 The sun, and the moon, and the stars,
 In shadow and shine—and the oldwives cry
 "Cowheen, cowheen," as my sail slips by—
 O whither dost sail to-day ?
 Under the luminous heaven yonder,
 Out by the cliffs the white gulls wander,
 And I alone on the Bay.

The ships sail east, and the ships sail west,
With ever at heart the old unrest
 Of the people who follow the sea—
 The ancient, secret sea—
And the idle oldwives flock and trail
In the pathway blue of my vagrant sail,
 The happy, livelong day ;
While to and fro I fare and listen,
And ever watch for the faint, first glisten
 Of a golden prow on the Bay.

The ships of the east, and the ships of the west,
Homeward ride o'er the windy breast
 Of the glimmering, beautiful sea—
 The blue, gull-haunted sea—
And thou and I in the violet light,
Heart o' my heart, at the fall of the night,
 Creep out by the lighthouse way—
While ever atrail of our white lateen
The oldwives cry "Cowheen, cowheen,"
 Over the shadowy Bay.

—*Helen M. Merrill.*



Browning and Clough—A Comparison.

BY J. N. McILWRAITH.

THERE have not been, in the century now closed, two worthier exponents of Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry, "a criticism of life," than Robert Browning and Arthur Hugh Clough. Both are supremely concerned with the innermost struggles of the human soul in its endeavor to comprehend the aim of its existence, and each in his own method criticizes with powerful pen the varied aspects of human life. They are knights errant, warring against shams and insincerities, tilting at dogma and intolerance wheresoever they are encountered. Truth-hunters they may be called, but from each excursion into the wilds after that ever-elusive damsel, they return with renewed allegiance to the fireside maiden, Duty, whose charms, though less brilliant, are the more lasting.

Browning and Clough are evolutionists in a broad sense of the term. Accepting the inference drawn from observation of the lower forms of life, they believe that we are here for development—

" Why stay we on the earth
Except to grow ? "

And in voicing the doubts that arise concerning the road upon which to progress, the path in which duty lies, they give utterance to the problem that meets every earnest entity. Such an one finds in "Dipsychus" and in "Paracelsus," studies of soul evolution that suggest an ideal of life frequently opposed to the conventional standard which for him may have become impossible.

The didactic principle is not unduly prominent in either poet. They do not profess to give results, they describe processes only. As in the case of any great work of art, the value of their performances rests in that faithful delineation of subject possible to those alone who have learned to see things as they are.

Browning is an architect who deals in abstraction more than in imitation, for though he has shown himself to be master of the lesser art, he prefers to accomplish his grandest effects through striking contrasts of light and shade, shape and mass. As a painter he would be classed with the impressionists. Wonderfully vivid are his pictures if you can get his point of view, but he disdains to fill in all the details, that the most casual observer may catch his meaning.

Clough also is open to the charge of obscurity, but he is never wilfully incomprehensible, as Browning often appears to be, and he can plead Not Guilty of conspiring in any plot so complicated as "Sordello." Themes bearing upon the inner consciousness cannot be discussed in language that he who runs may read.

"Home Thoughts from Abroad," and the introduction to each canto of "Amours de Voyage," yield adequate testimony to the keen love of Mother Nature animating these two latter-day poets, but, unlike Wordsworth and Keats, they break loose from the leading strings.

"Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken from half of human fate," and that half, in the estimation of Browning and Clough, is the all-important section. They are "thinkers, rather than dreamers."

Throughout the poetry of both men there is exhibited a contempt for externals that leads one to suppose they deem the matter everything, the manner nothing. They appear to believe that verse was made for man, not man for verse, and treat their instrument accordingly, but nevertheless each has the happy knack of correlating style and subject. When for a season they cease to dig in the mines of philosophy, and come forth to breathe the outer air, the ruggedness vanishes from their expression. Browning writes "Cavalier Tunes," in which one can hear the galloping of horses; and in "Dipsy-chus" Clough changes his metre continually, to adapt it to the varying sentiments of the hero and the Spirit.

This characteristic is specially prominent in the humorous writing of both poets. Clough's verse seems almost flippant at times, so short are the lines, so terse the expression, and in reading some poem by Browning one might be in doubt if he really meant to amuse did not the metre betray the intentional fun. The humor of both is no superficial effervescence, the outcome of animal vitality, but has its roots deep down in the life of the mind. The wit of Clough is satirical, frequently lacks the genial element, and might fitly be styled "the religious bitter," while that of Browning, though occasionally cynical and often grotesque, is full of the "warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence," which Carlyle describes as the essence of humor.

Clough is more egotistical and therefore less dramatic than Browning. He never gets far enough away from his identity to enter into that of another. In "Dipsy-chus" he depicts his own wrestlings with the World Spirit, his own many-sided views of the good and evil that turn into a battle-ground the heart of every man.

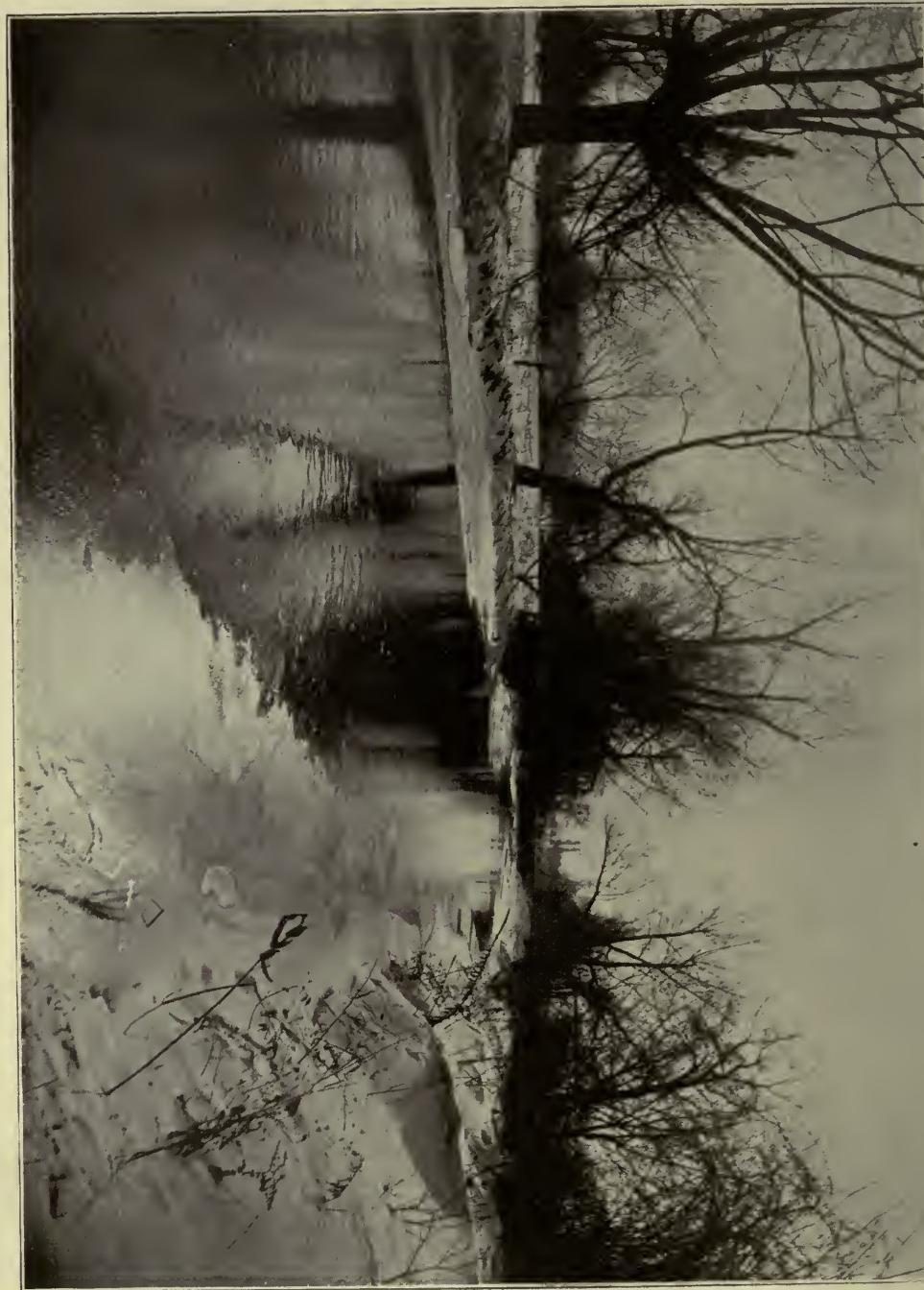
In "A Soul's Tragedy," on the contrary, Browning paints a masterly picture of the same conflict in a type of mind entirely unlike his own. The *motif* of every poem that Clough has written seems to have been drawn from his personal experience, and we can follow his moods, grave and gay, doubting and hopeful, but Browning shows himself the greater artist in his power to efface his individuality in his work. His trade-mark is stamped upon the style, but in each of his dramatic monologues he enters so fully into the personality of the speaker that, as with Shakespeare, many questions arise respecting the opinions of the poet himself. Towards the mental suicide of *Waring*, for example, does Browning extend the more pity or blame? He makes us love his creations, Pompilia, Pippa, and the rest, but Clough makes us love himself, that often sorely-beset self, with too tender a conscience to retain a lucrative fellowship at Oxford, too highly-strung a temperament to endure the unappreciation of a Philistine world.

"It irked him to be here, he could not rest,"

writes Matthew Arnold of "Thyrsis," his name for Clough. Without doubt he was a more sensitive man than Browning, and there is, too, a youthful buoyancy about some of his writing that does not appear even in the earliest work of the other. There is nothing so "young" in the whole of Browning as Clough's "Bothie," a humorous description of a long vacation holiday in Scotland. We cannot imagine the author of "The Ring and the Book" ever going off on a tour with "the other fellows." But Clough's good times are never destined to last. His fate it is ever to return to the key-note :

" To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain,
And give oneself a world of pain ;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Imperious, supple—God knows what,
For what's all one to have or not ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive."

Browning is by far the better balanced soul of the two. He inclines to optimism, while Clough leans towards pessimism, but the reason for this may be that Clough died at forty-three, while Browning lived to that good old age which is supposed to give men calmer and less



THE HUMBER—NEAR TORONTO.

exacting views of life. The latter was more the man of the world, exercising a humorous tolerance even towards the crustaceans of society, while the profundity of his learning and the depth of his researches opened to him scores of topics that never came within the scope of the former. Clough could not attempt to write on music and painting in Browning's subjective manner, nor does he resemble him in giving pre-eminence to Love, the different varieties of the species and its diverse effects upon human life and character.

Clough is distinctly a religious poet, for although he may seem to have as little respect as Browning himself for positive religion, the older man appears to be satisfied with his creed, while the younger gives the impression that he would fain be orthodox if he could, and he is never sufficiently at rest, spiritually, to cease from introspection.

Probably Browning's stronger physique gave him a brighter outlook upon life, and the world was kinder to him than to Clough, as it generally is to the one less dependent upon its sympathy.

Clough is always young, but Browning is never old. The latter speaks ever from the height of experience, if not of age, and we look up to him with intense admiration, but comparing the personality of the two men, it is Clough that appeals to us the more. He is down with the rest in the thick of the fight, and though he may not, like Browning, be able to "Greet the Unseen with a cheer," he can say to his fellow wrestlers, of whom he has left many behind :

" Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain ;
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

" If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

" For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

" And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright."

Forty Days' Canoe Trip to Hudson's Bay.

BY A. J. BRACE.

MOOSE FACTORY is the headquarters or chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company in Northern Canada, and is situated on an island in James Bay at the mouth of the Moose River. There are only two ways of supplying this extreme post with provisions—by the Arctic Ocean, when for a few weeks in summer the channel is clear of ice, and the overland route, following the river by canoe. The latter is a very expensive mode of travel as the trip is long, arduous and accompanied by no small amount of danger. Consequently one ship a year to Hudson's Bay carries supplies for twelve months and returns to England with the year's catch of raw fur, and only occasionally is the overland trip taken to augment the provision supply.

When in the north this summer at Chapleau, two hundred miles west of Sudbury, I was asked to take charge of an overland trip to Moose Factory with provisions for a Parisian Manufacturing Fur Company which had commenced business in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, and which is familiarly known as the Opposition. I gladly consented.

My South African experience had been an excellent preparation for such a journey, and this was a practical way to spend a college vacation. The salary offered was good, but the prospect of excellent experience was still more inviting. Accordingly, on July 27th, we took the water at Missanabie, north of Lake Superior, and began the long trek northward. The canoe was a staunch Peterboro', thirty-two feet long, and nicely held our cargo of a ton and a half and seven men. The crew was composed of two experienced Indian guides, two French clerks for the Opposition, a French-Canadian, a Scandinavian and the writer—a cosmopolitan company. From Dog Lake we portaged the Height of Land into Crooked Lake, then into the Missanabie River which goes by that name until its confluence with the Abitibi, when it is known as the Moose.



A. J. BRACE.

The portaging at first was severe work, for while we ran more than one hundred rapids still we were forced to portage thirty-five times. These portages varied in length from a quarter to two miles, and many were exceedingly rough, and made well nigh impassable by fallen trees. We regulated the weight of our loads by the condition and length of the portage. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds was the "white man's burden," the experienced Indian packers often carried from three to four hundred pounds for short distances. The mode of packing was the primitive Indian style with pack on your back and the strap over the forehead. After the first few days' packing I feared I would never again wear my size sixteen collars; the glands of my neck swelled alarmingly and felt rather stiff, but the

vicious attacks of the large sized and ravenous mosquitoes of that climate gave good lubricating exercise, and I was soon able, after a little experience, to portage my two hundred pounds.

Shooting the rapids was a most inspiring sensation. In this art the Cree Indians are adepts and have developed to a large degree the much needed confidence in their ability to perform



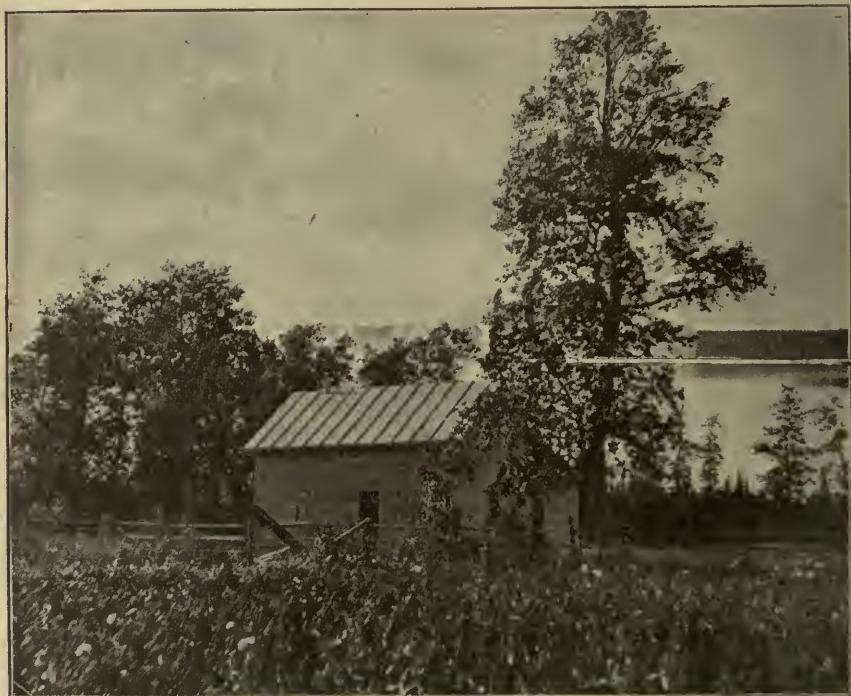
AN INDIAN PACKER.

Load, 300 lbs.

these dangerous feats. Some of the rapids were two miles in length, and were boiling torrents of foam, swirling around innumerable, visible and invisible, jagged rocks and boulders, yet the eagle eye of the Indian bowsman detected them all, and his sharp exclamations of command were quickly and most dexterously responded to by the ever alert and sure steersman.

The most exciting experience of the trip was at the well-known "Long Portage," in what is known as the "Hellgate Rapids," which are well named, as the graves on the bank of the river further down testify. The Long Portage of two miles is a trail around one and a half miles of the river where a series of violent falls and rapids make a difference in level of one hundred and forty feet. At the base of this the "Hellgate Rapids" begin. Around this there is no portage

trail, as the rocks on both sides of the river are fifty feet high. So here we placed our canoe in the water, loaded it and began the terrible two mile shoot. The speed soon attained was about fourteen miles an hour. The Indian bowsman and steersman stood at their posts with set faces and with a firm grip on their paddles ; rock after rock was passed, curve after curve was safely rounded, and soon the "Hellgate" proper appeared. The passage is narrow and the water surged wildly. In the centre a large rock loomed up and about ten feet from it was



COTTAGE HOSPITAL FOR SICK AND AGED INDIANS, MOOSE FACTORY.

another almost submerged. Every man held his breath ; it was a moment of terrible suspense, but like an arrow the canoe shot through the gap, narrowly missing the last rock. It was a treat to breathe easy again and to glide along in calm water.

Our daily menu was prepared from flour, pork and beans. There being no cook, the writer, from past experience on the veldt, was elected to that most honorable position. All went well until, in spite

of our most strenuous efforts to avoid it, the wet got into our baking powder. Naturally all the "riz" departed. Just about this time our pork ran short, and of course when pork was short our luck was also off in the hunting line, so for a few days we fed on the proverbial "dough-boys." These are manufactured out of flour and water, rolled into a ball shape, and then boiled for fifteen minutes. We ate "dough-boys" for breakfast, dinner and supper, then dreamed terrible dreams over them all night long. But our strenuous work prevented



A MOOSE FACTORY GARDEN.

indigestion, and even in spite of four steady weeks' rain out of the six that we travelled, and the determined onslaught of mosquitoes and the chilling effects of damp blankets, we thoroughly enjoyed every night's sleep on the forest floor. Ordinarily our success in hunting and fishing was excellent. We fed almost continuously on moose, venison, wild goose, duck, trout, pike and bass.

About one hundred and fifty miles north of the Canadian Pacific

Railway we crossed the "try line" of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad and met several gangs of Indians portaging supplies for the prospectors and surveyors. This line, running through the centre of the great clay belt, is tapping a magnificent and broad stretch of fertile country. The clay belt is about one hundred miles in width, and extends as far west as Keewatin, and the prairies of the great West which, yet untouched in these regions, roll on to the Rockies. We found the soil a splendid clay loam to the average depth of fifteen inches. There is little or no large pine, but there are immense tracts of tamarac, spruce and poplar that will yield the best ties, poles



A CAMP NEAR MOOSE FACTORY.

and pulp wood ; in fact, the supply of pulp wood in this vast country, which is all New Ontario right back to James Bay, is practically inexhaustible. The evidences of coal, copper and iron are many and prominent. I picked up a nugget of gold half the size of a five cent piece and eagerly looked in the sand for more. My Indian guide told me of a discovery of free gold by Indians some years ago near this place, which is a secret among them. We also found miles and miles of gypsum and mica, and also a lake of pitch, discovered accidentally by an Indian while chasing a fox. When this great railroad is built we shall have easy access to these immense resources. One can hardly presume to imagine the wealth that even our own fair province

is going to reveal in the future days when this new continental railway is an accomplished fact.



PRIMITIVE SAW MILL AT MOOSE FACTORY.

the long run is cheaper. The proposed route of the Grand Trunk Pacific is through a country of great rivers. The Albany, Moose, Mattagami and Abitibi, with their innumerable tributaries and lakes have created a most fertile country which promises the finest agricul-

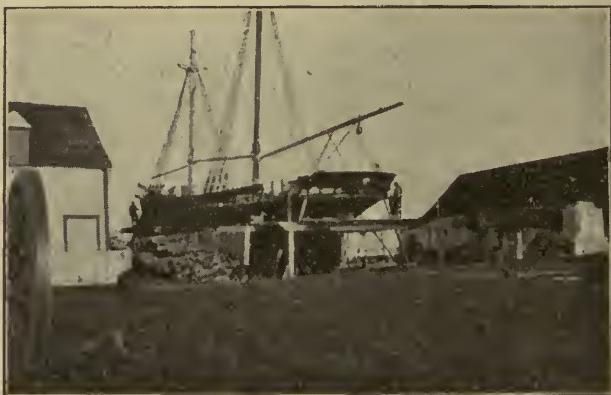
This road will be less expensive in building than the Canadian Pacific Railway, but possibly not as substantial. The promoters of our Dominion railroad girdle followed the Height of Land to evade bridge building. The rock cutting was slow and expensive, but the roadbed is solid and lasting, and consequently in



HUDSON'S BAY BLOCKHOUSE.

tural land in Ontario, but will of necessity increase the cost of railroad construction by reason of the necessary bridge work. Nevertheless, it is already evident that the natural productions of this vast Ontario of ours will warrant the expense.

After seventeen days' hard toil we arrived at Moose Factory and were warmly received by the occupants of the Opposition post, whose supplies were greatly reduced, and indeed approaching the



HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY SHIP—DOCKED.

vanishing point. Being in the service of the Opposition we experienced some difficulty purchasing small supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company for the return trip; but being transients we were privileged and

pleased to pay sixty cents per pound for baking powder, thirty for lard and five for salt. We found there a pretty little town of some three hundred and fifty Indians and half-breeds. There were about twenty whites who were mostly Hudson Bay Company officials. Bishop Newnham, of the Moosomée District, resides there in a beautiful house, and the Bishop's wife,

who is a daughter of the late Canon Henderson, of Diocesan College, Montreal, was exceedingly kind to me, and humorously remarked that the Bishop was out on one of his regular afternoon calls three hundred miles across Hudson's Bay; that he had been away a month and was expected home in about six weeks.



THE BISHOP'S GARDEN, MOOSE FACTORY.

It was funny to hear the questions asked regarding the outside world by these good people, who receive mail regularly once a year, sometimes oftener when trips like ours are made. They did not hear of Queen Victoria's death until three months after it had occurred. They heard of the Coronation several months ahead, and knowing not of its changed date most ceremoniously celebrated the day. One Hudson's Bay factor showed me how he attempted to keep abreast of the times. When his yearly budget of daily newspapers arrived he filed them, and began on the first of January to read his paper every morning, but just a year behind the times. I was amused to find an Eaton catalogue in the town, and a young lady gave me the money for an order to Eaton's for the forwarding of some article she would receive possibly a year later.

After four days' rest in this pretty little salt sea island village we commenced our homeward voyage. Though having no cargo the return trip was painfully slow and wearisome. Although going south it was upstréam, and day by day the order was to pole up the furious rapids inch by inch, and when shallow enough wade out and "Shogonawbi," as the Indians call hauling on a two hundred foot line. Thus by pushing, pulling, paddling, poling and portaging we made our way back to the welcome Canadian Pacific Railway line.



SUNDAY CAMP ON MOOSE RIVER.

Acta Victoriana.

My Methodist Girl.

MY Methodist girl is trim and sweet
 And as light as an eagle's plume
 As gold as the grain, as red as a rose,
 And as white as a thorn in bloom.
 Demure and grave you'd think she is,
 But ever she's glad and gay ;
 Ah ! she is the blessedest, dear little Methodist
 Ever knelt down to pray !

Of lovers my darling had ninety and nine ;
 They weren't enough—how odd !
 She found a bum in a down town slum
 And handed me over to God.
 She pointed out a higher life,
 She taught me a better way ;
 Ah ! she is the blessedest, dear little Methodist
 Ever knelt down to pray !

She goes to church both morn and night ;
 Lose her ?—they couldn't stir ;
 She leads the choir with voice of fire,
 And I walk home with her.
 She is my altar and my shrine,
 She is my Sabbath day ;
 Ah ! she is the blessedest, dear little Methodist
 Ever knelt down to pray !

The ladder of life is far and high,
 Its top the heavens among ;
 And every day, in her winsome way,
 She helps me up a rung.
 I kiss the hand that steadies me—
 I'll hold it soon for aye—
 For she is the blessedest, dear little Methodist
 Ever knelt down to pray.

THE KHAN.

"He Began to Be in Want."

BY MARJORY MACMURCHY.

IT was Max Muller who first pointed out the amusement one might derive from the contemplation of how easily and frequently our brothers, the indigent, get the better of us—not merely by way of obtaining an alms, which would be a somewhat simple triumph; but in showing us clearly that in intelligence, if we have the upper hand now and then, it is only when they do not care to enter the contest. Generally speaking, the indigent so to speak, go us one better, and frequently in a humorous way, for which we should be all the more obliged to them. There is much amusement to be obtained from the contemplation of one's own second place in matters of dexterity. Perhaps, however, it is necessary to have as a background some one thing at which you are convinced that you can make a tolerable appearance. If you can cook decently, or place an insurance policy in spite of some prepossession in another direction, you don't mind becoming the victim of the superior intelligence of an hereditary idler now and then. At the same time, anyone who finds in himself an inclination to pursue such an amusement should be warned that the taste for telling about your own defects once acquired is not lightly to be shaken off. Max Muller himself is a case in point. He clearly was never able to conceal the occasions when the other man outdistanced him; but then he had an acknowledged superiority in Sanscrit to fall back upon. Perhaps the warning will be sufficiently strong if it is confined to those who have not acquired a superiority in anything. If this large and interesting class are not, therefore, very careful in telling jokes with the point set against themselves, they will find an element of sorrowful agreement in the countenances of their friends, which they had not regarded as a necessary part of the situation when they first looked at it. Of course there are some people who have a special gift for seeing a joke in the single proper light in which it is meant to be seen; they may at any time form an audience to which the most non-superior person may confide the true story of how he was not the one with the capacity for seeing furthest into a stone wall. But to give an example of the particular humorous situation which one has been attempting to describe. Again one can not do better than take an example from Max Muller, although in this case it was not an impecunious person who illustrated the humor of one's

own fallibility. He had on one occasion the honor of a visit from a grave-looking person evidently come from the East. The Eastern made suitable greetings by way of graceful genuflection, and addressed Max Muller at length in what was to him an unknown tongue. After considering the sounds with the care which only a philologist can give to that kind of thing, Max Muller informed the grave-looking person in some one of the tongues now more generally in use, say English or German, that he was unable to understand him. Whereupon the Eastern, who had every appearance of carrying about with him a great reverence for Max Muller, shed tears, and seemed greatly cast down in his mind. The matter finally resolved itself into the following situation: The grave-looking person was a lesser philologist who had all his life-time regarded Max Muller as the greatest living master of Sanscrit. He had, after some lengthened desire on the subject, succeeded in meeting this greatly-to-be-regarded authority; and when he very properly addressed him in the language with which he was supposed to be more familiar than any other person in the world, behold the great scholar had not even an idea what language it was that was being brought to his attention. Whereupon, as has been previously stated, the grave-looking person wept. The story, of course, was told in the first place by Max Muller, one need not think twice about that; and it is on the whole a pretty fair example of the contemplation of the humorous in connection with one's own identity. There is, also, the historic example of the begging gentleman who passed himself off as Max Muller's only brother, and occasioned much inconvenience and shock to his friends. Indeed the subject has been greatly enriched by the Muller contributions, even to the early morning when Tennyson threw the Muller chops out of the window into the Muller garden because he did not care about having chops for breakfast. And here one comes to the dividing of the ways. Which shall be pursued? The inquiry relating to the frame of mind of those who, as the world says, "live by their wits": what is it that gives them this superior dexterity when they meet and vanquish those on whom they depend for their bread and necessary amusement, generally creating a situation which is not without its compensations even for those who have been victimized? Or shall we consider what happens in our own minds when we find ourselves amusing to ourselves and to the poor? for philosophers have said that a feeling of superiority is the greatest part of laughter. As is generally the case, the indigent would seem to be the more interesting

subject. How is it, then, that when you come to dealing with them on anything like equal terms the advantage is commonly not on your own side?

This excludes at once, of course, all treatment with those who need something from you when you meet them in institutions. There is nothing equal about such terms. But when they meet you on the front doorstep, to which it is supposed you have a prior claim; when you happen to step off a street car at the same moment; or the rest of the world moves off to a distance and you are left to cope with a case of ten miles to walk and no way to get there but on its own feet, which as anyone can see are not equipped for that distance—then the terms are equal to some slight extent at least, and if you don't go away under the authority of a greater master of circumstance than you are yourself, you go away feeling that it is somewhat dangerous to carry about habitually a heart as hard as your own. In either case, you see, you have not had the best of it. What gives your brother, or sister, this superiority? Some of it at least is due to a very skilful use of the lever which is supplied to anyone who can claim the relationship evolved in being the same kind of person as you are yourself. How would you like to walk ten miles with feet like mine, and all you have to do is to look at them! Or just compare yourself with what I am for a moment. You had a breakfast this morning—where was mine? What do you think of the clothes I have on? I have looked at yours, and formed an opinion on them. What, after all, is it that makes such a difference between us? And do you think you deserve the difference anyway? There doesn't need to be any bitterness or anger in the indigent's glance. Indeed, the further on he has gone in the science of making you realize what you are the more likely there is to be a humorous light in the eye that is turned briefly in your direction. "I am not cross about it," the eye seems to say. "Why in the world then should you be? But what, anyway, do you think makes the difference between us? Fairly large, isn't it? And do you think it is reason enough?"

The chances are that no particularly adequate answer occurs to you. Because perhaps there is none. The great argument, generally delivered in rather a slighting manner, has gone exactly where it was meant to go; and you succumb to a realization of the entire unity there is between you and that other particular representative of the race. Don't mind about it, however—it is no very bad sign of the kind of person you are. The more often you give way to generous impulses the more frequently you will find yourself in a position when

the argument can be applied with great effect, as was the case with the believing-in-doing-good young lady who saw that another woman at the end of the car had some difficulty in alighting when it came to the street agreed on between herself and the conductor. The believing-in-doing-good young lady hastened to her assistance, not at first with the intention of definitely abandoning the car she was on, although that became necessary afterwards. She saw as soon as she came close to her purposed mission that the assistance needed was very extensive indeed ; in fact it extended through the rest of the afternoon, for there are not many houses, or institutions, which will accept a lady who cannot walk without assistance through her own inability to refuse liquid refreshment, even when shelter is asked for her by a young lady of the best intentions. But she did get shelter for her charge eventually, and they remained in some degree amiable acquaintances, if not friends, while the young lady in question returned to her family absorbed in the broad humanity of the situation, not without a certain inclination to regard herself as the victim of a jocularity. In what possible way had the lady in need of assistance accomplished this feat ? By leaning heavily and trustfully on the young lady's arm, and remarking, with a full realization of what she meant by it, that she, the young lady, knew how a lady felt when such things happened to her. But such experiences are really rather common. If they haven't come your way it is because you have, somewhat unwisely, secluded yourself from them. There are people, of course, who are too absorbed in other interests to be spontaneously claimed on the street as a brother, or to be reminded when the day's work is but beginning that an incidental connection with humanity involves a necessity to eat. The greater hurry you are in the less likely you are to hear of the interesting but disastrous experiences of a man no older than you are yourself who has lived through floods and earthquakes more than sufficient to have wrecked your working constitution. If you are a student examining a problem during your entire lunch hour, or if you are thinking exclusively of Her, no one is likely to ask your attention to the question of when he last had a meal. It is necessary to display a certain interest in your surroundings before you can hope to be in touch with this kind of thing, although there are people who seem to have a natural attraction for those who are in want. Merely to live in a house, or to cross a street, is sufficient opportunity for them to come in contact with the experiencing element. And one can't help feeling that, as in the case of the approval of dogs and children, the man who is asked for

five cents at least once a week is likely to belong to the highest society. But when the gentleman in need of assistance meets someone whom he can approach without too much ceremony, he is likely to go very far. It is on these occasions that he will return for the purpose of pointing out to you where your assistance has been defective ; there are points at which your well meant contribution does not meet exactly the want you meant it to supply. These occasions are often heightened to an extraordinary degree by the apparently accidental circumstances which surround them. You are, for instance, left alone in the house. The door bell rings ; and there are the aprons come home, which you in the pursuit of a righteous life had ordered when you did not want them, from the wife of the man who looked after your furnace five years ago. You accept the aprons and pay for them, only to discover later that your sister had already paid for them partly in advance. But that was really hard luck ; it does not always happen or the righteous life would sometimes seem discouraging. The door bell rings again. It is fortunate that when you are alone you are not overcome by an imagination of the dangers that may surround you without your knowing anything about them. Not that you haven't an imagination, but you have been brought up to believe that the door must be opened no matter who is there. This time it is a decent tradesman with a bill which you had wanted to pay last week. Not being afforded an opportunity by the tradesman to pay it then, you have spent the money in other entirely justifiable avenues. You have, fortunately, enough in the house to pay him. And when the door bell rings again you give three pennies—all you have left—to the brother with an obscure accent who requests, not particularly for pennies, but for anything. You feel vexed with your evening's entertainment without knowing exactly why. The door bell rings again, and the same brother—this time there can be no mistake about his having had something to sustain him under his difficulties—holds out the pennies to you in an uncertain but urgent hand. "Sister," he says earnestly, "they won't take these." But you insist on his keeping them, afterwards to wonder why. There are ways in which you could have made use of three cents, not to speak of six. Not that you could change the disposition of the gentleman who regards you as a near relation of his own if you tried. Nor, I trust, would you be willing to do it often if you had the power. For there must be something extremely valuable for the rest of us if we could but discover it in the application of what Job meant when he said, "Was not my soul grieved for the poor?"

A Song in Triolets.

TIME is old, and Life is brief,
 Youth and Spring are too soon over;
 At the redd'ning of the leaf,
 At the golding of the sheaf,
 Change and age would have your lover.
 Time is old, and Life is brief,
 Youth and Spring are too soon over.

Life is brief, and Time is old!
 Yea, but Love can never age,
 Nor the lips he touched grow cold.
 Love is gentle. Love is bold.
 Love is reckless. Love is sage.
 Life is brief, and Time is old!
 Yea, but Love can never age.

Princess, by the ageless lure—
 Princess, by the dauntless rhyme—
 (While the changeless stars endure)
 Gay, and fearless, and demure,
 You and I shall challenge Time.
 Princess, by thy ageless lure!
 Princess, by my dauntless rhyme!

—*Theodore Roberts.*



A Star that Led,

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY sat alone in her drawing-room after dinner. It was a room made to hold a host of people, and the solitary woman being but small of stature was absorbed and lost in the carpeted expanse of it.

She had drawn her chair close to the fire, as though insensibly seeking its companionship, and she still held in her fingers a telegram which had been delivered an hour before.

It stated, in the brutally brief way they have, that a certain cousin—much beloved—who had promised to stop a month with her, was ill and the visit indefinitely postponed.

Mrs. Willoughby would consequently spend Christmas alone.

After a while she rose and crossed to a window, her black gown trailing behind and making a blot on the brightness of the place. Pulling back the curtain she looked out.

Beyond was a silver-white world with a full moon sailing above it—a moon circled with a violet mist that was again enclosed by a faint golden ring.

"What a night!" she said, softly. "What a night!" Something of the peace of it came to her troubled soul, for the country with the snow lying over it was so silent—so perfect. All the creatures on the farms were housed in comfort, all the little wild things were sleeping warmly in God's care, some in the hollows of the trees, some in the close guarding of the brown earth. If any chanced to be awake because the bright light made them restless, they but glided like shadows from place to place disturbing nothing.

"On such a night," thought the woman, "years ago—the shepherds watched their flocks upon the Bethlehem hills, and out of the East came the three wise men, travelling slowly on their camels, following the star. No," she had forgotten, "there would be no snow in that distant country, but there might have been a night like this, and a sky with violet clouds and the same moon pitilessly unmoved by the sorrows of the ages."

"The moon links all the years together," she said to herself, "and Bethlehem always comes to a woman's mind on Christmas Eve." Then she sighed and pressed her face against the cold glass.

Last year, on such a night, Bertie came home with the two cadets from Halifax to spend the holidays. She had filled the house with young people then, and let them hold high carnival.

Oh ! the holly and the mistletoe and cedar they had fastened up,—and the rush of life through the hall—and the mirth and gladness !

There had been little dances in the evenings, with the harpers down from the city ; and skating parties in the afternoon, when the river was dotted with color and echoed to the sound of fresh young voices ; and finally there was the ball, a mad and merry affair, to which the whole country-side came, on the eve of the cadet's departure. He had so loved gaiety,—her dear lad,—had so loved light and music and the passing show. Ah ! well ! he had gathered his roses while he might and they did not weary him. He left while the glamour of life was still upon it.

Around her heart as she thought came the tightening of a sharp pain.

"People always said she spoiled him ;—perhaps—it did not matter now. Although he was headstrong and wilful, he had not given her any real trouble, and then—every one spoiled him. Even the college boys called him 'handsome Bertie Willoughby,' and idolized him because he was the first athlete of them all."

No—he had never studied very hard ; she remembered the unsatisfactory reports with a little sigh. But that was long past.

Possibly during the past few years he had grown a bit wild ; a trifle too fond of horses and games of chance. One could not put old heads on young shoulders,—and time would have mended all that.

Looking back over his life she could only recall one thing in his actions that really disturbed her or caused her acute unhappiness. As she thought of it even yet her lips set themselves into a straight unyielding line.

There had been a girl—. A year before she had taken into her employ, as seamstress, a certain little maid with too pretty a face and a manner above her station. It was for these very reasons, perhaps, she befriended her, and because she happened to be an orphan, the daughter of an old gunsmith, who was also a marvellous straight shot, and therefore well known in other days to her husband.

She had not dreamt that Bertie—Oh ! it was a foolhardy and mistaken thing to do, she now admitted,—and she should have read the future and better known the ways of men.

The irony of the thought that she—even she herself—placed temptation in her son's way was bitter yet.

There had been a flirtation of one kind or another between them, if not something more serious, and when her eyes were opened to it, in the first white heat of passion, she had sent the girl away, she knew not where and cared less.

Her son's anger, on discovering this, but made her realize how dangerously near he had gone to a real entanglement. Her own actions were justified she felt at the time, and her conscience sustained her now.

She had said nothing. To have discussed the matter would have been beneath her dignity. Who knows what opposition in such affairs might do. So she ended it as best she could, and if he had not forced her to speak, the episode would have passed in silence.

As it was he had turned upon her with hot, unforgettable words,—then packed up his traps and gone to town, leaving her desperately wretched but unrepentant. When he returned a few days later, peace was restored, and he seemed in his careless, light-hearted way to have erased all memory of any trouble from his mind.

Things went on the same, and they never by look or word referred to the unhappy affair. Still to-night the remembrance of that girl came back with troublesome persistency. The woman fancied she saw her as she used to bend over her sewing in the sunny room, her yellow curly hair shining under the small cap that was so unnecessarily becoming. She thought of the girl's face when she sent her away, of its tragical whiteness, and the strange, frightened look in her eyes.

Perhaps she had cared—. Who could tell? She might have imagined him to be in earnest, poor little fool—him, Edward Willoughby, the heir to all the millions of gold and the traditions of his father's house. Well, she had gone quietly, with none of the reproaches or outbursts that are usual with those of her class, and though it all happened six months ago, no word had come from her since.

Mrs. Willoughby drew the curtain and shut out the lovely winter night. "Oh! why should she weary over these old mistakes or evils," she thought, passionately. He was gone—nothing could change it, and there had fallen punishment enough without these thoughts and questions forcing their torment upon her.

He was taken away by violence; they brought him home after a fall from his horse, and he only lived an hour. He knew no one, and spoke but once, and that was not to call her name but the name of the girl,—the old gunsmith's daughter she had sent away in anger.

As she, his mother, kneeled by him he looked up with a flash of light in his eyes, and raised himself on one arm: "Ah, Nell," he said in a clear voice, "keep up courage, sweet one,—it will come—right in the end—forgive—."

That was all, but the dying words were branded on his mother's memory.

She woke up at midnight with the sound of them in her ears. They echoed in the wind about the house, the rain against the windows; they stared up at her from the open pages of books, they came again and again in mocking whispers, as though spoken beside her by unseen lips.

What had he meant? What thought had so dominated his mind that he spoke of it with his last breath? What would come right? Could he really have loved her—that girl? If not, why had he remembered her and forgotten his mother? And if he had so loved her,—then perhaps she—his mother—had been wrong, for love was love after all, and not lightly to be gone against.

The woman sank wearily into the chair before the fire, and leaning back, closed her eyes.

The night wore on, and the moon slipped like a pearl down the sky behind the shadowy hills, while in the East came the great morning star, luminous and clear, to take its place.

By and by a maid entered the drawing-room holding a candle, which she shaded with one hand. She looked about anxiously till she discovered her mistress half hidden in the chair by the hearth. Giving a startled cry, she went over and touched the sleeping woman.

"There's someone from the village beyond wanting to see you, madam," she said. "He won't give me the message."

Mrs. Willoughby opened her eyes slowly.

"I've been asleep, Catherine," she answered, rising wearily, "I was so tired. Some one to see me, you say? Who is it?"

"A man from the village, madam."

She followed the girl, the yellow candle light flickering through the darkened room and deserted halls.

At the outer door stood the man waiting uneasily. He pulled off his cap in clumsy fashion.

"Are you the lady?" he asked abruptly.

"I am Mrs. Willoughby," she answered.

"I am just a stranger passing through," he went on, "but at the inn, where I stopped over night, a girl came yesterday. She's been ill. They say she's asked for you over and over, but no one would come because as there's a report abroad that you'd had trouble betwixt you. So I come, for they say she won't get over it, and I, bein' the outsider that sees the game truest, reckoned perhaps you'd rather know."

"Who is she?" asked the woman, breathlessly.

"They called her Nell Scarth," he returned, "and said as she'd

been off somewhere and only come back yesterday. She's in sore trouble, mistress."

"Wait," she said. "Wait, I'll go with you. My cloak, Catherine,—the hooded one."

"Will you not have the carriage ordered, madam, or at least take me?" said the girl anxiously.

"No," she said, "thank you,—I will go alone."

The man went before and she followed across the unbroken snow and down the highway.

The star of the morning seemed to roll on before,—to beckon, as that other star perchance had beckoned the pilgrims of the past. About it was a soft and heavenly shining, and there was no other light in all the sky.

Ah! in the long ago those others had been led on to the Christ child, the divine child of peace, but she—to what was the star calling her—to what sin—to what new grief.

She kept pace behind the unknown man, following blindly, stumbling often where the drifts were deep.

Once he spoke. "It's getting towards morning, my lady."

"Yes," she said, "the dawn is coming."

"It's queer," he went on, "how folks die oftentimes at the dawning."

The long road wound at last to the village and clear before them, out of the misty grey of the East, making a pathway for their feet across the snow, led on the morning star. She seemed to walk in the golden track of its light.

The houses were all hushed and unreal, phantom houses they looked to be, that might melt away at sunrise. The man reached the inn, passed it, and went on.

"Is she not here?" asked the woman faintly.

"No," he answered. "They took her yonder to that little cottage where you see the light. There was no room," he ended, half apologetically, "you see—for that sort of a case."

"There was no room in the inn," she echoed softly.

"Oh! hasten on, sir, I am following, and I am not tired." All anger was slipping from her, all hatred and uncharitableness, and only pity was in its place.

He stopped at the rough door of the small house, opened it and passed in, the other close at his side.

The feeble crying of a new born baby came to them from where it lay in the arms of an old, old woman. She sat rocking back and forth

Acta Victoriana.

before the dying fire on the hearth, and crooned a little song. She only turned half round as they entered, and did not seem to wonder or take much notice.

A girl lay upon a bed at one end of the room, and by her stood a man Mrs. Willoughby recognized as a doctor from the town near by. There was none in the village.

A strange look was upon his face, forbidding and stern.

"She is dead, madam," he said, in his professional way. "There was some heart trouble. It would have been well if you had come before."

"I—I did not know, she cried with whitened lips,—“believe me, I did not know. It is Nellie Scarth, is it not? What of the child? Oh! tell me quickly.”

"He is your son's child," he answered, looking down at the trembling little figure. "She was his wife."

"His wife?" she said, in a bewildered way. "His wife?"

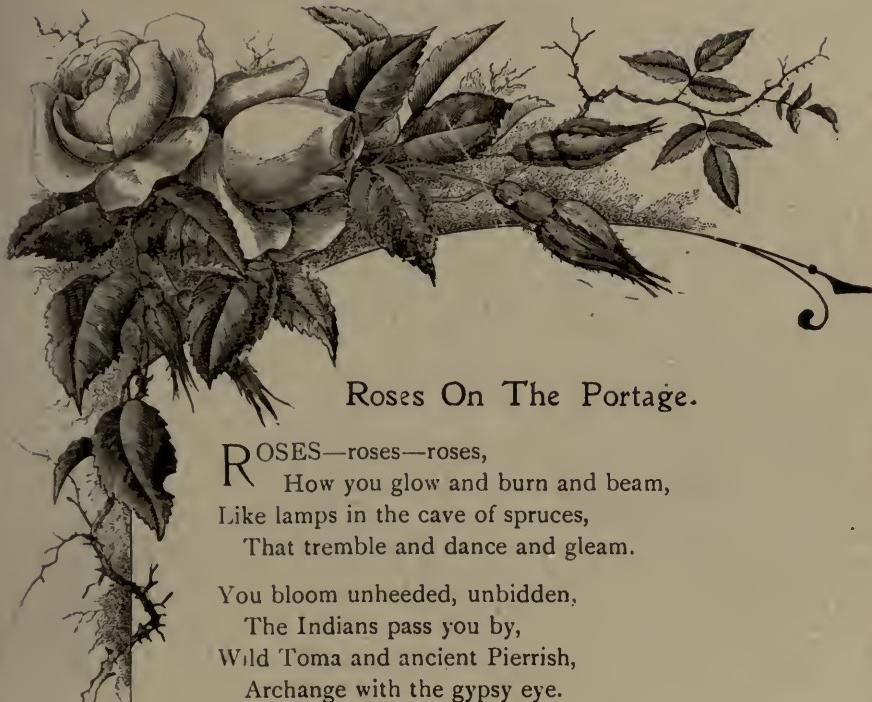
"Yes," he replied, lifting one still hand, "there is the ring—and there are papers beneath her pillow which prove it. However, it was her secret which she kept well, and now it is yours. The world need never know it, madam. We medical men are used to keeping silence."

"The world!" she answered with a bitter cry, and falling on her knees by the bed. "Oh! what do I care for it? The world shall know. I will atone. I will atone. She shall come home and be laid beside him. For the child—it is God who has sent him to me because I was alone and broken-hearted, and without faith or hope. Do you not understand? Do you not understand?"

"Yes," he answered, "Yes, I do."

The woman rose unsteadily and crossed to where the old dame, deaf and half blind, still rocked to and fro and crooned the little song. "Give him to me," she cried softly, holding out her arms, "he is mine."

And as she wrapped her cloak about him and gathered him close and warm against her heart, the golden shining of the newly risen sun came in at the windows, for it was Christmas morning.



Roses On The Portage.

ROSES—roses—roses,
How you glow and burn and beam,
Like lamps in the cave of spruces,
That tremble and dance and gleam.

You bloom unheeded, unbidden,
The Indians pass you by,
Wild Toma and ancient Pierrish,
Archange with the gypsy eye.

You might catch in their dusky raiment,
Wild with the odor of smoke,
And your dew would be shaken and scattered,
Your petals all riven and broke.

Even then in the spangled morning,
They would not heed a whit
Your virginal tremulous beauty,
And the innocence of it.

O, if Archange on the portage,
With her swarthy cheek and breast,
Could know but a tithe of your meaning,
As she pauses there to rest,

Would she pluck you and hold you and kiss you,
Would she laugh as your loveliness clears,
Would she stand there awe-stricken, silent,
Would her brown eyes fill with tears ?

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Christian Socialism.

BY W. E. GILROY, B.A.

ENGLISH SOCIALISM in the nineteenth century had its origin in Robert Owen, who was, in his later years, a Spiritualist ; but the revival of Socialism about the middle of the century came by way of the continent, and was either religiously indifferent, or avowedly and intrinsically atheistic. It tended to find in the Church, with its doctrines of submissiveness and compensation in the next world, a strong force binding the people to the present system ; and thus, in so far as it regarded the Church at all, it did so from a decidedly hostile standpoint.

The term "Christian Socialism" was first applied to the movement founded by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and more popularly known through the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Looking from a standpoint of a theology which centred in the doctrine of the universal Fatherhood of God, it was inevitable that Maurice should perceive in the revolutionary movement, with its gospel of brotherhood, a manifestation of a doctrine really belonging to, but neglected by the Church. On the other hand the materialism and atheism of the movement naturally repelled him. It was to emphasize the demands of brotherhood and, at the same time, to hold that propaganda true to its fountain-head in Christ, that a society was formed with Maurice as its president ; and to indicate that the members of this society were opposed to the competitive system, but regarded Christianity as essential to the world's redemption, they called themselves Christian Socialists.

It is to be noticed that, while the new organization had its occasion in the spread of continental Socialism, its social ideas leaned more toward the earlier teaching of Owen. They upheld the value of co-operation as opposed to competition, and regarded the education of the working classes as a necessary step to social improvement. Of "surplus value" and "unearned increment," they said but little, and they never attacked the institution of private property, or the real foundations of society. The successors of this pioneer society, in the present day "Christian Socialist Society" and the High Church "Guild of St. Matthew," though more explicit and fundamental in their attack on the social system, fail none the less to satisfy the thorough-going Socialist, who regards all such qualified and so-called Socialism as "unscientific."

The term "Christian Socialism," as used in a technical sense, is



TORONTO SUMMER SCHOOL FOR THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE AND MISSIONS.

The tea-table at the reception given by the Toronto Epworth League Union.

indeed open to much objection from both the Christian and the Socialist standpoints. The Socialist's objection to the term, beyond the fact that it is scientifically inaccurate, is founded with much justice on this claim—that Socialism, as such, knows no distinctions either of nationality or of religion.* He objects to the "Christian Socialist" not as a Christian, but as a Socialist. A Christian may, indeed, be a Socialist, but no more so than an atheist.

The objection, from the Christian standpoint, arises in the fact that in so far as Socialism represents something contained in Christianity, it is to that extent Christianity, and nothing is to be gained by using the word "Christian" as an adjective; and in so far as Socialism represents a system of social ideas external to Christianity, it is to that extent non-Christian and the term is incorrect. Objection is even made upon the higher ground of the all-pervading character of Christianity, which, in the teaching of its Founder, demands the allegiance of the whole man and admits of no external theory of life or conduct. (See Matt. xxii. 37-40; Luke xiv. 33, etc.) The man who views from this standpoint, however much he may sympathize with Socialism, will prefer to call himself simply a Christian, just as the Socialist who sees an element of Socialism in Christianity will call himself a Socialist.

There is, however, a sense in which the term "Christian Socialism" is used legitimately, if not wisely, viz., in much the same non-technical sense as we would speak of "Christian sympathy" or "Christian love." The use of the word "Socialism" in a broad, humanitarian sense is somewhat confusing, but is well-established, and apparently inevitable. It is evident that where such "Socialism" springs from a Christian motive, the term "Christian" may be properly applied. To be perfectly correct, however, we would spell "Christian" with a large "C" and "Socialism" with a small "s."

In this sense Christianity is intimately related not only to Socialism, properly so-called, but to every philosophy and movement having as its end the amelioration of social conditions, or the establishment of life upon a freer and more equitable plane. Revolutionary movements have this in common with Christianity, that, in the course of their history, there is an inevitable division into factions or sections, as the viewpoint varies, from the fundamental desire for change. These various aspects of revolution centre, however, in a common germ of discontent, leading to an effort to overthrow the present system by violent or peaceable means. Movements so diverse as Collectivism

* Belford Bax, "The Religion of Socialism," page 92, *et seq.*

and Anarchism have in common this discontent, and this impulse toward ideal conditions which we may call "socialistic." If, therefore, we speak of Christian Socialism, we speak of that which is related to even the most extreme revolutionary movements, where these have a social and moral meaning beyond any political significance. Inasmuch as this relationship has been seldom pointed out, the chief emphasis may be given to it here.

One cannot read far into the Sermon on the Mount without realizing how unutterably it is opposed to the present social organization, both in letter and in spirit. Its blessings are pronounced to the poor in spirit and the meek, but it is just these whom the present system conspicuously conspires to rob. When we remember that Jesus was continually asserting and illustrating the fact that His kingdom is not of this world, we wonder why the professed followers of that kingdom should to-day seek to confound Christianity with the State, or seek to give the influence and power of the former to the upholding of the latter. History is not without its innumerable records of the Christian defiance of the State; and when Nonconformity, or the principle of the sole kingship of Jesus Christ, is pushed to its logical conclusion, it comes extremely near to Anarchism. This revolutionary character of the inner teachings of Jesus is missed, mainly because the Christian ideal has been too much limited to the individual. "Resist not evil," "Love your enemies," "If a man smite thee on the one cheek turn to him the other also." These are approved as maxims for the individual life, but when it comes to society the Christian is found along with the man of the world approving of war, with its maxim, "Kill your enemies," and of the penal system with its, "Eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This is, indeed, the paradox of present-day Christianity, that it demands of the individual a type of life, such as inevitably puts him in opposition to the society, which it, at the same time, upholds. It is this paradox that the celebrated French scientist and Anarchist, Elisée Reclus, himself the son of a Protestant minister, scornfully attacks in his pamphlet, "*An Anarchist on Anarchy.*"* Christians daily tolerate and even approve of in society that which Christianity distinctly and unsparingly condemns in the individual. It is the essential nature of Anarchism that its ideal is asserted for individual and society alike. However the Anarchist may differ from the Christian in his conception of human nature, and in the means he would employ of attaining the common ideal, he never flinches from the supposed danger of asserting freedom for all. It may be said also

* *Contemporary Review*, May, 1884.

that the real Anarchist carries out this principle even when it affects his personal life, with a patience and simplicity akin to that manifested in the most forgiving and long-suffering of Christian acts.

A few years ago the revolutionist, Louise Michel, was addressing a meeting in Bordeaux, when a drunken workman fired upon her twice, severely wounding her in the head. The man was arrested, and Louise Michel, on sufficiently recovering, was, much against her will, compelled to appear in court, where she made an eloquent plea for the release of the offender. This being refused, and a sentence of two years' imprisonment imposed, the revolutionary Louise supported his wife and two children during that period in which they would otherwise have been destitute. This action, which is by no means an isolated case, was simply in accord with the Anarchist teaching on crime and punishment.

The fact that such actions display a forgiveness (though the Anarchist would not so call it) similar to that enjoined by Christ, might lead us to expect some fundamental resemblance between the revolutionary and Christian ideals, nor shall we be disappointed if, casting aside all prejudices, we examine these ideals with the sympathy that each demands.* The Christian persists in judging the revolutionary ideal by the Anarchist assassin, and the Anarchist retaliates by judging the Christian ideal by the hangman and the soldier. What man, who has come into any intimate understanding of the teaching of Jesus can read without a thrill the tale of the revolutionary movement in modern Russia? Is there not a profound resemblance to the events of early Christendom in the spectacle of the brightest and noblest sons and daughters of Russia renouncing family, position, possessions, prospects, and even life itself, for the upholding of their principles, Nihilist though they be?

I shall never forget with what heart-throbbings I read for the first time and from the Christian standpoint Prince Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young." Never has there been a more clear-cut presentation of the fundamental problem of character as resting on decision, or a finer appeal for a manly devotion to the cause of the oppressed. Renouncing the position and title of prince, Kropotkin is none the less prince among revolutionists, and a more intimate acquaintance with his life and work not only vindicates the impression of the "appeal," but reveals the fact that beneath the revolutionary movement with its creed of atheism, there is a moral intensity seldom equalled in its power, or in its dis-

* Elisée Reclus has said of Anarchism, what may be also so finely said of Christianity : "Ou ne comprend rien que ce qu'on aime." Zenker's "Anarchism," Pref. ix.

regard of selfish considerations. No Christian ever obeyed the injunction, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven," with more unswerving devotion than Kröpockin has displayed in placing the revolution before birth, position, and every other consideration. When we realize that the revolution is his dream of brotherhood, we will feel how extremes have met and how closely the atheist Kropotkin is allied with the Christian lover of his fellow men.

That the extreme revolutionary movements are not only atheistic, but that they even find their justification and their foundation in atheism, must be admitted. If they can be said to have a Bible, that Bible is Bakunin's "God and the State." Here the basis of that authority which constitutes human bondage is traced to the idea of God, which must, therefore, be renounced. It is a bitterly violent attack, but when we consider Bakunin's position, and the condition of Europe in 1848, could there be too bitter an arraignment of a religion which had become not only spiritually, but also morally bankrupt? One is reminded of F. W. Robertson's statement in regard to Shelley: "I will not say that a man who, by his opposition to God, means opposition to a demon, to whom the name of God in his mind is appended, is an enemy of God. To such a man I only reply, you are blaspheming a devil. That is not the God I adore. You are not my enemy. Change the *name* and I will bid that *character* defiance with you."* The revolutionist makes, in fact, a very religion of his atheism, and it is this that, from a Christian point of view, constitutes its redeeming quality. His very denial of what to him is untruth becomes a positive creed, awakening all the religious elements of zeal, sincerity, and consecration. Denying the existence of God, the revolutionist speaks continually of "the ideal," and though he will strenuously deny that this ideal rests on any spiritual principle, the discerning Christian will himself find in this ideal the very requirements leading *him* to belief in God.

It must not for a moment be imagined that all revolutionists display the same lofty and admirable devotion to the revolutionary ideal, any more than that all Christians, even though they be sincere, understand and follow Christ. But as we, who are Christians, judge Christianity by its best, we must be equally fair toward other religions and movements. So judging, we may find, I believe, many men who seem to be our enemies, those who, in some degree, are working toward the same goal. Movements which seem destructive, if we examine more closely, will be found to be essentially constructive in their purpose.

**Life and Letters*, page 759.

Toward such men and such movements the Christian attitude should be one of healthy recognition and study. Every movement which earnestly desires better things is to that extent Christian, whatever we may consider its weaknesses or failings. There is something most pathetic in the closing sentence of a pamphlet by Reclus: "As for us, whom men call 'the modern barbarians,' our desire is justice for all. Villains that we are, we claim for all that shall be born, bread, liberty, and progress."

The attitude of Christians toward social revolutionists has hitherto been either one of superstitious horror and unintelligent opposition, or a sort of patronizing, pharisaic recognition. It is time for this to cease. Men of equal sincerity and moral intensity but of varying convictions, can meet with advantage; but only on a footing of equal candor and honesty. The revolutionist cares little or nothing for our recognition or approval. He does not ask for our sympathy. The point is, rather, can we as Christians afford to miss the lesson these movements may teach? This lesson is to be found not only in the nature of these movements themselves, but in the revelation of the problems of life in the social world,—problems which Christianity must solve if it is to realize its daily prayer to the Divine Father: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Broadview Church, Toronto.





That Beats A'.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH,

Translator of the "New Testament in Braid Scots."

THEY tell't me aboot Canada, whaur land they said was cheap ;—
Quo' I, "I'll rent a wee bit grun', and keep a pickle sheep !"
They tell't me I'd be laird mysel', and pay nae rent ava,—
And Grannie up her hands, and cried, "That beats a' !"

I followt ower as mony mair—'twas like a fairy dream—
The lot o' my inheritance chanced by a muckle stream ;—
'Twas trees aboot, and trees owering, and trees for hoose and ha' ;
And Grannie steers the fire, and cries, "That beats a' !"

But welcome aye the gloamin' licht that led me to this land !
To neibor wi' the Northern Star, and free 'mang freemen stand !
Whaur ilka man that plays the man is equal by the law ;—
And Grannie cries, "We're gentry noo ! That beats a' !"

I like the land whaur Learning shines, as in the land I left ;—
For Rank is whaur we rank oursels—nor Worth need stand bereft ;
Nae auldest sons to oxter up what to the rest should fa' ;—
"Grannie, the youngest son is *laird*!" "Eh, that beats a' !"

And here, as comes the glad New Year, my Grannie gies advice—
"Noo, Jack, my man, div ye no think a wifie wad be nice ?"
I've gear, and land, and a Reeveship noo ; and a lassie at my ca' ;—
And Grannie smiling intae tears, cries, "That beats a' !"

Canadian Literature.

[N the Christmas ACTA for 1897 I wrote a historical article on Canadian Literature, which proved a very acceptable guide to a great many Canadians, judging by the frequent calls made for the reprint,

which is now exhausted. It has occurred to me that this year it might be well to make a brief summary of what has been done since in the field of English-Canadian Literature, and to note the general tendencies. Scattered through intervening numbers of the ACTA will be found many reviews, which I shall only mention here and pass on.

Mrs. Harrison has written one novel, "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," but little else has come from her pen. Gilbert Parker has given us "The Right of Way," a very strong piece of work, and "Donovan Pasha," not so good. Roberts has given us some further animal stories in his "Kindred of the Wild," "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," and a second edition of his "Earth's Enigmas." And here I wish to emphasize once more the



L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D.

excellence of Roberts' work in this field, in which he is easily first among Canadian writers, both as originator and master. It was no small pleasure to me to have my judgment confirmed in this regard by the opinion of the well known Nature-lover, John Burroughs. And Roberts' novel, "Barbara Ladd" bears testimony to the love of Nature, which is inherent in one who knows her so well and at first hand. I know full well that Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories have had a greater vogue, and they are very charming, but personally, I must be pardoned for my preference of Roberts' work.

Acta Victoriana.

W. D. Lighthall has given us "The False Chevalier"; Henry Cecil Walsh, "Bonhomme," a volume of French-Canadian stories and sketches.

Miss Lily Dougall, one of our most gifted writers, published "The Mormon Prophet," a fine study of Joseph Smith's character. It will, I am sure, be welcome news to our readers that Miss Dougall is again writing, and that "The Earthly Purgatory" will appear from her pen during the coming year.



MRS. HARRISON.

A new writer has appeared in these years in the person of Miss Alice Jones, of Halifax, whose "Night Hawk" was published in 1901, and "Bubbles We Buy" during this year. She is a welcome addition to our list of Canadian novelists. So is also Miss Agnes C. Laut, whose stories, "Lords of the North," "Heralds of Empire," and "The Story of the Trapper," have been so favorably received. Joanna E. Wood makes a third Canadian woman who has made a success, and Miss McIlwraith a fourth.

Marshall Saunders has also won her spurs and is producing good work, and Mrs. Sheard is winning her way into the world of letters. It will be seen at once that we cannot complain of a dearth of women writers and that they are of no mean order. It is also good to learn that Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes) is now busy on her first Canadian story, with its suggestive title, "The Imperialist." Canada is "looking up" and our writers are being recognized in other countries.

And the men are not behind. I have already mentioned Roberts' in the field of the animal story and of the novel. W. A. Fraser has



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

also given us animal stories, but his best work is in "Thoroughbreds," and in his newest book, "The Blood-Lilies." A. R. Carman gave us a thoroughly Canadian book in "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury," and keeps up his good work in "The Pensionnaires." Of William MacLennan's work we all know. Perhaps the most popular of our novelists is Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), whose spirited stories are known all over the English-speaking world. W. Albert Hickman is a new candidate for fame, whose first book is reviewed below, and Arthur Stringer has proved his full right to be counted as one of our

best. Norman Duncan's sea stories show great power, and from him we shall doubtless hear again. Dr. Algic, of Caledon (Wallace Lloyd), is an author who deserves to be better known, for his "Houses of Glass" is a very interesting book and "Bergen Worth" is not far behind. Indeed we have now a goodly galaxy of writers who are not "one-book" authors, and from whom we have a right to expect good things in the years to come. I am sorry that we have not yet heard from W. Wilfrid Campbell in the field of fiction, for I believe he has the gift to succeed here as well as in poetry.



MISS AGNES C. LAUT.

It will be easily guessed, from what has been written, that fiction has been the most fruitful field, and doubtless by far the most paying, for our Canadian authors. But poetry has not been neglected. Here we must name Roberts, in "New York Nocturnes," "Poems" (collected edition), and "The Book of the Rose," noticed below. Carman has been the most prolific. His books during the last six years are: "Ballads of Lost Haven," "By the Aurelian Wall and other Elegies," a third series of "Songs from Vagabondia," and the "Pipes of Pan."

Lampman's untimely death robbed us of a very promising, earnest singer, whose collected poems give us a fine body of Canadian work. William Wilfrid Campbell has given us a volume of most excellent work in "Beyond the Hills of Dream," and his elegy on Lampman is a real gem. A new poet of rare power has risen in the person of Arthur Stringer, whose work has been very favorably criticized by the highest authorities. Miss Wetherald and Pauline Johnson have each added a small volume to the work they have already published and in Miss Thompson, of Thorold (Thorn-apple), we have a new singer with

a lilting, lyric strain. Dr. Drummond has a field peculiarly his own, and his French-Canadian folk poems, found in "The Habitant" and in "Johnnie Corteau," are most deservedly popular, and here I may mention Fréchette's "Christmas in French Canada," which, though in prose, makes a fine companion volume to those of Drummond.

In this brief *résumé* I have made no mention, and possibly I should have done so, of the work of Oxley, of Basil King, a new writer who has been highly praised, but whose work I am not well acquainted with, of Preston, nor of the Smiths. But I shall return to the subject

later and in the meantime must refer the unsatisfied to my "Bibliography of Canadian Fiction," which will be published shortly in collaboration with Mr. L. J. Burpee. However, enough has been said to show that our authors, like those of all other countries, find fiction to pay, and fewer feel the compelling power of the "fancy free of poesy." It will also be seen that no Canadian can afford to be indifferent to the work being done, on pain of being numbered with those who do not give honor to their own prophets.

The Silver Poppy. By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: William Briggs
1903. Pp. 291

A very ingenious tale of literary theft by the complex-natured Cordelia Vaughan alias Fanny Rice, who is the heroine, and honest, clean John Hartley as hero. The efficient third party who connects the two chief parties to the tragedy is the old artist, Repellier, the friend of the poor consumptive whose novel, "The Silver Poppy,"



WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND.

gave Cordelia fame, who is also the friend of John Hartley, and who, when he has grown to take an interest in Cordelia and her work, proves to be her undoer.

John Hartley has all the innocence of an Oxford man when he comes to New York and retains a great dislike for "dirty" work, though he sympathizes with the poor and needy and is not afraid of



ARTHUR STRINGER.

them. Cordelia Vaughan knows how to get him into her snares by slow degrees, and he writes her second novel, "The Unwise Virgins." By this time she had learned to reciprocate Hartley's love, but when he has learned of her deception, he casts her away. The close is tragic and we feel how poor the heroine really is, though rich in unearned fame and in wealth. Her fate is deserved, but the reader will pity the woman, and that is the essence of tragedy.

As a character study Cordelia Vaughan is a clever piece of work, but the setting of the whole story is unknown ground to the most of us. The glimpses of Hartley's England relieve the picture of Bohemian New York, and will tend to keep us satisfied with our ignorance of such society.

The texts at the head of each chapter are taken, one from a supposed poem by John Hartley, oftenest from "The Broken Knight," the other from Cordelia Vaughan's "Silver Poppy." Stringer is poet as well as novelist, and these texts are exceedingly clever, though disquieting at times. Another proof of the cleverness of the book is the fact that his heroine has been "discovered," and that in spite of his most energetic denials. Does this prove that modern literature and its ways are as rotten as, for instance, the shipbuilding trust?

The book will not be likely to sell into the hundreds of thousands, but it can be read a second time.

The Conjurer's House : a Romance of the Free Forest. By Stewart Edward White. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. 1903. Pp. 260.

This book belongs to the class of stories by non-Canadian authors, the scenes of which are laid in Canada. This one is an account of the attempt of Galen Albret, the Hudson Bay factor, to crush the Free Trader, Ned Trent. But Ned was an indomitable fellow, who succeeded in winning the love of the factor's lovely daughter, Virginia, and with her aid he not only escaped "La longue Traverse," usually so terrible in consequence to the lonely traveller, but finally won over the father, was nominated as his successor and took the joyous "long journey" with the daughter to old Quebec.

The Sacrifice of the Shannon By W. Albert Hickman, illustrated. Toronto : William Briggs. 1903. Pp. 323.

This is a capital story of the ice-breaking boats of the Strait of Northumberland and the St. Lawrence, by a new author who got his materials on board the *Minto* of real life. It is therefore Canadian in every way, and very creditable indeed to the author. There is plenty of go in the book, in fact, it's all go. There are two or three passages of very fine descriptive writing, such as, for instance, the yacht race in which the hero, David Wilson, wins by a neck from the heroine, Gertrude McMichael, and the scene of the disappearance of the *Duncriff*, which show the power of the author in such work.

In its character sketching, however, the work is defective and the way of love is too slow and devious for many readers. The love-making of David Wilson might be called a still hunt, for we are sure

he will wear down Gertrude at last, and that she will simply fall into his arms. The Scotchman, Donald McDonald, is the greatest success as a character in the book, and it is really invigorating to hear his energetic language and to learn of his indomitable ways.

For a first book, "The Sacrifice of the Shannon" is a success, and we shall look forward with pleasure to the author's next attempt.

The Book of the Rose. By Chas. G. D. Roberts. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. 1903. Pp. 83.

Roberts collected in one volume in 1901 all his previous poetry which he cared to preserve. This volume, therefore represents his



CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

work in poetry since that time. It is divided into two parts, pp. 1-35 being what might well be called "Minnesong," the remaining pages consisting of miscellaneous poems. I remember that the reading of the first of the "Rose" poems before the Royal Society in 1902 did not leave a favorable impression. It is entitled, "On the Upper Deck," nor do I think that the remaining poems of "The Book of the Rose" will wear. There are far better things among the miscellaneous as, for instance, "The Stranded Ship," with its refrain :

"Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
 To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
 Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
 Far below the keels of the outward bound."

"The First Ploughing" is in Roberts' fine nature strain. So is "The Native," a fine poem. "The Child of the Infinite" is worthy of the poet, also "The Great and the Little Weavers." "Heat in the City" recalls his "New York Nocturnes." "When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child" is a fine bit of work, and the last poem in the collection, "The Aim," will well bear comparison to that little gem, "Life and Art," in "New York Nocturnes."

"THE AIM.

"O Thou who lovest not alone
 The swift success, the instant goal,
 But hast a lenient eye to mark
 The failures of the inconstant soul.

"Consider not my little worth,—
 The mean achievement, scamped in act,
 The high resolve, and low result,
 The dream that durst not face the fact,

"But count the reach of my desire.
 Let this be something in Thy sight :
 I have not, in the slothful dark,
 Forgot the Vision and the Height.

"Neither my body nor my soul
 To earth's low ease will yield consent.
 I praise Thee for my will to strive,
 I bless Thy goad of discontent."

Bliss Carman has a strong lyric power, is a lover of life, free, full and unconstrained, feels the mystic power of Nature and is exceedingly tuneful. We cannot always sympathize with his point of view, nor always follow him in his mystic outpourings, and yet he must impress us with his strength. He is our most prolific poet and is now publishing a set of five volumes entitled, "The Pipes of Pan," of which two have been issued, viz.: "From the Book of Myths," and "From the Green Book of the Bards." In the first book there is some fine poetry. "The Pipes of Pan" is the longest, and concludes with this optimistic strain :

Acta Victoria.

“Yes, the world is growing old,
But the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, only grow
Greater as they come and go.—
Larger, keener and more splendid,
Seen to be superbly blended,
As the cadenced years go by,
Into chord and melody,
Strong and clear as ever ran
Over the rude pipes of Pan.”

“Marsyas” is another fine piece of work, and indeed the whole volume will repay reading.

The second book, “From the Green Book of the Bards,” begins with a beautiful “In Memoriam” of his friend, Edward Nathan Gibbs.

“Out of doors are budding trees, calling birds, and opening flowers,
Purple rainy distances, fragrant winds and lengthening hours.

“Only in the loving heart, with its unforgetting mind,
There is grief for seasons gone and the friend it cannot find.

“For upon this lovely earth mortal sorrow still must bide,
And remembrance still must lurk like a pang in beauty’s side.

“Ah, one wistful heartache now April with her joy must bring,
And the want of you return always with returning spring.”

The book is full of Nature poetry of a high order, such as Carman knows so well how to write, for he knows Nature at first hand, not through the medium of “Nature teachers,” the newest fad.

One poem, “The Heretic,” is an appeal for the right to listen only for the voice of God through “the people of the soil,” and after telling of some of these voices he closes :

“So I would keep my natural days,
By sunlit sea, by moonlit hill,
With the dark beauty of the earth
Enchanted and enraptured still.”

(To be continued.)



A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "E. Horning".

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Editorial.



GAIN the circling year has brought us to the Christmas time, the time of universal rejoicing. The world stops in its mad rush after gain and yielding to the generous impulses of the moment becomes possessed by a passion for giving, as if by the lavishness of its gifts it sought to atone for its waywardness. Aside from its spiritual aspect this celebration is significant. That an event which transpired nineteen centuries ago in an insignificant town of a conquered and despised people should continue to arrest the thought and control the actions of ever-increasing millions is a circumstance of an extraordinary nature. What is the meaning of all this? Why such an outpouring of gifts at this particular time? The saying, "It is better to give than to receive," is true of all times, but only at Christmas does the world live out the precept in practice. Man, however unaffected he may seem to be by spiritual influences, is nevertheless deeply conscious of his own depravity and with yearning constantly turns to the Perfect Being, and at Christmas, as if touched by remembrance of the great

benevolence of God, seeks to imitate his example by dispensing gifts among his fellows. Blessed be an event which so transforms our nature.



It has been the custom of patriots the world over, at their banquets, to honor their native land with a conspicuous place upon their toast lists. And such has been the custom in Canada. But recently in the University a gushing sentiment, called "Imperialism," which is too broad for the three million square miles of Canadian territory, has displaced this toast with that of "The Empire." We have always considered an ardent love for Canada not incompatible with loyalty to the Empire; and surely it is but natural that a person, while acknowledging the claims and responsibilities which the ties of relationship impose, should regard with fonder affection the members of his immediate household. Who, then, shall object if we say that while we love the Empire much we love Canada more?

And it is absolutely necessary, if we are to discharge the responsibilities which devolve upon us as a people, that there should be a concentration of thought and effort upon matters pertaining to our own land. To us has been entrusted the settlement and development of half a continent, a stupendous task, and one heavy enough to test the strength of any people. Our future lies in our own hands. None but Canadians can properly understand the needs of Canada, and to Ottawa, not to London, must we look for governmental direction, for the destiny of Canada will not be determined by the adoption of this or that Imperial policy. But aside from political considerations the land of our birth should have first claim upon our affection. It was the home of our fathers, it is our home, and will be the heritage of our posterity. Let us then in speech and song cherish its history and pledge our devotion, for a fairer country the sun never rose upon.



IN placing our Christmas number before the public we have to thank the many persons who have come to our assistance with contributions. For the use of several beautiful plates we are indebted to Mr. W. G. Macfarlane, whose Souvenir publications of Canadian scenes have been justly admired; nor must we forget to mention the assistance rendered by the staff of the Book Room, who have assisted us in every possible way. A Merry Christmas to you all.

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.

GRADUATES OF THE FORTIES.

PRIOR to the Imperial Act of 1840, which united the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, all university charters emanated from the Crown. By this Act the power to grant such charters was vested in the new Colonial Legislature, and the first Act of this kind was the enlargement of the Royal Charter of Upper Canada Academy to confer university powers, and the institution thus enlarged was given the new name of Victoria College in honor of the youthful Queen.

The first session under the new charter was opened by Dr. Ryerson, as President, on the 21st day of October, 1841, and the first undergraduate class embraced the following members: Oliver Springer, Samuel S. Nelles, John George Hodgins and James C. Aikins. Each of these men in after years rose to eminence, and two of them, after sixty-two years of public service, still survive. Oliver Springer received the B.A. degree in 1845. S. S. Nelles transferred to Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., where he graduated B.A. in 1844. J. G. Hodgins was admitted M.A. in 1856, and J. C. Aikins, LL.D., in 1892. A brief sketch of this first Freshman class will form a fitting introduction to our memorabilia of the graduates of the forties.

Oliver Springer was probably the eldest member of the class as well as the first to graduate, and the first Upper Canadian to receive his B.A. degree, as well as his full course of four years in Arts, in his native Province. He was born near the shores of the beautiful Burlington Bay, and prepared for college in the Upper Canada Academy under Dr. Jesse B. Hurlburt. He was evidently a leader among students and a strong character, as the flag incident related in ACTA by Dr. Hodgins will show. His diploma, the first issued in Upper Canada, is still preserved, and was one of the exhibits in our college building

at the close of the century. On completing his college course he studied law, and after a five years' practice of his profession in Hamilton, was appointed Judge of the Surrogate Court for the County of Wentworth. He died about 1857, still a comparatively young man. His wife was a fellow-student in Upper Canada Academy, and has only recently passed to the majority. His only son is now Registrar of Manitoulin.

Samuel S. Nelles spent only the first two years of his undergraduate course in Victoria, leaving when Dr. Ryerson resigned the presidency to become Chief Superintendent of Education for Canada West. After graduating at Middletown, he returned to Canada to take charge of the old Newburgh Academy in the County of Addington—one of the early schools of the Liberal foundation in the days of the Family Compact. Thence he entered the Methodist ministry, and was successively stationed at Port Hope, Toronto and London. In 1850 he was called from London to enter Victoria College as professor of Classics, and in 1857 was appointed principal and professor of Metaphysics and Ethics. This post he held for thirty-six years, and under his administration Victoria grew to be in influence and number of graduates second only to the provincial university, of which she has since become a part. Dr. Nelles' great work was brought to a close by his death, at sixty-four years of age, in 1887. He was a man of brilliant talents, thorough scholarship, an able teacher and administrator, and he exerted a widespread and beneficial influence on the education of the country.

John George Hodgins accompanied Dr. Ryerson to the Education Office in 1844, and was his lifelong friend and able assistant. While in this official capacity he continued his studies with unremitting diligence, and received his M.A. degree from Victoria in 1856, was admitted a barrister of Osgoode Hall in 1870, and received the degree of LL.B. from the University of Toronto in 1860, and LL.D. in course in 1870. His work, especially in the administration and legislation of the Education Department has been of great value and the last years of his life have been devoted to the important work of writing the History of Education in the Province. His eminent services have recently been rewarded by His Majesty, who has made him a Companion of the Order of Imperial Service.

After some three years in college, James C. Aikins returned to his estate near Plattsville in the County of Peel, where he rapidly acquired wealth and political influence, entering Parliament as member for Peel in 1854. In 1869 he became Secretary of State in the administration



J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D.

of Mr. John A. Macdonald. In 1867 he was appointed to the Senate. In 1882 he resigned from the Senate to become Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. He was re-appointed to the Senate in 1896, and has faithfully discharged his parliamentary duties up to the last session.

The men who immediately followed this class as undergraduates of Victoria were also many of them men of note. Wm. Brouse, M.A., M.D., became a Senator of the Dominion; W. F. Aikins, M.D., LL.D., was for many years Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Toronto; William Macdougall became a member of Parliament, a Cabinet minister, a C.B. and Lieutenant-Governor, and many others filled positions of usefulness in Church and State with credit to themselves and honor to their Alma Mater.

But we must now pass to the other graduates of 'the forties, of whom the first, and perhaps the most distinguished, was William Ormiston.

William Ormiston, D.D., LL.D., was born in Scotland and was a typical Scot, a giant in mind, in body, and in soul. He entered Victoria College in October, 1843, and for the next six years was identified with her as a student and teacher, graduating in 1848, and for the next year filled the chair of Logic and Metaphysics. From college he was called to assist Dr. Ryerson in laying the foundations of his educational system, at first in the Normal School and then in the Provincial Inspection of Schools. In 1856 he devoted himself to the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church, in Hamilton. In 1870 he went to the Collegiate Reformed Church, of New York City, and for eighteen years wielded a wide-spread influence, as one of the very first of the great preachers of that vast metropolis. His later years were spent in the sunny south, where he passed away in March, 1899, being for some years before his death, the oldest living graduate of Victoria.

Colin Cameron was born in Brockville, and entered Victoria soon after she became a degree-conferring institution. He graduated in 1849, spent one year as a tutor in the College, and afterwards studied medicine at McGill and in New York. Locating at Port Hope, he remained there for twenty years, when, in 1872, he went to Rochester where he continued the practice of his profession until 1897. Retiring from his active labors, he moved to Winnipeg where he lived a few years with his son-in-law, Mr. J. H. Munson, subsequently, in 1902, taking up his residence in Cobourg, where he died after a short illness in March, 1903, having passed his eightieth year.

Wesley P. Wright was another class-mate of Dr. Ormiston. Entering Victoria while it was under the direction of Dr. Ryerson, he was one of a few to remain with the struggling institution after that master-mind had severed his connection with it to enter the broader educational sphere of developing the school system of Ontario. Graduating in 1848, Mr. Wright was given a tutorship in classics in the College, which he held until 1850. He then went to the United States and studied theology in the Concord Biblical Institute, after which he entered the ministry of the Episcopal Methodist Church. He remained across the border till about 1861, when he was appointed professor of Natural Science in the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton. This position he filled until his superannuation, after which he followed his college friend to California, where he died about seven years ago.

William Henry Brouse was born in the county of Dundas in 1824, of U. E. L. stock. He received both his literary and professional training in connection with the University of Victoria College, where he graduated in arts (M.A. '49) taking, however, his degree in medicine at McGill College, Montreal. He settled down to the practice of his profession in Prescott. Always a prominent and influential promoter of the Medical Council for Ontario, he became its President in 1870. He was elected Member of Parliament in 1872 and was appointed a Senator in 1878. Senator Brouse ever sought to promote the welfare of the people, both in his professional and political capacity. He was always an earnest and indefatigable worker in the interests of his Alma Mater, and at the time of his death in August, 1881, he held a position on the College Board and Senate of Victoria University.

A deep cloud of mystery overhangs the life of James Campbell. Receiving his degree of B.A. in '49 from Victoria, he went to the West Indies, where he remained a short time, finding his way afterwards to New Zealand, where it was understood he became Attorney-General. Several attempts have been made to locate him by the authorities of his Alma Mater but so far all have been futile.





With merry joke and idle pun
We greet you one and all in fun;
And as you from your labors pause,
We wish you well wi' Santa Claus.

THREE months ago Victoria opened her halls to receive some seventy specimens of "Young Rusticity and other Raw Produce." The Bob has made the expression no longer applicable. Rusticity and rawness are gone and the college man and woman begins to appear. In a few days, too, these and many others will sit by the home hearth detailing the story of college life. Perhaps we can help them. Perhaps our idle jokes and catch utterances may lift the curtain upon one side of this comedy. We trust it may, and that those family reunions may everywhere be somewhat brightened by this picture.

MISS J—G, '05, has temporarily lost the use of her left arm from using it to prop up her head when studying in the library. We always understood that Classics was a *heavy* course.

AT the meeting of the Women's Literary on Nov. 19th (postponed from the 18th on account of the rugby match, Madam President having been "interviewed"), the debate between the first and second years was held, the question under discussion being Free Trade *vs.* Preferential Trade. Miss Keys and Miss Rice, '06, proved that a free trade policy can alone bring prosperity, while Miss Connolly and Miss Chadwick, '07, earnestly advocated a preferential tariff.

MISS C——y (very eloquently)—"Why were the conditions of these five years abnormal if it was not the disadvantage of free trade —or something."

MISS C——H (becoming familiar in her enthusiasm)—"Joe Chamberlain himself —"

As a result of this debate, Miss Keys has changed her course and is now taking Political Science work.

DR. Edgar (speaking of "Bobs" successor)—"A nice little doggie—a well-bred little animal—and such pretty ears."

FRESHIE—"Say, is that C——y's wife that dines with him every day at the College Café?"

RUTHERFORD, '05 (censuring President Blackstock, of '07, for the noise produced by his men at the Bob)—"You should have dehorned them."

SOME Sophomore is accused of wandering into the Ladies' Study when there are only a few around. The Chancellor is said to have *bott* a new watch dog, which is intended to be a night and *day foe* of all such intruders. Beware the dog! His name is "Tap."

E. W. W., '04—"I consider there are seven classes in the college—well, I consider the ladies are as good as two."

Is It All Innocence?

1. A man came to Women's Lit. and, apparently too paralyzed to move, took much longer to go out than he did to come in.

2. Into the library of Annesley Hall marched another hopeful, inquiring for Dr. Bell's class room.

Fluttering maidlet, showing him out—"You'd better not tell anyone the mistake you made."

The wandering sheep—"You had better believe I won't."

KNIGHT—"Hebrew is no good. There'll be no Sheenies in heaven. If there are, I don't want to be there."

Booth—"I'm not so sure you will either; my Bible says there shall be no (K)night there."

THE LIBRARY.

A COMPLAINT has been lodged against a certain honorable gentleman, whose name we are constrained to withhold, for dovetailing his fingers across his face and peeking across to the tables reserved for the ladies. No action has as yet been taken but the Vigilance Committee are alert.

FRESHETTE (to one of the boys)—"When you get a residence of your own, be sure you have plenty of radiators and heat, and then come over and warm us up."

ROBERT—"Yes, Mr. Elliot, there was a Freshman broke a window to-day and he came straight to me and (h)owned up and paid up, too. That's setting a good example. That boy's an 'igh class gentleman. He ought to be praised in *Acta*."

DID you see the excitement among the Freshettes the other day ? It was really pitiable. Invitations to a reception had been sent by mistake to the '07 girls and were cancelled by a public proclamation. Don't ask any of them about it ; they "have a mad on."

BERT H—L—N, Winnipeg, wires to Proc. B——h, Calgary—"Don't put sawdust into that fifteen cent coffee. We can't afford it. Wood is too dear out here."

MISS BIGGER (answering to roll-call)—"There is more in a name than most men think."

YOUNG lady (speaking of one of our Juniors)—"Yes, he does sing beautiful tenor. I invited him to stay for tea, but he wouldn't. So I gave him a baked apple and some cream and sent him on his way rejoicing." Lucky Willie ! How we do envy thee !

TRIBBLE—A man of the First Year does not know all these things ; but a man of the First Year represents the common people more than the Fourth Year man.

PRES. OF Y.W.C.A. (when accused of running into a man)—"Well, that's the second this morning." Running into people is evidently quite catching.

CHENOWETH, '07 (Replying to Coulter, C. T., in debate)—"If that worthy gentleman loves because that ardent fire was started by reading a dime novel, then his love is of the lowest order."

MISS GRIFFIN (at lunch)—"I want a spoon. No, I don't want a teaspoon ; I want a grown-up *spoon*."

MR. HUNTER, one of our visitors from Varsity Lit., scored a good hit when he spoke of that "inextinguishable thoroughfare called Czar St."

MISS D. S—ER, '05—"When I was teaching I always used to be dreaming about college. One day when I came to, I found the children repeating glibly, 'Two and four are seven.' I let them do lots of things like that."

MISS L—D—M, '07—"I'm going to cabbage every man I see on the stairs."

LADY (in hall)—"Could you tell me where I would find Mr. Miller?" Macfarlane—"Which one?"

Lady—"Oh, he is short and very handsome."

Macfarlane—"There's no Miller in the college answering to that description."

MISS STEPHENSON, '07 (*re* French prose)—“I hardly expect to get the prize, you know, but I used to be able to do French, and if the Senior girls would do it for me for a few times I think I'd soon get on to it.”

SENIOR (looking at Cragg's photo in the Y.M.C.A. group)—“Well, no man can be better looking than the Lord made him.”

MISS BRISTOL and Miss Smith, '03, from Normal College, paid a flying visit to Victoria recently. Miss Bristol was heart-broken because she had missed the Bob, but remarked philosophically, “Oh, well, I can't go to every Bob, and I may as well get used to it.”

MADAM PRESIDENT (going home from reception with a man, to two girls in front)—“Oh! please go slowly!”

MISS LINGHAM—“I won't play again in the gymnasium when they dance, for I want to dance too.”

“OPEN LIT., Saturday, November 16th, at 7.30 p.m., sharp. All welcome.”

Such was the announcement that called out the largest attendance at Lit. in the memory of this college generation. It was, too, one of the jolliest. Before it was called to order, the occupants of the “Kid's Corner” entertained informally. Then Hon. Pres. T. E. E. Shore, M.A., delivered an address full of lofty ideals and oratorical outbursts. Mr. Bishop followed with an excellent solo, his accompanist, Mr. Luck, playing under special inspiration. The Hon. Pres. and Mr. Harris presented tennis prizes and trophies, a “Jam Jar,” a pair of cushions, which Miss Potter and Mr. Dawson were warned not to use on the same evening, and other trifles, for which we would refer you to “Athletics.” An excellent selection by the Glee Club and an original poem by Mr. Hewitt completed the programme, and Mr. Hamilton assumed the chair for the Parliamentary session.

His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Robert Beare, communicated his message to the House in his own inimitable manner, and elicited successive rounds of applause as he referred to the *hilarity* of the (*H*)ag-I-tation for the men's residence and *nego-sheatin* with the *pleni-pi-po—plenty-pie-po-tentiaries* of Annesley Hall for better *felicities* for the ladies desiring to witness Rugby matches. The Hon. Sir Harry Humphrey Cragg and his Government handled their business well and clearly demonstrated that the new members so lately arrived in the House were not wanting in business capacity and oratorical skill.

Everybody wondered at the critic's report. Avowedly a protest

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against "bobbing" at Open Lit., it was itself very closely allied to the Bob. But then a few chance remarks of the Critic explained this. In the morning it was, "I wish they'd put an extra chair behind the Critic's table"; at night, "We have had too much Annesley Hall. I do not mean in the tangible form. I mean that there should be fewer remarks about what's so dear to the hearts of the men." Poor fellow! Accept our sympathy!

THE KID'S CORNER.

"Hobble, Gobble, Hobble, Gobble, Cis, Boom, Bah—
Freshmen, Freshmen, want their ma ;
Mah ! MAH !! MAH !!!"

"Percy Macfarlane he has two ;
With Percy that is nothin new." (Tune, Old Hundred.)

"LUCK wants to borrow two car tickets." "What Luck!" "Hard Luck!"

"WHAT time will Robbie go?"

"Why, he'll have to go at half-past eight, for then the ladies' colleges close."

ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.

JACKSON—"You know the Alma Mater Society is a young one."

MINISTER of Public Morals and Reform—"I believe in the liberty of the individual as well as the liberty of the *press*."

SLIPS IN THE LADIES' GALLERY.

No. 1—"Bill Cates is in the Kid's Corner."

No. 2—"Yes, so is Kate's Bill."

1st Speaker—"I havé a good joke on Miss Fife."

2nd Speaker—"So have I."

3rd Speaker—"Who hasn't?"

Joke is not published because Miss F—— fears for her dignity. She says she left out the "Mr." when speaking about him.

LACK of room has prevented the publication of the lists of class officers for this term, except Third Year. We give the presidents. J. Hermann Beer, B.A., of the B.D. class, W. McElhaney of the Fourth Year, G. A. Archibald of the Second Year, W. E. Blackstock of the First Year, A. J. Brace of the Conference Theology Class.

THE WOMEN'S LIT.

ON Thursday evening, November 26th, an open meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in Alumni Hall. An experienced critic pronounced it one of the very best literary meetings ever held in Victoria. In the business session several matters of vital interest in college circles were considered, e.g., the character and ability requisite for a hockey coach, who is to be appointed by the Alma Mater Society. The musical and literary programme was Canadian in character. Canadian women writers were discussed in several well-written, well-read and well-worth-reading papers. Miss Patterson, '05, gave an excellent paper on Ethelwyn Wetherell, and Pauline Johnson. It was concluded with a charming rendering of "The Song my Paddle Sings." Miss Corcoran played a piano solo, a selection of Mr. Forsythe's. Miss Grange, '04, read a splendid paper on Jean Blewett, Mrs. Roberts-McDonald, Miss Harrison and Miss Machar, which was followed by Miss Switzer's rendering of one of Mrs. Blewett's pathetic songs. The third paper, on Miss Isabel Crawford, was read by Miss Griffin, '07. The other musical numbers were, a trio by the Misses Landers, Bernie and Harrison and a vocal selection by Miss Flavelle. The Critic's report was in the main kindly and the judgment on Madam President's smiling lost some of its severity on account of the Critic's dainty giggle as she spoke of the Society's motto—"Dignity."

THE CONVERSAT.

THE annual *Conversazione* held on the evening of December 4th was, both in point of numbers and enjoyment, a splendid success, notwithstanding the attempt of Jupiter Pluvius to dampen things.

The College presented a cheery sight. The walls, pillars and staircases were bright with many-colored flags and bunting, and imparted quite a bizarre effect. The curtained arches, windows and doorways made a cosy, home-like atmosphere and the palms that rose in a pretentious pyramid in the centre of the rotunda, skirted the broad staircases, decked the chapel platform and crowned the bookshelves of the library, breathed the air of the summery south.

In and out among all these flitted the fair forms of blushing maidens, each with some youth in her train, held captive by the magic eloquence of limpid eyes; while, with a quieter, serener dignity, moved ladies of maturer years, who smiled knowingly at the coquetry and triumphs of their younger sisters. Yes, and the clergymen, the doctors, the

lawyers, and the business men were there ; but the professional and the business spirit was lost in the pleasures of the occasion.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark received in the Library from 8.30 to 9.00, at which hour part of the concert began in the chapel.

Mrs. H. W. Parker, the soloist of the evening, was delightful, particularly in her one sacred song. The Mandolin and Guitar Club played well, but perhaps the most enjoyable numbers on the evening's programme were those rendered by the Glee Club. Male voices always produce a fine effect, especially so when trained by such a capable leader as Mr. McNally.

Of the promenading why should we write ? What young person, who has ever attended a Victoria reception, does not know all about it ? Some, too, as formerly, wondered at the antiquity of the Egyptian relics, shrank away from the "mummy," and gazed on the Chinese and Japanese curios and tapestries. This year Dr. and Mrs. Smith, our missionaries in Chentu, now home on furlough, appeared in Chinese costume and explained many of the peculiarities of the Celestials.

There were, moreover, experiments in wireless telegraphy, conducted by Dr. Chant, which were very interesting indeed to the young folks. And last, but not least, Lloyd catered in a satisfactory manner.

But all good things must have an ending, and so between 12 and 1 o'clock the majority of our guests departed, leaving only the committee and the representatives of other colleges to sit down to the after-luncheon. This was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening ; for what can exceed the pleasures of eating, drinking and speech-making ? One had also an opportunity of realizing the spirit of brotherhood which exists among university men. Among those present were representatives from McGill, Queen's, Western University, O. A. C., McMaster, Dental, University College, Toronto Medical.

Prof. Lang—Looking over Watson's shoulder, as the latter in a cosy corner was oblivious to all the world but his fair companion. "Yes, I think everything is going on well ; I have noticed some members of the committee doing their best to entertain their lady friends." "Wattie"—mistaking the voice—"That's right, old boy, place her here."

D. P. Reese spent two hours in a cosy corner, behind drawn curtains—old scenes, old friends, old tricks.

Gain—" You didn't have enough sofas."

Chairman Beer (in committee)—“I was directed to see the Chancellor about the cleaning of the college, and the Chancellor referred me to Dr. Potts and Robert, or rather to Robert and Dr. Potts.”

Miss B—ie, '07 (bursting into the Ladies' Study)—“O girls! *Infant* asked to take me to the Conversat.” For an explanation one need only look among the smaller *nobility* of the Freshman class.

Lady (approaching Mrs. Smith in Chinese costume)—“Do you speak English?”

Mrs. Smith—“Yes, a little bit.”

Lady (after further conversation)—“Why, your English is almost perfect.”

Beer—“Yes, Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Clark were greatly pleased. They asked me to call some time and bring Wallace with me.”

Clipped from a rural news sheet—“Dr. Carman, president of Victoria College, St. Thomas, preached an educational sermon at the white brick church, Fiddler's Green.”

Jenkins (looking at pipe-like curiosity)—“Well, I'll be jiggered! Would you take that thing for a drum if you were me?”

Fourth year specialist—“Mr. Brace is married, isn't he?”

Senior—“That's the first I heard of it.”

Specialist—“Why, I was up at Dr. Wallace's and he was talking about his wife.”

Bert had better coin some new name for his South African chums.

Young lady (to Geordie Cruise at the concert)—“Say, is that violinist Mr. Cruise?”

Miss J—f—y, '04—“The doctor is going to chaperone us to the Conversat, and he's going home early.”

STREET CHAT.

“Are you going to the Conversat?”

“No, I have another dance on that night.”

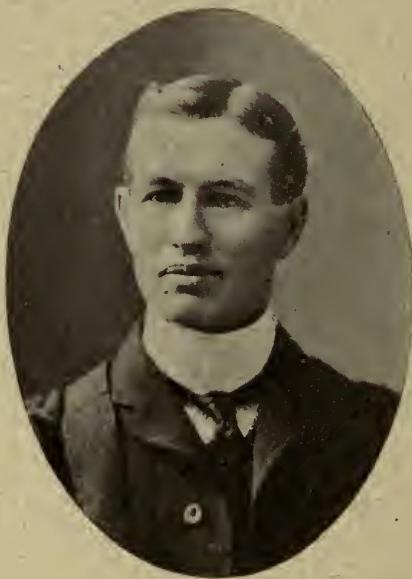
1st cabman—“What's going on in there anyhow?”

2nd cabman—“Oh, it's some kind of a conversation-ony. They hev wan ivery year, but it don't amount to much.”

Lady—“That Mr. Perley looks slow, but he's just as funny as can be. He almost made me sick laughing, and he hardly got the ‘solemn’ out of his face.”



WE will have a hockey team. This is the sole conclusion to be drawn at present. Two of last year's players have gone their different ways. In the Freshman class, so far, no star has appeared. However we hope their brilliancy has been under a cloud, and



ROBERT PEARSON,

President Athletic Union.

that later we'll find, at the very least, a "milky way" of Freshmen hockeyists.

UNUSUAL interest in hockey has already developed among the residents of Annesley Hall. Indeed matters have reached the stage of feverish enthusiasm, and at the ladies' open "Lit." it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried, all in a most orthodox manner, that there should be a hockey team, and that application should be made to the Alma Mater Society, requesting the appointment of

gentlemen "of suitable character" to act in the capacity of referee and coach. As a result the executive of this infant society is being "lobbied" day and night by ardent applicants, and from internal dissensions is in imminent danger of dismemberment.

F. W. K. HARRIS, '04, has been appointed to the executive of the University team as representative from Victoria.

THE north campus is once more being converted into a rink. Ice will be made by "Jerry" Brien, as of old, and "Louis" will resume his duties as "utility" man.

As prognosticated in last month's issue, S. P. S. were easy winners of the championship in Association football. School played four games in all, scoring fifteen goals to their opponents' nothing. Seven teams were entered in the senior series, the order of the first three being School, University College, Victoria.

THIS fall no inter-year Association matches have been played, resulting from a counter-interest aroused in its sister game and the early arrival of winter's grasp. A proposal was made that a schedule of Rugby matches should be run off. However, but one was played, in which the Sophomores crushed the aspirations of the Freshmen, piling up a score of fifteen to one. From a local morning daily, whither the winners sent a full account of their victory, we find that the back division "worked with machine-like precision," while the line "afforded ample protection" against the vigorous assaults of their experienced opponents.

St. Mic's, Dents and Vics are the three clubs represented in A and B alley series. But little interest has been displayed, and as a result postponements have been numerous. From present indications St. Mic's should win A series, with the three running neck and neck for the championship of schedule B.

FOR some reason no inter-year alley matches have been run off. This can be attributed to lack of players, on the one hand, and on the other to the apathy of the captain. The theologians report the dearth of alley balls and a consequent decrease in rosy cheeks and a failing in flesh.

MORE real interest has been awakened this year than ever before by the efforts of our Rugby team. Daily, for weeks, the fellows turned out to learn the game. And learn it they did—to a limited extent. But a team with a very little knowledge is, as we found, at a serious disadvantage when it meets one skilled in tactics perfected by years of experience, even though the individual players are, man for man,

the equals, perhaps the superiors, of their opponents. We have several players who know the game thoroughly—the rest will have a clearer insight into it a year hence. But we are in quite fast company, for the quality of ball played by the teams in the Mulock series must not be regarded as in the least inferior to that of the majority of clubs in the O. R. F. U. In fact the winners would be well qualified to give the O. R. F. U. intermediate champions an exciting contest.

JUNIOR Arts and McMaster played us exhibition games. Arts was beaten 13 to 8, largely due to the splendid punting of our halves, and Lane in particular. McMaster, on the contrary, excelled us in running and passing. They allowed us but one rouge while they secured a try converted, a goal from the field, and several rouges.

ON Saturday, the 7th of November, the team went west to Guelph to try conclusions with O.A.C. The boys ran into a regular blizzard and were snowed under by the heavy score of 14 to 1. In fact Kelly, Lamb, Green and Ruddell were so badly "icilized" that two days in that historic city could alone restore them to their normal condition. The game itself was closely contested; "the score is no criterion of the play" (*vide rerum scriptores omnes*), for throughout the game we seemed to do most of the playing, yet O.A.C. did most of the scoring.

BEFORE an enthusiastic crowd of Dents and our students, including a number of our faculty and many lady undergraduates, the story of last year was repeated. In the first half, soon after the whistle blew, through the superiority of our line and the successful bucking of our half division we went over for a try, cleverly converted by Lane. Though we had the wind but little kicking was indulged in, and the Dents forced us back, finally dribbling over for a try, unconverted. The half closed 6-4 in our favor. With the wind the Dents pressed throughout, adding two tries and two rouges. The final score was 14-6. Robertson, Rankin and Lane put up the best article of ball for Victoria. French, one of the Dents' halves, who had previously been awarded senior foot-ball colors at the University, was protested. The game was ordered to be played over again.

7-4 read the score when the Dents were through with us. "Ginger" Lappin, Dents' centre-half, won the game for them. The elusiveness of the pigskin seemed to have been transferred to him, for he dodged



J. H. GAIN,
Captain Rugby Team.

our fellows at will and gained ground continually. One chief defect was lack of aggressive play. Chances to add to our score were lost through "dumb" plays on our part. One or two of the team missed opportunities of dribbling the ball by falling on it and waiting until a Dent came and sat on his head to prevent a change of mind. At half-time we were behind 4-6. The following represented the College in these two games: Back, Hamilton, Campbell; halves, Green, Lane, Robertson; quarter, Rankin; centre, McElhaney; wings, Kelly, Lamb, Archibald, Rogers, Watson, Gain and Walden. At the conclusion of the last game H. D. Robertson was elected captain for next fall. At the same time W. J. Salter was unanimously elected to the baseball captaincy.

TENNIS.

THE fall tournament between the Whitby-Victoria ladies was most successful—from the standpoint of the visitors. The day was ideal, the attendance large and enthusiastic. In the morning the singles were run off, Whitby winning three out of the four. Miss Jeffrey played strongly, forcing the play all through. Miss Wilson, in her game with Miss Campazzi, led in both sets for a time, but lost them through the ability of her opponent to get everything offered. The Misses Smith and Cauldwel, of Whitby, had comparatively easy victories. The doubles in the afternoon were very exciting and close. The Misses Jeffrey and Wilson won a three-set victory, finishing with a brilliant exhibition. The second doubles went against Vic., although our players made a number of sensational returns. In all the games the Whitby players were more steady, and to this fact, probably, may be attributed their victory. The scores were:

- Miss Chown, O.L.C., v. Miss Jeffrey, Vic., 1 6, 1-6.
 - Miss Campazzi, O.L.C., v. Miss Wilson, Vic., 6-4, 6-4.
 - Miss Smith, O.L.C., v. Miss Grange, Vic., 6 3, 6-1.
 - Miss Cauldwel, O.L.C., v. Miss Griffin, Vic., 6-0, 6-1.
 - Misses Chown and Campazzi, O.L.C., v. Misses Jeffrey and Wilson, Vic., 10-8, 1-6, 3-6.
 - Misses Smith and Cauldwel, O.L.C., v. Misses Grange and Griffin, Vic., 6-3, 6-2.
- A number of Whitby ladies and Victoria students were entertained by the ladies of the tennis club in the afternoon at Annesley Hall.



J. A. M. DAWSON,
Tennis Champion.

Acta Victoriana.

COLLEGE HANDICAP.

+ 15 Hamilton	Dwight	Dwight	Henderson
+ 15 Dwight	6-3, 2-6, 6-1		
+ 15 Trueman	Trueman	6-3, 6-2	6-2, 6-3
+ 30 Near	Def.		
+ s Moore	Moore	Henderson	Dawson
+ 30 Miller, J. W.	8-6, 6-4		
+ 15 Henderson	Henderson	6-1, 6-2	6-2, 7-5
+ s Bishop	6-3, 6-1		
+ 15 Hincks	Dawson	Dawson	Dawson
+ 30 Dawson	4-6, 6-3, 8-6		
+ 30 Jackson, C.	Jackson	6-1, 11-9	6-4, 6-3
+ 15 Gifford	7-5, 6-4		
+ 15 Mills	Mills	Mills	Dawson
+ 15 Burwash	6-2, 6-4		
+ 30 Thompson	Thompson	6-4, 6-2	6-4, 6-3, 5-7, 6-3
+ 30 Perley	6-2, 6-1		
- 15 Ward	Jolliffe	Wallace	Wallace
+ s Jolliffe	Def.		
+ 30 Connolly	Wallace	6-0, 4-6, 6-4	Fleming
+ s Wallace, E. W.	7-5, 8-6		
+ 15 Fleming	Fleming	4-6, 6-2, 6-4	6-3, 2-6, 6-4
+ 15 Bowman	6-2, 6-3		
+ 30 Clarke	Clarke	6-3, 6-3	Fleming
+ 15 Fullerton	6-0, 1-6, 6-3		
+ 15 Wallace, J. H.	Walace	6-3, 1-6, 6-3	Dawson
- 2 15 Harris	Def.		
+ s Campbell	Campbell	9-7, 4-6, 7-5	
+ s Shaver	6-3, 2-6, 6-3		

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Burwash	Shaver	Shaver	Wallace
Shaver	6-3, 6-3		
Campbell	Campbell		
Hamilton	Def.		
Bishop	Bishop	Wallace	7-5, 2-6, 6-1
Hincks	7-5, 9-7		
Wallace, E. W.	Wallace		
Moore	6-2, 6-8, 6-0		
Gifford	Gifford	Wallace	Wallace
Trueman	Def.		
Dwight	Bye		
Mills	Mills		
Clarke	Thompson	Mills	Finals.
Thompson	Def.		
Wallace, J. H.	Wallace		
Fleming	6-3, 7-5		
Fullerton	Bye		

LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Lingham	Miss Lingham	Miss H. Grange	Miss Graham
" Stephenson	Miss H. Grange		
" H. Grange	Miss H. Grange	Miss Grange	Miss Jeffrey (champion)
" Hamill	Miss H. Grange		
" Thompson	Miss Thompson	By default	Miss Graham
" Faint	Miss Thompson		
" Wilson	Miss Wilson	Miss Wilson	Miss Graham
" Patterson	Miss Wilson		
" Graham	Miss Graham	Miss Graham	Miss Jeffrey (champion)
" Spence	Miss Graham		
" Griffin	Miss Harrison	Miss Graham	Miss Graham
" Harrison	Miss Harrison		
" Lawrence	Miss Proctor	Miss Graham	Miss Graham
" Proctor	Miss Proctor		
" G. Grange	Miss G. Grange	Miss Graham	Miss Graham
" Keagey	Miss G. Grange		
" Miles	Miss Miles	Miss Dwight	Miss Graham
" Norsworthy	Miss Miles		
" Keys	Miss Dwight		
" Dwight	Miss Dwight		

Dawson and Miss Porter were winners in the finals of the mixed doubles.

THE HARBOR, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



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Newfoundland and Confederation.

BY EUGENE FORSEY.



HERE seems something of the irony of fate in the fact that, while Newfoundland was the first to respond, in 1864, to the suggestion that representatives of the Maritime colonies of British America should meet to discuss the idea of political union, and should yet be the last to be found outside the great Union which was consummated a few years later. But the question, when put before the electorate in 1869, met with such an overwhelming defeat that since then no political party has ever had the hardihood to make Confederation with Canada a plank in its platform, though both parties have contained men who were personally warm advocates of the measure. One cannot look upon this as other than a misfortune, since much healthful discussion of the subject has thereby been lost to a community which has, perhaps, even less of what one may call educative political oratory than Canada has—which is saying a great deal. The intelligent and well-informed opponents of the measure, and there are such, do not feel that their cause would suffer from being fairly and openly discussed, while its advocates are even eager for such discussion. The question is not now, however, an issue in Newfoundland at all.

The measure was defeated in 1869 by appeals to ignorance and popular prejudices. It is safe to say that the appeals so effectual then could play no part in an election run on the issue in the Colony at the present time, except to bring deserved ridicule on those who might make them. But there is, nevertheless, as far from being an intelligent apprehension of the question in Newfoundland as there is in Canada of the moral and political status of the people of the prospective province. This is saying much, if one may judge from the

utterances of prominent men in Canadian public life. During the discussion of the matter in the Dominion Commons in 1895, a prominent and otherwise sagacious gentleman bitterly assailed the Government because they were considering a proposal to attach to the Dominion a population of 200,000 *beggars*; and at the recent meeting of the Chambers of Commerce in Montreal, a prominent Nova Scotian declared there was no such thing as public opinion in the Island, outside St. John's and Harbour Grace. One cannot but wish that gentleman would attempt to carry an election in the old Colony with the means becoming so increasingly popular in Canada. Those in Newfoundland opposed to union on any terms can afford to be



ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

silent when such utterances find their way to the ears of a people as clannish as old Scotland herself, while those who have a more or less strong desire to see their country become a part of the great young nation so close to them cannot help a feeling of bitter resentment at hearing themselves so cruelly slandered. If the question is ever to be debated intelligently—and the day should be forever gone by when it could be debated in any other manner—there must be a long truce to such ill-considered utterances on both sides of the Gulf. A common language, a common ancestry, a flag which is our common glorious heritage, should unite to teach us that, in the main, we must be

essentially one people, with common faults and virtues, though at present forming distinct political communities.

Friends of Confederation, both in Canada and Newfoundland, have regretted that the great statesman who welded the first provinces into a compact whole was not alive in 1895, when the Newfoundland delegates went to Ottawa to discuss the terms of union. The steadily growing sentiment in favor of becoming a part of the Dominion received a reverse at that time from which it has never recovered. We can readily understand the reluctance on the part of the Canadian Government just then to incur such an obligation as the bringing of a new province into the Confederation seemed to involve; but it is



A CRYSTAL CATHEDRAL, NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.

to be regretted, by the friends of the measure, that the Administration was not strong enough to feel safe in taking the step, or that it had not more accurately gauged the feeling of the Canadian people. Had either Sir John Macdonald or the statesman at the head of the present Administration been conducting the negotiations on behalf of Canada, it is safe to say the people of Newfoundland would not have been left with the impression that the people of Canada had tried to drive a hard bargain with them at a time when the Colony was in circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Fair-minded Canadians of all shades of politics whom it has been my fortune to meet, have been unanimous

in the opinion that a few thousand dollars annual subsidy and the assumption of an extra million or so of debt, should not have been allowed to stand in the way of rounding off the Dominion, and giving the new Province the feeling that it had been fairly, even generously, dealt with. The opportunity was allowed to slip by, and it may well be that another such never presents itself.

The distress caused by the Bank crash of 1894 brought home to the most bitter anti-Confederate the fact that it would have been to the advantage of Newfoundland to have entered the Dominion in 1869. Most people believed, at the time, that there were but two courses open to the Colony—either to surrender its Constitution



HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

or to join the Dominion. But the rapidity with which the country recovered from that disaster, and the surprising prosperity she has known under the improved commercial system which has since obtained, have led to a growing conviction among many that we are well able to stand alone, and that, given the right that Canada claims for herself, to make treaties of reciprocity with neighboring nations, a prosperous future awaits the Colony. This may, or may not be so, but it could scarcely cause surprise if the ordinary Newfoundlander got the same idea concerning the Canadian question which the average Canadian very properly has concerning the question

of reciprocity with the United States—that his country is doing very well as she is, and that the next proposals can come from the other side.

It is but right to say that I am writing as a Newfoundland, and shall write from a Newfoundland's point of view. I can scarcely hope to write with absolute impartiality, though I shall, of course, endeavor to do so, and to state fairly the case of those who advocate union, as well as that of those who believe the country is quite capable of working out its own future, without the aid of its big sister. There is a pretty general opinion that to be a Province of the Dominion is our ultimate destiny, and one argument urged by



HERD OF CARIBOU CROSSING A STREAM, NEWFOUNDLAND.

advocates of the measure is, that, this being so, the sooner union comes, the better for the Colony. Opponents of Confederation, on the other hand, maintain that even if we are finally to reach this end, our wisest policy, at the present time, is to wait. There is, it seems to me, much reason in what they say. They grant it would have been better had the Island entered the Dominion in 1869, but maintain it is not by any means certain the benefits that would have resulted to the Colony then would result now, but that, indeed, the reverse would be the case. They point to the great North-West, the possibilities of which are only just beginning to be dimly realized,

even by Canada herself. They say that for the next generation, at least, there will be ample room for all the capital, both public and private, which Canada can spare, in the opening up of the immense resources existing in that region, and that, therefore, the development we might reasonably have expected, and would, doubtless, have to a certain extent obtained, in 1869 and since, it would be folly to hope for now. Moreover, they say, the development of this vast territory must add enormously to the public debt of Canada—so much so, that it might with reason be feared our *per capita* debt as Canadians would, in a few years, be even in excess of what it is now, and that our taxation would have been increased in the same ratio. Advocates of Confederation reply that every argument urged in favor of the measure thirty years ago can be urged with additional force now, while many reasons which could not have been given for Union then can be brought forward now. In 1869, these say, we had no public debt; now, without any considerable increase of population, we have a debt of \$20,000,000, and it is more than desirable we should get Canada to assume, if she will, this burden, which is getting too grievous to be borne. It might also be urged, with much force, I think, that we shall never be able to hope for a reduction in our enormous expenditure for the administration of government as long as the present system obtains. The present Minister of Finance for the Colony, in one of the happy phrases for which he has a reputation, once referred to our civil service system as the trappings of an elephant on the back of a cat. It is said that not until we are tied down to a fixed annual revenue can we cherish any reasonable hope of having this elephantine incubus removed.

Though space forbids any exhaustive enquiry, it will be necessary to consider somewhat in detail how the admission of Newfoundland to the Dominion would affect both countries. What assets could the smaller colony bring to her big sister, and what compensating benefits would she reap from her connection with the larger country?

It may, I think, be assumed as a *sine qua non* of any terms of union that Canada should take over the entire public debt of Newfoundland. It may also be taken for granted, I think, that the other terms not settled by the British North America Act would not be less favorable to the colony than those offered by Canada in 1895. On this assumption, Newfoundland would be relieved of her *per capita* debt of \$90.80, and become liable for her share of the Dominion debt of \$67.14 *per capita*, which would be substantially increased if the new railway policy of the Canadian Government is carried out. She would also come

under the Dominion tariff, according to the provisions of which her people would pay a 29.4 per cent. rate on their principal imports, instead of the 30.3 per cent. rate they now pay. I know it will be observed that many of the goods on which we now pay duty can be produced by Canada, and that we should thus be able to get them duty free. It would be more correct to say that we should pay the duty to the manufacturer instead of to the government.

But it must not be lost sight of that the duties spoken of would bear less heavily on the fishermen, who make up by far the larger part of our population, than at first sight appears. The fishermen would receive a bounty of about twenty cents a quintal on all fish caught.



COLONIAL BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Not only so, but all lines, twines, nets, and other supplies for the deep-sea fishery would come to the fisherman, under the Canadian tariff, duty free. These would be immense advantages to a country which, one may almost say, has but one industry. It may be said, not advantages at all to be compared to that resulting from the opening up of a market of seventy-five millions by a treaty of reciprocity with the United States, the right to negotiate which we should surrender on joining the Dominion. But there seems to be abundant evidence that we shall be able to secure the ratification of such a treaty, in our present situation, when the Gloucester fishermen see that they are

getting the best of the bargain in every particular, or, perhaps, when such legislators as that "impartial jurist of international repute," Senator Lodge, cease to truckle to the prejudices of their constituents, regardless of every other consideration,—and to wait for that means to wait for the millennium. One is led to wonder whether, after all, the best way to get such a treaty concluded would not be to put our invaluable bait-fisheries into the hands of a power strong enough to protect them, and so bring the short-sighted fishermen of Massachusetts face to face with a condition they had not contemplated. Another benefit that would be felt in a peculiar sense by our fishermen and mariners would be the providing our coasts with as good a system of lights and signals as the coast of the Dominion has.

It is always asserted by those in the Island who advocate union that the cost of living would be less, especially to the laboring and middle classes. As far as my own experience has gone, I can find no warrant for this belief, though the statement I made above regarding comparative duties would seem to give it countenance. But the hard fact remains for me that I have found that it costs considerably more to live in Canada than in Newfoundland. Reluctant to draw a general conclusion from my own unsupported experience, or from that of others in like circumstances, I have taken many opportunities to get the opinion of Newfoundland workingmen whom I have met in Canada. They have invariably told me my experience in this matter was as theirs, saying they could buy at home with \$100 as much as they could buy in Canada with \$125 or \$130. My enquiries were made, I may say, between the years 1894 and 1899, and conditions are, no doubt, somewhat different now. I feel bound to say that one of the sanest of our public men, Mr. Donald Morrison, whose name in his own country lends weight and dignity to any cause he may advocate, differs from me *in toto* on this point, maintaining that though it may cost the laborer more to live in the Dominion, he lives better. If, however, the facts are as I have stated, it is no valid answer to say that wages are higher in Canada than in Newfoundland, and that, as a man can earn \$150 in Canada while he is earning \$100 in Newfoundland, he would still be better off as a citizen of the Dominion. This assumes that influences would operate upon the price of labor in the Island, if a part of the Dominion, which do not operate now—a wholly unwarranted assumption. Nor is there anything whatever, *me judice*, in the assertion so often made, that Confederation would mean an immediate influx of capital for the development of the country. I am well aware that nothing is more timid than capital. But capital will

flow into a country when it is assured of profitable returns, and no other inducement will cause it to come into any country—in the Canadian Confederation or out of it. When it has this inducement, nothing in reason can keep it out, timid though it is ; and, once in, it will itself form the steadyng influence. Newfoundland is not Venezuela or Colombia, and there is no real reason why any capitalist, even the most timid, should not now invest money in Newfoundland with quite as much security as if it were a part of Canada. As to the



WINTER SCENE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

question of wages under Confederation, Newfoundlanders would then, as now, cross to the mainland for work, and would find on returning that the cost of living on the Island was now quite as high as in the provinces.

My article is already too long, but I must speak of the assets the Old Colony could bring to the Dominion. To my mind, these are so great that if the statesmen and the thinking public of Canada fully realized them, they would conceive the admission of the Island to the

Confederation on fair, or even generous terms, to be imperative. To say nothing of its known immense mineral resources, its vast timber wealth, the great possibilities of the Labrador, she has, in her unparalleled fisheries, a mine that has never "petered out," and, under proper protection, never will. It would seem to me imperative to the Dominion that the fisheries of the North Atlantic should be consolidated. With the Newfoundland bait supply in her hands, Canada need never again be found at Washington a suppliant for reciprocity. The big and bellicose Republic would find itself in the novel rôle of suppliant. Do Canadian statesmen realize—do the Canadian public realize—that, shut out from the Newfoundland bait supply, the deep-sea fishery of the United States—at least, the greater part of it—must soon become a thing of the past? Can Canadian statesmen really have a clear idea of the immense advantage control of this weapon would give in any negotiations they might enter upon with the arrogant Republic?

On the other hand, what if this weapon should some day be found in the hands of the Republic? It is not a probability that England would hand over the Island to the United States on request, while the "friendly feeling" is in its acute stage, but some day the Empire may become disintegrated, and, in that event, it is scarcely likely the little Island could maintain its independence with the hungry maw of the most aggressive nation of modern times—perhaps, of any time—gaping open to receive her. As to Newfoundland's inclination to join the United States—that most persistent of all the slanders that find their way into the Canadian press about Newfoundland—such a thing is not, never has been, and never will be an issue in Newfoundland—not even a dead one. In spite of what some of the Canadian papers would have us believe, a people more loyal to the British Crown does not exist than in that country from which Old England drew the sea-dogs that humbled the pride of Holland in the day of her power, and made Britain the mistress of the seas. A nation's best assets are in its men, and the brave, hardy, God-fearing, freedom-loving seamen of Newfoundland would not be the least valuable of the assets the prospective province would bring to the Dominion. "Beggars," Mr. Mills called them. If beggars they are, they are beggars of the type who have been renowned in history as the men who gave the United Netherlands their freedom, and they have a record not less heroic than those. Newfoundland has for three hundred years bred men—emphatically, *men*. Her people's deeds are writ large on the scroll of English history. Theirs, in a peculiar sense, are the glorious traditions

of the Nile and Trafalgar, of Camperdown and "the glorious first of June." Subjected along half their coast-line to such injustice year after year as makes the Alaskan boundary appear trivial—injustice that comes home to the heart and bosom of every Newfoundland—*injustice through the instrumentality of that navy whose greatness and prestige the blood of their fathers was spilled freely to create and maintain*—these "beggars" have never yet bred a man to carry on a campaign of separation from Old England. Nor is it likely that men who pride themselves on being the direct descendants of the intrepid spirits that dared to beard imperial Spain, not in her decrepitude, but in the zenith of her power, should aspire to place their country in the



NEW DEPOT, REID NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAY, ST. JOHN'S,
NEWFOUNDLAND.

position of Porto Rico or Hawaii. They love to be free in the best sense of the word, and have no desire to be a colony or outlying territory of a people that believe they are free to do as they like, and are bound to make others do the same.

I do not think the question of Confederation is a question for special pleading, either in Canada or in Newfoundland. I believe the straightforward statements of facts, and the opinions honestly formed from a consideration of those facts, cannot do either side any harm. If I were speaking to my fellow-countrymen on the subject, I could not promise them all the benefits from Confederation they are some-

times promised, nor all the immediate advantages I myself once thought would accrue from union. I should have to tell them I believed the new conditions would bear a little more hardly upon them, and that, as far as they noticed any immediate change in their conditions, it would be for the worse. But I should have to tell them, also, that I had a firm conviction it would be to the ultimate advantage of the country—immeasurably so—to unite with Canada on fair terms. Looking to that future which wise men always keep in mind, I cannot but believe any disadvantages we might at first feel, or fancy we felt, would be well worth bearing, in view of the substantial benefits a few years would bring. I feel that every Newfoundland may look forward to a greater Newfoundland, and every Canadian to a greater Canada, when in both countries there shall be a call for the statesmanship to make both one.

Mexico City.

A Canadian Poetess—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

BY ETHEL R. PATTERSON, '05.

THE purpose of this necessarily incomplete essay is to induce further reading and study of one of Canada's most charming lyricists. The sketch is very incomplete, for although Miss Wetherald has written much that delights us, we are still looking for greater things, and it is hardly fair to estimate the writings of an author whose work may be only "the bud in promise."

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, of Fenwick, was born at Rockwood, Ontario, of English Quaker parentage, and educated at Friends' schools in New York and Ontario. She has done good work both in prose and poetry. For three years she did almost all the editorial work on *Wives and Daughters*, a monthly published in London, Ont., and for several years as "Bel Thistleworth," edited the Woman's Department of the Toronto *Globe*. Lately, in collaboration with Mr. G. M. Adams, Miss Wetherald published "An Algonquin Maiden," a charming romance of early days in Upper Canada.

Although Miss Wetherald has spent most of her time in journalistic work, she has also shown great and undoubted capacity for song. Her poems have been gathered into two little books, "The House of the Trees," published in 1896, and "Tangled in Stars," 1902. These poems had a strength and finish, and yet a great delicacy of touch,

which at once attracted critics and scholars. Equally happy in subject matter and technique, Miss Wetherald is always poetic, always artistic.

Miss Wetherald is one of our low-voiced, sweet singers. The invocation which gives the name to her first dainty little green volume might well be sung by everyone who wishes to get into touch with the songs which follow :

“ Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood ;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.



ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

From Canadian Singers and Their Songs.

“ Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at mid-day standeth Night,
Signing Toil’s release.

“ All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give ;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.”

The poems which follow are indeed, we think, the revelation of a truly poetic and gifted soul, to whom the "spirit of the woods" has unlocked the door, for she sings as naturally and sweetly as a little brown thrush swinging in the leafy boughs of a sunlit June world.

Miss Wetherald is, then, essentially a nature poet. Her songs are "Tangled in stars and spirit-steeped in dew." Some pictures we have, such as "The Sun on the Trees," "Leafless April," which show merely the artist, the painter, and give evidence of a keen eye and delicate perception of color and form.

Most of these nature poems, however, are subjective, and we have an expression of the poet's moods and fancies, and half-uttered longings. But even here the expression is frank and natural—permeated by nature's own sunshine—there is no straining of thought or gloomy mysticism. Enjoy the lyric sweetness and forceful optimism of the following from "The First Bluebird":

"First, first,
That was thy song that burst
Out of the spring of thy heart,
Incarnate spring that thou art !
Now must the winter depart,
Since to his age-heavy ear
Fluteth the youth of the year !

"Low, low,
Delicate, musical, slow ;
Lighten, O heaven that lowers,
Blossom, ye fields, into flowers,
Thicken, ye branches, to bowers ;
And then, O my heart, like a stone,
Wilt thou keep winter alone ?

"Sweet, sweet,
But there is lead in the feet,
No spring thoughts in the head,
But wintry burdens instead.
Nay, they are gone, they have fled,
Fled while the bluebird sung :
The earth and the heart are young."

Miss Wetherald's poems lack the force and virility which mark Miss Pauline Johnson's work, but they possess a delicate and spiritual quality unknown to any other Canadian poetess. The little poem, "Moonlight," may serve to show forth this quality :

“ When I see the ghost of night
 Stealing thro’ my window pane,
 Silken sleep and silver light
 Struggle for my soul in vain ;
 Silken sleep all balmily
 Breathes upon my lids oppressed
 Till I sudden start and see
 Ghostly fingers on my breast.
 White and skyey visitant,
 Bringing beauty such as stings
 All my inner soul to pant
 After undiscovered things,
 Spare me this consummate pain !
 Silken weavings intercreep
 Round my senses once again ;
 I am mortal, let me sleep.”

If asked to characterize Miss Wetherald’s work more closely, I should say that she is the poetess of Rest and the Twilight Hour. Longfellow, I think, might have chosen her when he said, “ Not from the grand old masters,” but

“ Read from some humble poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart
 As showers from the clouds of summer
 Or tears from the eyelids start.”

Listen to this restful bit from “ Earth’s Silences ” :

“ How dear to hearts by hurtful noises scarred
 The stillness of many leavèd trees,
 The quiet of green hills, the million-starred
 Tranquillity of night, the endless seas
 Of silence in deep wilds, where nature broods
 In large, serene, uninterrupted moods.”

Or this of twilight—

“ Who hath not in a darkening wood
 At twilight’s moment, dimly known
 That all his hurts were understood
 By some near presence not his own ;
 That all his griefs were comforted,
 His aspirations given release ;
 And that upon his troubled head
 Was laid the viewless hand of Peace.”

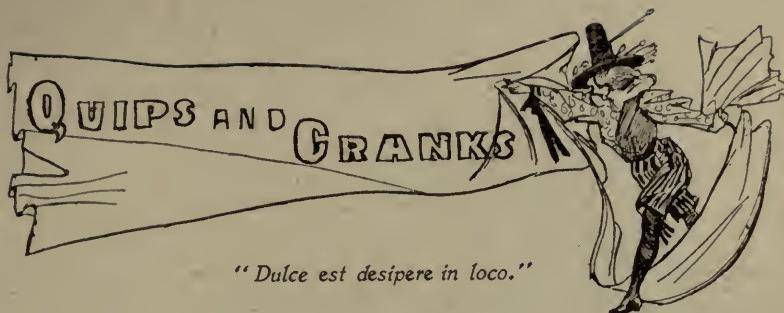
And just here a criticism might be made—that Miss Wetherald's poems lack variety—they are too much of one type. It is true that our singer lacks the versatility and vigor shown by some of her contemporaries, but we must surely admit that she has excelled in the limited sphere of work she has made for herself.

Miss Wetherald, in addition to these songs, has produced a rosary of sonnets, which alone would give her a high rank among Canadian writers. The choice of themes here is also limited—they have been called a group of love sonnets—but skill in the handling of the verse and taste of conception is shown throughout. This, perhaps, is the gem of the group:

“ Sometime, I fear, but God alone knows when,
Mine eyes shall gaze on your unseeing eyes,
On your unheeding ears shall fall my cries,
Your clasp shall cease, your soul go from my ken,
Your great heart be a fire burned out ; ah then,
What shall remain for me beneath the skies
Of glad or good, or beautiful or wise,
That can relume and thrill my heart again ?
This shall remain, a love that cannot fail,
A life that joys in your great joy, yet grieves
In memory of sweet days fled too soon ;
Sadness divine ! As when November pale
Sits broken-hearted 'mong her withered leaves,
And feels the wind about her warm as June.”



SUNRISE ON NOVA SCOTIA COAST.



Letters of a Freshman.

NO. II.

VICTORIA COLLEGE.

MY DEAR PARENTS—I promised to tell you about the Girls' Boarding House and the "Bob" in this letter, but I must first let you know of my good fortune. At the "Lit" the other night they wanted some one to buy refreshments, and out of seventy fellows me and two others were chosen. The fellows were pleased with my work and say I will likely get the job again next year. I think another barrel of apples would clinch it. The boys say I have a good taste, and I always have when buying refreshments.

The Boarding House is a big brick building, something like our barn, but two or three times as large. It stands just across the road from the College. We Freshmen are not supposed to go there at all; but holding an important office, I have special privileges. Even the Seniors are only allowed to call every second and fourth Friday evenings, except in pressing cases; but by the looks of things there are a lot of pressing cases in there. Fortunately these rules apply only to the front door. The back door is always open, and it seems you can call any time you have a parcel, so I guess I shall often have a parcel.

Well, the second Friday night I fixed up and went to see a girl I met at a reception. I was asked for my card, and not having any, I tore a leaf out of my Eaton scribbler, and wrote down my name in pencil. I was then shown into what they call the consulting room. But, bad luck to it, there were others after the same game. However, like a wise man, I let the others do the talking while I made goo-goo eyes. Owing to the place being a little chilly, and just got a haircut I kept my hat on all night to escape catching cold. The evening passed quickly, and I was getting on to the hang of things when time was called. Well, I got quite hot at being interrupted in the middle

of a private conversation, but it was of no use. Before I left the young lady said she had enjoyed my company, and I said I had, too. Then I asked if I might call again, and she said yes, if I didn't stay too long, and when I said I would not, she said she would be delighted to see me ; and I assured her she would see me often.

I have not much time to speak about the "Bob." As usual, I was the whole show. The fellow that played my part was talking all the time and kept the crowd roaring. I don't know what the Sophs could have done without me. They say I am the best subject that ever came to Victoria, and I don't doubt it. Do not forget the second barrel of apples. About the fees, I have staved the Doctor off till father sells the potatoes. Your affectionate son

JASPER.

JOHN BULL, BENEFACTOR.

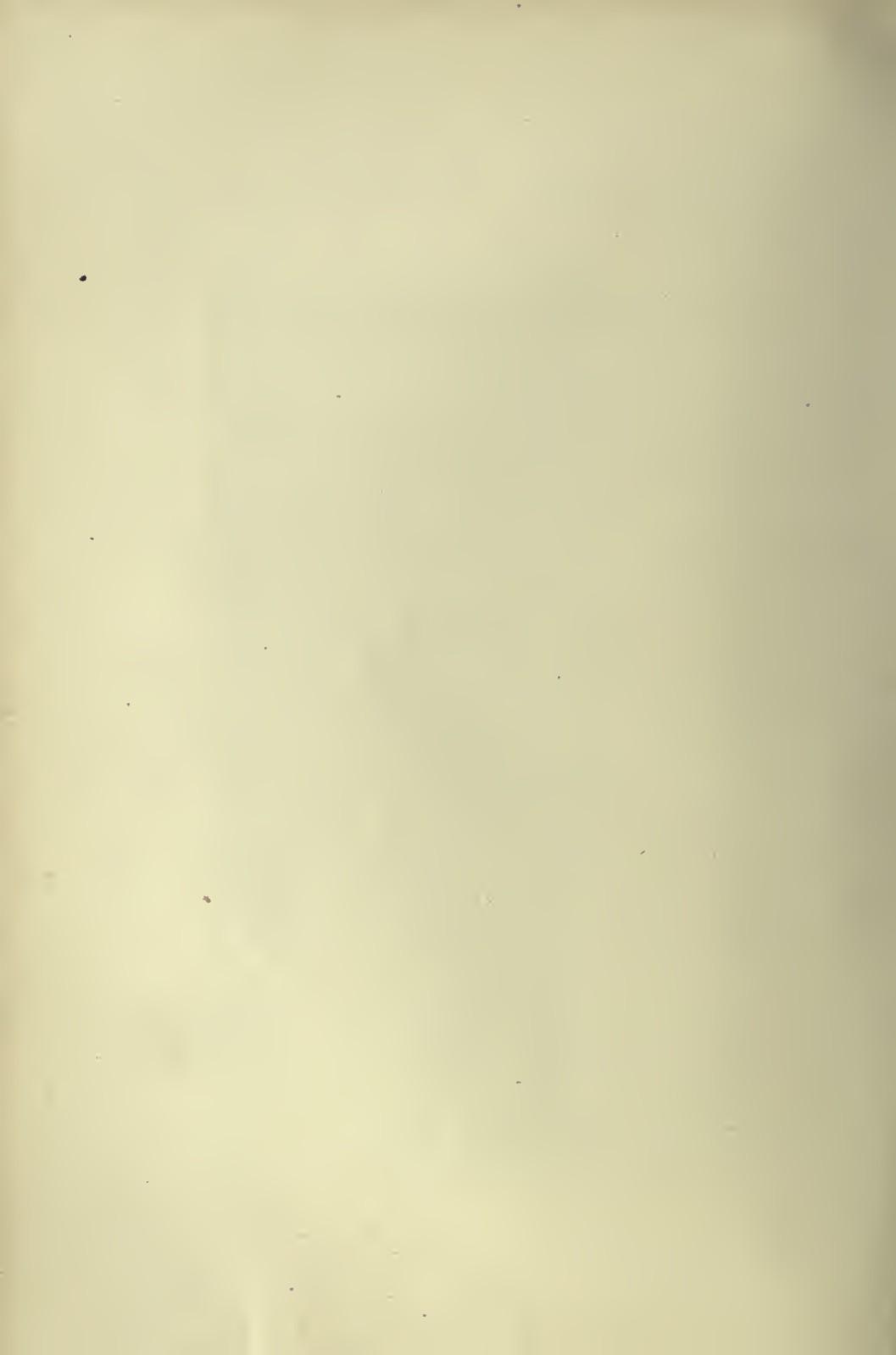
Old John Bull has gone off on a visit
To that poor oppressed land, known as Thibet;
Its dire state he will see,
And such cruel tyranny
He will sure intervene to prohibit. —*Rex.*

To save the British nation
Is Chamberlain's desire ;
He'd kill us by starvation
And send us thus up higher. —A. B.

A LITTLE boy,
A sandy strand,
Nice cool dip,
Beulah Land. —'o6



NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE.



SCIENTIFIC



Canadian Birds

BY R. A. LEY.



HEN spring unbinds the ice-bound St. Lawrence, great ships, crowded with home-seekers, come cleaving their way to Canada. This augurs well for our national prosperity, but it is dependent more on the arrival of another class of voyagers. On feathered oars, through the aerial ocean, from the sunny south, comes annually an army to assist agriculture. Insects and small mammals are the chief enemies of the tiller of the soil, and if nature's police—the birds—were to refrain from arresting these depredators, the achievement of agricultural success would be impossible.

Why these feathered protectors come is unknown, but probably they are actuated by love of their homeland; and although driven southward by the inconveniences incident to the approach of winter, their hearts and homes are in Canada. This sentiment is expressed by the white-throated sparrow (*gonotrichia leucophrys*) in its song of "Swee-e-e-t Can-a-da, Can-a-da, Can-a-da;" and sometimes after persistently repeating, during the day, this declaration of regard for Canada, it sings it softly in the stillness of midnight. This song has won for the bird the name "Canada sparrow," which is not authorized by the American Ornithologists' Union, which recognizes some of our birds by names that are syllabifications of their notes, as the killdeer (*oigidilis vocifera*), bob-white (*colinus virginianus*), whip-poor-will (*antrostomus vociferus*), phoebe (*sayornis phœbe*), peewee (*contopus virens*), bobolink (*dolichonyx oryzivorus*), towhee (*pipilo erythrophthalmus*) and chickadee (*parus atricapillus*).

Our Canadian cuckoo does not repeat its name as perfectly as its European relative does. The yellow-billed cuckoo (*coccygus americanus*) has a note much like "kuk-kuk," and the black-billed cuckoo (*coccygus erythrophthalmus*) repeats "kow-kow."

The American Ornithologists' Union in 1886 adopted a code of nomenclature and check list of North American birds, each species was numerically and alphabetically designated, and given one English and one scientific name. Some birds have names that do not appear in this list, imitative of their notes, as the towhee, whose note is much like "chewink, chewink, towhee," hence the bird is well known as the "chewink." Other examples are:—The "plum-pudden"—American bittern (*botaurus lentiginosus*); "squawk"—black-crowned night heron (*nycticorax nycticorax nævius*); "peep"—least sandpiper (*tringa minutilla*); "chebec"—least flycatcher (*empidonax minimus*); "whip-tom-kelley,"—red-eyed vireo (*vireo olivaceus*); and "teacher"—oven-bird (*seiurus aurocapillus*).

Some names of Canadian birds are descriptive of their voices, as the laughing gull (*larus atricilla*), cackling goose (*branta canadensis minima*) whistling swan (*olor columbianus*), trumpeter swan (*olor buccinator*), whooping crane (*grus americana*), piping plover (*aegialitis meloda*) mourning dove (*genaidura macroura*), saw-whet owl (*nyctala acadica*), screech owl (*megascops asio*), chipping sparrow (*spigella socialis*), warbling vireo (*vireo gilvis*), mockingbird (*mimus polyloftos*), and catbird (*galeoscoptes carolinensis*). Other examples are:—The "stake driver" or "thunder pumper," which names are sometimes applied to the American bittern; "polyglot chat"—yellow-breasted chat (*ictera virens*); and "bellbird"—wood thrush (*turtus mustelinus*). One of our songsters sings sweetly at eventide, and has been named the vesper sparrow (*poocetes gramineus*). A few of our birds, in flight, make a noise with their wings, and have names that indicate this, as the humming birds (*trochilidae*); and the "whistler," or "whistle-wing duck"—American-golden-eye (*glaucionetta clangula americana*).

The species that have been honored with Canadian names are:—The Canada goose (*branta canadensis*), Canada grouse (*dendragapus canadensis*), Canadian ruffed grouse (*bonasa umbellus togata*), Canada jay (*perisoreus canadensis*), gray Canada jay (*perisoreus obscurus griseus*), Canadian warbler (*sylvania canadensis*), Labrador duck (*camptolaimus labradorius*), Labrador spruce grouse (*canachites canadensis labradorius*), Queen Charlotte woodpecker (*dryobates villosus picoideus*), Queen Charlotte jay (*cyanocitta stelleri carlotta*), Labrador jay (*perisoreus canadensis nigricapillus*), Rocky Mountain jay (*perisoreus canadensis capitalis*), Hutchin's goose (*branta canadensis hutchinsi*), white-cheeked goose (*branta canadensis occidentalis*), cackling goose (*branta canadensis minima*), little brown crane (*grus canadensis*), red-breasted nuthatch (*sitta canadensis*), and saw-whet owl (*nyctala acadica*).

There are about ten thousand species of birds. More than one thousand species and sub-species have been listed as North American, and about five hundred of these may be classed as Canadian members of fifty bird families, as follows:—Five *podicipidæ* (grebes), five *urinatoridæ* (loons), seventeen *alcidæ* (auks, murres and puffins), four *stercorariidæ* (skuas and jaegers), thirty-six *laridæ* (gulls and terns), fifteen *procacciidæ* (fulmars and shearwaters), one of the *phaethontidæ* (tropic birds), one of the *sulidæ* (gannets), five *phalacrocorocidæ* (cormorants), three *pelecanidæ* (pelicans), one of the *fregatidæ* (man-o'-war birds), forty-seven *anatidæ* (ducks, geese and swans), two *ibididæ* (ibises), ten *ardeidæ* (herons, bitterns, etc.), three *gruidæ* (cranes), nine *rallidæ* (rails, gallinules and coots), three *phalaropodidæ* (phalaropes), one of the *recurvirostridæ* (avocets and stilts), thirty-seven *scolopacidæ* (snipes, sandpipers, etc.), nine *charadriidæ* (plovers), three *aphrigidæ* (surf birds and turnstones), two *haematopodidæ* (oyster-catchers), twenty *tetraonidæ* (grouse, partridges, etc.), two *phasianidæ* (pheasants, turkeys, etc.) three *columbidæ* (pigeons), three *cathartidæ* (American vultures), fifty-one *falconidæ* (vultures, falcons, hawks, eagles, owls, etc.), three *cuculidæ* (cuckoos, anis, etc.), one of the *alcedinidæ* (kingfishers), twenty-five *picidæ* (woodpeckers), four *caprimulgidæ* (goat-suckers, etc.), three *micropodidæ*, (swifts), five *trochilidæ* (hummingbirds), seventeen *tyrannidæ* (tyrant flycatchers), six *alaudidæ* (larks), fifteen *corvidæ* (crows, jays, magpies, etc.), sixteen *icteridæ* (blackbirds, orioles, etc.), forty-six *fringillidæ* (finches, sparrows, etc.), two *tanageridæ* (tanagers), six *hirundinidæ* (swallows), two *ampelidæ* (wax-wings), three *laniidæ* (shrikes), five *vireonidæ* (vireos), thirty-four *mniotiliidæ* (wood-warblers), two *motacillidæ* (wagtails), one of the *cinclidæ* (dippers), eight *troglodytidæ* (wrens, thrashers, etc.), three *certhiidæ* (creepers), seven *paridæ* (nuthatches and tits), and sixteen *sylviidæ* (warblers, kinglets and gnatcatchers).

Grebes, the first family, are expert swimmers and divers, and are difficult to shoot because they dive on seeing the flash of the gun. So great is the expansion and contraction of their bodies by the inhalation and exhalation of air, that they can apparently melt away on the surface of the water like a large snowflake. They build a floating nest of water-weeds and mud fastened to aquatic plants, and make use of extraneous heat in incubation. During the day they leave the nest after covering it with decaying vegetable matter, and the hatching process is carried on by the sun's heat and any that may be generated by the slow combustion of this covering.

The next family, loons, are practically a larger edition of the grebe,

and bear about the same relationship to grebes as geese do to ducks.

The next family embraces the auks, murres and puffins. These are strictly maritime birds, spending their lives on the sea and only landing for purposes of nidification. One member of this family, the great auk (*plautus impennis*), is extinct, the last specimen having been obtained in 1853.

All the North American skuas and jaegers, constituting a family of bird pirates, are found in Canada.

The gulls and terns are a numerous and well-known family. In 1902 terns were first noticed at Rice Lake, Ontario.

The shearwater petrels, commonly called "Mother Carey's chickens," are distinctly seabirds, and are almost ever on the wing.

One yellow-billed tropic bird (*phaethon flavirostris*) was taken in Nova Scotia after a storm.

The gannet (*sula bassana*) breeds abundantly on the Bird Rocks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The gluttony of the cormorants has passed into a proverb. In Milton's time it was considered ideal sport to fish with these birds.

The pelicans are well known by their pouches. The American white pelican (*pelecanus erythrorhynchos*) is comparatively common in the North-West.

Only two specimens of the man-o'-war bird are known to have been taken in Canada, one in Nova Scotia and the other on the St. Lawrence River.

There are thirty-four species of ducks, eleven species of geese and two species of swans in Canada. The Labrador duck is supposed to be extinct, 1875 being the date of its disappearance. Canada is noted for its vast numbers of ducks and geese.

A flock of the glossy ibis (*plegadis autumnalis*) was seen in Nova Scotia. Two specimens of the white-faced glossy ibis (*plegadis guarauna*) are known to have been taken in British Columbia.

The bitterns and herons are known to most observers of nature. The great blue heron (*ardea herodias*) is pictured by Longfellow in "The Herons of Elmwood."

This bird breeds in colonies and is commonly known by the name of "crane" in Ontario.

The cranes are our larger marsh birds and all the North American members of this family are found in Canada.

The rails, gallinules and coots are our smaller marsh birds. "As thin as a rail" refers to the first-mentioned birds.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS



Our Present Opportunity.

BY MISS M. E. STONE,

Of the Deaconess Training School.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in."



MISS M. E. STONE.

ONE passing through our beautiful city of Toronto, with its art, education and many kindred influences that uplift and refine, would scarcely believe that the words just quoted need application in our midst.

But a brief conversation with a mission worker, whose privilege it is to seek out the wandering ones in a large city, would soon change the opinions of many who

see only the pleasant side.

At this season of the year mission workers are praying and planning for the winter's work. How can these straying and neglected sheep be brought back to the fold? We talk of the sin, misery and degradation in many of the homes we visit and conclude that there is only one way to better the lives of these people, and that is to bring them into touch with the transforming power of Christ. But how is this to be done? There are so many who care little or nothing for the house of God, or any place of worship whatever. They are utterly ignorant of the Word of God and have no desire to know it. We must take it to them, we must give ourselves to them in such whole-hearted service that they shall long to know the love that has inspired our zeal for their souls.

For a number of years the workers of the Fred Victor Mission have been doing a good work among the people of their district by means of cottage prayer-meetings. Last year these meetings were conducted on a larger scale than ever before. The Superintendent of the Mission and the Visiting Deaconess arranged for as many as eighteen meetings

a week, to be held every Wednesday evening in the different homes of the mission people. They succeeded in securing the valuable services of about thirty-six consecrated young men from Victoria College.



MISS C. WILCOX,
Children's Deaconess,
Fred Victor Mission.



MISS L. BROWN,
Nurse Deaconess,
Fred Victor Mission.



MISS CLIPSHAM,
Deaconess Door of Hope,
Fred Victor Mission.

Each week these devoted volunteers made their way to the appointed places where a number of people had assembled together. Sometimes the gatherings were not large; but, if only the members of the family were present, who could estimate the far-reaching influence of the living Word of God faithfully expounded. The



DEACONE S' HOME.

results of these meetings have convinced us more thoroughly than ever that the power of God is not confined to numbers.

To one of these homes, where the attendance at the service was but

small, such blessing came that the wife freely expressed her joy. "I am so glad we had the meetings in our house, for my husband seems to be a better man and has not been drinking since." No doubt some good seed had found a lodging-place in his heart, so that he stopped to consider his ways, and we trust that he will finally be led to the salvation of his soul.

Another meeting was held in a home where there were five small children. The father said to the Deaconess, when she asked for permission to hold a meeting there, "To tell you the truth, I never go to church. I have been inside of a church but once in seven years, and that was one Sunday when there was a military parade. I believe



MISS G. TONKIN,
Children's Deaconess,
Fred Victor Mission.



MISS E. J. SCOTT,
Superintendent of the
Deaconess Home.

people can be just as good if they stay at home and read their Bibles." The Deaconess talked kindly to him for a few minutes, after which he said, "Well, if the wife does not care, I do not mind." The leaders from Victoria College dealt wisely, earnestly and faithfully with this needy soul, and soon thoroughly aroused his interest. When the student-leaders could not come any longer, the worker felt that the meeting must be continued, and one night in one of the services, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

One has neither time nor space to tell all the encouraging features of this work, but every meeting means at least two blessings, one to the leader, the other to the listener. To the worker it brings a rich

experience in dealing with human nature, while it involves a real benediction to every home where the meetings are held. Results are not always seen on the surface, but as Carlyle says, "Let a man do his work, the fruit of it is in the care of another than he."

Could not even more of our zealous and consecrated college students, whose main aim is to glorify God, give a little of their precious time in this way for the Master?

Notes.

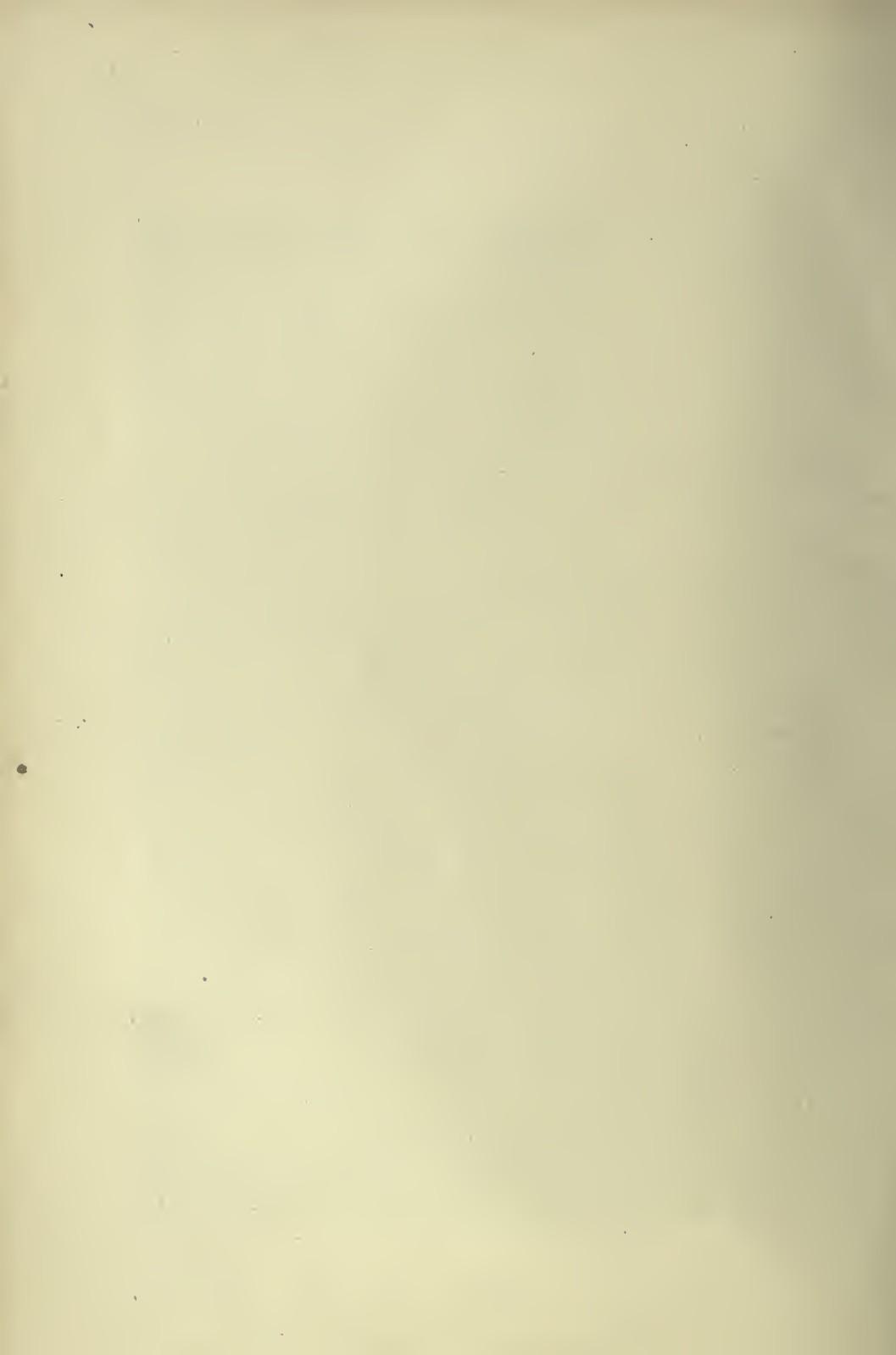
AT the closing meeting of the College Missionary Society for last term, the discussion centred upon a matter of no less importance than the raising of a fund to send our esteemed Chancellor to Japan in the interests of Christian education and missions. The subject was broached on the basis of an urgent request from our Methodist Conference in Japan, that the Home Church undertake to send Chancellor Burwash to their land to deliver a series of lectures on some phases of Christian theology. Feeling sure that such a visit would prove beneficial to the native pastorate, stimulating to our faithful missionaries there, and at the time would exercise a wholesome reflex influence upon our College and the Church at large, the College Missionary Society decided to memorialize the Board of Regents of Victoria, asking for their sanction in launching such a project.

As ACTA goes to press, the eighth annual Missionary Conference is in session in the College chapel. "The doubling of the force of workers in all the mission fields" is the practical aim of the conference. The following are contributing of their counsel and enthusiasm to make the convention a success: Mrs. (Dr.) Carman, Miss Siston, Rev. Dr. Cleaver, Rev. Dr. Scott, Dr. F. C. Stephenson, Mr. Nishimura, and others, of Toronto; Rev. J. J. Rae, of Oshawa; Rev. Drs. Woodsworth and McDougall, of N.W.T.; Rev. Dr. Smith and Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, of China, and Rev. Dr. Hart, of Burlington.





A COOL RETREAT.



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Editorial.

ATHER Time has closed another book and set us writing a new volume. In order to keep its pages clean, the world has provided itself with a new set of rules and a fresh supply of erasing materials, only to forget them as formerly ; and, doubtless, notwithstanding good intentions, blots and splurges will again appear.

How strange a thing is human nature—a veritable bundle of contradictions. It has worthy ideals, but its conduct falls far beneath them. It fain would do better ; and is defective rather than faulty : its errors are of the head, rather than of the heart.

The obvious lesson is that man is largely the product of his environment ; that as in nature certain climates produce certain plants, so given social conditions produce their peculiar types of men. True, the principle of volition impairs the value of the analogy, but it is undeniable that in a given community the opinions and conduct of its members approximate to a certain standard ; and, if for nothing else but for convenience sake, the most of us will do what our neighbors do. This is becoming more so with the growing complexity of society.



That so many fail to attain to their ideals is not due altogether to infirmity of purpose. To be much in advance of one's age is to arouse a pestering criticism, and raise obstacles inimical to success. In every progressive community there is a mean rate of movement; to go faster or slower than this is to break with that almost irresistible force called the spirit of the age, and ordinary mortals cannot be blamed if they are adverse to incurring disturbance. Dissatisfaction is often a good sign and may spring from disappointment at our rate of progress. But let us not fret because of this apparent slowness, for those who are of the earth must expect to be earthly. It is reserved only for a few to become beacon-lights along the pathway of life. Mediocrity is the plane on which the most of us must dwell; and an uneventful death is the common end. But though it may not be our lot to dwell among the altitudes, let us solace ourselves with the thought that our life is one with humanity; as it progresses so do we; and though the process may seem slow, it is nevertheless steady and assuredly upward.

* * *

Every citizen is a debtor to the state. In return THE STUDENT for the rights and privileges he enjoys, he must not AND POLITICS. only contribute to its revenues and defend it in danger, but in a democracy he must assume a personal responsibility for its government.

These remarks, which apply to all citizens, have a special application to those who have enjoyed the advantages of higher education, and may reasonably be expected to assume more than the ordinary share of political responsibility. Students, as a class, give too little consideration to politics and their unfamiliarity therewith, as evidenced by the immaturity of their opinions, is positively discreditable.

This is not as it should be. It is as much a student's duty to inform himself upon the politics of his country as it is for him to master the subjects of the curriculum. For if the educated portion of the community will not assume the responsibility of its government, it must fall upon persons of inferior acquirements, and this has occurred in many parts of the United States and in some parts of Canada, with lamentable results. To what is the present condition of Ontario politics due? Principally to the apathy of its better class of citizens, of which college graduates form a large proportion. Possessed with the idea that their duty at college was to acquire only such knowledge as would fit them for a professional career, students have thought of little else, and have gone forth unmindful of the claims of the state; and our politics, neglected by its natural leaders, have fallen into the

hands of unprincipled persons. As a result, instead of questions worthy men of ability and honor engaging the attention of our legislators, rascality is the all-absorbing issue, and in the legislature, on the platform, and in the press, charges, counter-charges and denials are flung from one side to the other, until "liar" and "thief" seem to have become the common words of political parlance.

As if surprised that such evils should be found in this model province, a number of good persons have held up their hands in horror at the sight, and in periodic fits of vehement righteousness, professional moralists have denounced the "party system" as the cause of all this villainy. With this opinion we differ. The party system has its evils and may have outgrown its usefulness in provincial politics, but to assign the pollution to it is to mistake the outlet of the stream for its source. Bad men are the corrupting influence, and as long as our political organizations are controlled by persons destitute of either private or public virtues, so long will our politics be corrupt.

To assert that a college degree is a guarantee of political wisdom and of incorruptibility would be absurd. But surely we have a right to expect fruit where the soil has been long and carefully prepared, and we would get it if the student chose his politics before he left college. But he goes forth without convictions and being therefore without influence, is of little account beside the "boss," who makes no pretence to intellectual superiority, but who plays skilfully upon the cupidity of human nature. That this is so is due either to the college man's ignorance of political conditions or to his lack of individuality. The latter no college can supply; but to impart information and fit persons for the larger life is the only justification for its existence.

But dangers other than the corruption of our native electorate threaten us. We are receiving a large number of foreigners, whose political life begins almost as soon as they reach our shores. These persons, ignorant of our polities, but possessing the franchise; exercising the most potent of political privileges, yet without adequate conception of their corresponding responsibility, will fall the prey of unscrupulous men. If our political organizations remain under the control of those who, without compunction, prostitute the electorate, this foreign element, holding the balance of power, and in the hands of skilful manipulators, will command and receive its price, as it does in the neighboring republic. To avert this possibility, which is fraught with danger to society and the state, it is incumbent upon Canadians to be vigilant in their country's interest. To none is the call more urgent than to those who, versed in the learning of the schools, may bring past experience to bear upon present conditions; and may we not expect that a purer morality will accompany greater wisdom?

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.

JOHN HENRY DUMBLE, M.A., LL.B.

AS 1903 passes away it carries with it a longer death-roll of Victoria graduates than any of its predecessors.

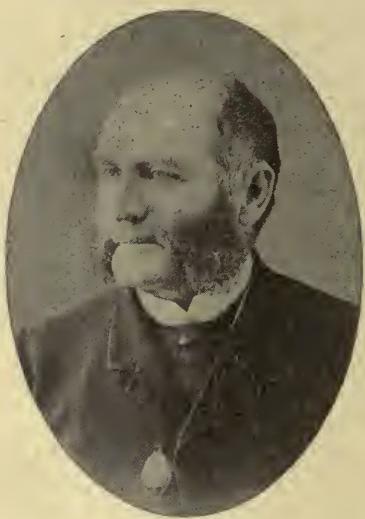
The ranks of our alumni show many gaps that at the beginning of the year were filled by active workers. The promising young graduate and the veteran who had won his name and standing have been stricken from our rolls.

Of those whose loss we feel no one was more widely known, and no one took a keener interest in Victoria's welfare, nor had been more active in her service than John Henry Dumble, M.A., LL.B.

Mr. Dumble was born seventy-three years ago in Ireland while his father was engaged on the trigonometrical survey of that island. In 1842 his father was sent to this country to assist in locating the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick under the Ashburton Treaty.

JOHN HENRY DUMBLE, M.A., LL.B.

The son, though but a lad, was employed with his father on that survey the three years of its continuance, and with him spent a year in Washington charting the results obtained by the surveyors. After a year in an engineer's office on the Erie canal he joined his family



at Cobourg. When the Grand Trunk was building he was engaged on the construction of the first Victoria Bridge at Montreal, and as engineer in charge located the line from Cobourg to Shannonville. After this railway was finished he was offered very attractive service in Denmark, but he had married in Cobourg, and strongly attached to home life, refused the proffered opening, abandoned the profession likely to lead him so far afield and determined to become a lawyer. Though setting this goal before him, at the request of his fellow-citizens he acted for a few years as managing director of the Cobourg and Peterboro' Railway. This railway crossed Rice Lake on a bridge of piles three miles in length, against the construction of which Mr. Dumble had strongly protested. The serious difficulties encountered every winter from the action of ice on this bridge convinced him of the desirability of a more accurate knowledge than engineers then possessed of the effect on ice of varying degrees of temperature. By means of ingenious apparatus of his devising and a long series of observations he deduced the curve exhibiting the behaviour of ice under different degrees of frost. For this work he received flattering recognition from the Smithsonian Institute and other scientific bodies. He also built the railway from Whitby to Port Perry, developed an iron mine near Hull in the Province of Quebec, opened and worked in conjunction with American capitalists the mines at Blairton, and with his brother built the railway from that place to Hastings. In pursuance of his determination to practice law he entered the office of Mr. Janies Cockburn, sometime Speaker of the House of Commons, and subsequently became his partner. The ability, energy and devotion to the work on hand that had marked him accompanied him to his law office, and he was made solicitor and police magistrate of the town of Cobourg, and a local Master in Chancery, which offices he was actively filling at the time of his death.

Mr. Dumble's connection with Victoria University began when he entered its halls as a student on his first coming to Cobourg. Though beginning his work on the Grand Trunk before his B.A. course was fully completed, his *Alma Mater* knew him as one who, as far as a busy professional life permitted, continued his literary work, and in consideration of his well-known attainments conferred on him the M.A. degree, *honoris causa*, in 1860, and in 1864 granted him the LL.B., taken in course. For over thirty years he served Victoria as a member of its Board in the various capacities of Visitor, Trustee and Treasurer.

When he became Treasurer he introduced a reform which was a veritable boon to the members of the staff. It had been the custom

to pay salaries as the money in the treasury permitted, and therefore instalments varied in time and amount. Mr. Dumble determined that the staff should receive their quarterly dues promptly and in full. In the straitened circumstances of the treasury this was no easy thing to do, and for its accomplishment he was again and again forced to pledge to the extent of thousands of dollars his personal credit, but the end was attained and regularity of payment firmly established. His connection with the Board was during the presidency and chancellorship of Dr. Nelles. The late Chancellor, during those years of strenuous and successful effort to place Victoria on firm foundations, found no warmer sympathizer with his ideals, no supporter more loyal, no one more keenly interested in each forward step, and no adviser more capable than this lifelong friend ; but as Mr. Dumble's dream had always been the upbuilding of Victoria as an independent university, he found himself in opposition to federation, and when it was decided by the Church that this was the wiser policy, he felt constrained to give place to some one more in sympathy with the new movement.

In politics he was of the Liberal party, and in the advocacy of its measures became a clear and effective speaker, was made chairman of the Reform Association of West Northumberland, and contested that riding in behalf of his party when the Liberals were in opposition under the leadership of the Hon. Edward Blake.

The patriotic spirit in which Mr. Dumble discharged his duties as a citizen was evidenced when the threatened Fenian invasion promised certain anxiety and loss, if not serious danger. He promptly raised a full company of garrison artillery, commanded it while on duty in the old fort at Toronto and, after years of painstaking and self-sacrificing attention to its interests, handed it over to his successor one of the most efficient companies in Canada in this branch of the service.

Though Mr. Dumble's record shows how zealously he pursued his professional career, and though in the social circle his brightly humorous way of looking at men and things made him ever a welcome guest, yet of him it can be said with peculiar emphasis that his real life was in his family and his home.

With few active business men did brother and sister, wife and child count for so much. In the midst of his family he always found his fullest joys. With them he read his favorite authors or plied his pencil and his brush ; and in the home he loved so well, without warning, after a day passed in more than usual activity, the quiet sleep of rest deepened into that which here knows no awakening.

ARTHUR ALLIN, M.A., PH.D.

VERY keen and deep was our sense of loss when on the morning of the 17th of November last a telegram from Boulder, Col., announced the death of Arthur Allin. It was hard to realize that a man of such intellectual freshness and vigor, whose work had given evidence of such originality and power, had been called away from us almost at the beginning of his career.



All his old friends and classmates will feel deeply the loss of one who distinguished himself hardly less on the campus than in the class-room, and who under all circumstances showed the same frankness and honest manliness, joined with an intellectual ability which surprised and delighted his instructors. For my own part I scarcely expect again to find in my classes a student whose work will show the same

ARTHUR ALLIN, M.A., PH.D.

union of receptive with original power which marked the work of Arthur Allin. It is now nearly twelve years since he left the class-rooms of "Old Vic"; and I suppose most of the students now in attendance know little, even by repute, of the work and play of as manly a student as I ever knew.

Such being the case, it will be pardonable in me, without attempting to write a formal biography of him, to dwell a little on the characteristics that so won the confidence of his teachers and shaped for him a career so brilliant.

In 1888 he entered Victoria, and I first met him in October, 1889, when, after a successful year's work, he determined to enter the honor courses in Philosophy and Classics, and took the supplements neces-

sary to enable him to do so. I had not read a page of his first paper before I saw that I had to deal with a student of extraordinary ability ; and as the work of the year went on I found that his ability was fully equalled by his modesty and intellectual honesty. In each of the remaining three years of his course he won the first place in First Class in both departments and found time, moreover, to take a vigorous interest in athletics, to help any of his fellow-students who happened to fail on "Dewey," and to carry on a wide course of general reading, which he felt was necessary if one was to get the best out of his academic course. His appetite for work was not easily satiated, and again and again he came to me to ask for books that would take him farther along certain lines of thought that had been touched upon in my lectures. Often there were no such books ; and as a rule when there were they had not been translated from the original German, which seems to be the vernacular of most thorough work in Classics to-day ; and at that time his knowledge of German did not enable him to read them with the rapidity rendered necessary by the limited time at his disposal. His competitors in both Philosophy and Classics were men of ability much above the average, but no one of them was able to imperil his supremacy for a moment. He graduated in 1892 with gold medals in Philosophy and Classics, and never had medals been better or more fairly won.

Before graduating he had determined to continue his studies in Germany. On his arrival there he spent what remained of the summer semester in the University of Heidelberg, to which he had been attracted by the reputation of Kuno Fischer. But in the following October he entered the classes in the University of Breslau, where he studied under Bacumker, Lippa and Freudenthal, and learned to make the best of his opportunities under the coaching of my old *confrères* in the Union for Classical Philology. After spending a semester at Breslau, Mr. Allin went to Berlin, where he studied for two years, graduating in May, 1895, with a thesis on "Das Grundprincip der Association," that won high praise from Prof. Stumpf, with whom he had been especially associated in his work. With his usual thoroughness he had so mastered German as to be able to present his thesis in that language, though one in English would have been accepted. In his examination he succeeded in winning the attribute, *cum laude*, in a university famed for the severity of its examinations.

On his return, feeling that he was not yet sufficiently equipped for University work, he applied for a fellowship in Clark University, where he spent a year under Dr. Stanley Hall, publishing at its close, in

union with his teacher, a paper on "The Psychology of Tickling, Laughing and the Comic." In the summer of that year he was appointed to the chair of Psychology in the University of Athens, Ohio; and after two years' successful work there, he was transferred to the chair of Psychology and Education in the University of Colorado at Boulder. There his position brought him into close contact with the High schools of the State, and he did much to raise the standard of secondary education.

When the University of Colorado, in June, 1902, entered on the publication of "Investigations in the Department of Psychology and Education," Dr. Allin was appointed editor of the series, to which he contributed papers on "The Survival Values of Play" (Nov., 1902), the "Origin and Formation of Habits," and the "Law of Acceleration and Increase of Sensory Stimulation" (April, 1903). But his old friends felt that he had merely made a beginning, and were looking for great achievements from the ripened thought and experience of a man who had shown such remarkable power and originality, when in November last came the news of the end. In June, 1898, he was married to Alberta, daughter of Mr. Johnston Carey, of this city, who, with one child, a son, mourns his loss.

A. J. B.

WE regret exceedingly to have thrown upon us the sad duty of recording this year the deaths of so many of our distinguished alumni, but feel sure that our readers will appreciate our efforts to present accounts of their careers, even though it necessitates at times the postponement of the insertion of much valuable personal material. Gradually we hope to be able to present it all, and crave the indulgence of all contributors in this regard.

W. P. DANDY, '96, was recently appointed Commercial Master at the Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

S. F. COURTICE, '98, who was teaching mathematics and physics in Albert College, Belleville, has been appointed Mathematical Master of Kincardine High School.

W. H. EASTON, B.A. (Queen's), who spent '95-'96 in the B.D. course, and was later appointed to the principalship of the Columbian Methodist College, is now pastor of the M. E. church at Olivia, Minn.

F. W. H. JACOMBE, '96, a former Editor-in-Chief of ACTA, is on the editorial staff of the *Guelph Mercury*. We take this opportunity of thanking this former personal editor for the true sympathy he has shown in sending us so many items of interest for our columns.

W. DALGLEISH, B.A. (McGill), who did so much for the spiritual life of Victoria during his two years with us while pursuing the B.D. course, is now in the itinerant work in the West, being stationed at Carstairs, Alta. All the students of Vic. who had the pleasure of associating with "Dal" will follow him with the very best wishes.

F. H. DOBSON, '02, who was teaching for a time in the High School of Strathcona, Alta., has entered Wesley College, Winnipeg, to pursue Theology (?).

MANY of the present students of Victoria will remember well D. M. Hunter, who spent a year with '05, and N. R. Bugg, who similarly favored the class of '06. The former was thought to be dead from the effects of the vaccination he underwent along with all the other students of the University before the May exams of 1902. However, he recovered and is now teaching at Carstairs, Alta. We hope to see Dave around again before long. The members of the class of '06 will be interested to know that Mr. Bugg is in Alberta also, ministering to the people of Bowden in things divine.

ALBERTA is also favored with having among its preachers W. H. Wood, '01, a former Business Manager of ACTA, stationed at Okotoks ; A. T. Wilkinson who is at Pincher Creek ; and C. C. Corneille, '98, at Wetaskiwin.

G. S. McCARTNEY, who spent a couple of years with '98, is now a bank teller in Brandon, Man.

C. R. FLANDERS, '81, is now Principal of Stanstead College, Stanstead, Quebec.

E. J. CARSON, '02, is reported as having entered on the Theological course in Wesley College, Winnipeg.

WE are also informed that W. J. Spence, '00, one of the worthy professors of Wesley, has become a basket-ball fiend and has entered with a Wesley team at the Y. M. C. A.

MARRIED, at the residence of the bride's father, Bellwood, Pa., on Wednesday, December 23rd, by Rev. Dr. Mathers, J. H. Faull, '98, lecturer in Botany in Toronto University, son of the late Rev. Jas. Faull, to Annie Bell, eldest daughter of Mr. C. F. Sargent. ACTA extends hearty congratulations.

Y. W. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1903-04.

M. E. KEYES, N. E. ALLEN, F. E. WATTS,
E. C. DWIGHT, J. C. POTTER, E. L. WALLACE,
^{Wm} M. L. JEFFERY, B. A. LINHAM,
G. PETERSEN, S. A. VANALSYNE,
E. A. WEEKS,





RMSTRONG, '07—"Cheer up, boys! A fellow who's taking an Arts course can get married before being ordained." ("Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise.")

"ONE of the boys," at Newmarket (to the fair lady who was waiting at table)—"If anyone can find me the girl who made that pumpkin pie, I'll marry her." The waitress blushed beautifully and retired.

PROF. (to Miss Patterson, as she mounts to the top flat)—"Are you sloping a lecture?" Miss P.—"No, I'm going religiously to a lecture."

How would you make beef tea, Miss Proctor?" Miss Proctor—"Buy a tin of beef extract and follow the directions on the top."

GIFFORD (sympathetically)—"I'm so glad to see you're better, Miss F.—. I've been watching that cold anxiously day by day."

"P. G."—"All the B.D.s had their wives at the conversat."

THE Misses Ha—l and K—y are said to hold a class at "The Mission" on Sundays, at which Miss K. sometimes sings her favorite solo, "'Way down upon the Swanny River."

ANOTHER remark *re* photos has come to our ears. This time it is by a sweet girl graduate on the Alma Mater group: "Why does *Edward* always get such a buttery look on his mouth?"

MOORE (at the rink on Saturday afternoon)—"I have two essays to write before Monday, but one of them is nearly finished." Lady Companion—"You have it ready to copy out, have you?"

Moore—"No, I have it here in the top of my head."

IN Xmas Locals we announced that Mr. J. Herman Beer was president of the B.D. class for the year. The truth is that Mr. W. K. Allen, B.A., is president and Mr. Beer secretary.

WARD, '04—"When I get out of college, in about two years you'll hear of me as the greatest sport in the United States." Don't, Charlie! you might die of heart failure.

MORGAN (to Langford, who was misbehaving in lecture)—“*Animus vester ego!*” (Mind your eye!)

MISS F— (to Professor)—“The calendar says the College will not close till Tuesday, but it *will* close on Friday.” Professor—“So let it be.”

RINK finished and good skating on Dec. 11th! The Rink Committee is the best yet.

MISS GRIFFIN, '07, has announced her intention of “setting the pace for Victoria girls.” So soon already, yet a few have failed to step up (!).

MISS WEEKS—“*Avez-vous été chez-Shea?*” Freshette—“*Non, je préfère la Princesse.*”

IN the Inter-collegiate Debating Series, Victoria was matched against Wycliffe on the resolution, “That a Tariff Policy which will give the States within the Empire preference in each other’s markets as against outside competitors will be conducive to the best interests of the Empire.” A. J. Thomas, B.A., and C. W. Bishop argued on the affirmative, and H. R. Trumpour, B.A., and H. A. Ben-Oiel, of Wycliffe, assailed their position. But Mr. Thomas’ fiery eloquence and Mr. Bishop’s cool, clear, convincing logic were not to be easily overthrown, and Vic. had the strange pleasure of victory.

THE first debate in connection with the Women’s Inter-collegiate Debating Union between University College and Victoria was held at University College on Saturday evening, Nov. 28th. The question was, “Resolved that Chinese Immigration into Canada should be unrestricted by law.” University College, represented by Miss Love and Miss McDonald, supported the affirmative, Miss Love making an exceptionally fine speech; Victoria, on the negative, was represented by Miss K. Cullen, '06, and Miss A. G. W. Spence, '05, and was successful—probably it was due to the violets.

The judges were McMaster graduates. The meeting was largely attended by McMaster, Trinity, University College and Victoria girls. A good programme was provided by the entertaining society. A French play, “*Les Deux Timides*,” proved very entertaining and brought out considerable talent.

Two passers-by (seeing girls going from Annesley to the College)—
“What do the students wear those gowns for?”

“Why to keep them warm!”

ONE of Professor Masson’s reports—

“Lectures given—(number lost).

"Lectures missed on account of marriage and post-nuptial reception—3."

F.W.K.H. had been in great perturbation of spirit for several days over the loss of his music roll, when the girls brought it over from Annesley Hall. What made Freddie forget?

JUNIOR in Library—"Miss D—— is looking at you."

R——d—"She often does."

OF the Inter-year Debates we have two to record. In the first series these were somewhat novel in character, there being eight speakers on each side, each of whom spoke four minutes. In spite of the many hard assaults from the gentlemen of the First Year the C.T.s succeeded in establishing the resolution, "That fiction is doing more to mould public morals than oratory." Messrs. Hunter, Coulter, Gray, Luneau, Thompson, McTavish, Stanley and Copeland sustained the affirmative, while Messrs. Armstrong, H. W. Baker, Blackstock, Kinney, Tribble, Hiles, Chenoweth and Wren directed the Freshmen's artillery.

The Juniors and Sophomores also met in an exciting battle over the resolution, "That Greece has exercised a more permanently beneficial influence on mankind than Rome." Messrs. Knight, Salter, Connolly, Cruise, Langford, O'Kell, Jackson and Ruddell, of '05, upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Archibald, Mark, Bull, Wells, Treleaven, Harley, Bott and Hewitt the negative. And '05 was jubilant.

The third debate of the series went by default to the Seniors, the B.D.s being so much taken up with recollections of the pleasures of the Conversat and the anticipated joys of Christmastide that they could not settle down to prosaic debating.

AT CLOSING LIT.

DAWSON—"You've all heard of the relics,—well, the harder you work, the sooner you won't hear about them."

SPENCE—"I shall bring in a few people from the country to hear the Chancellor's lecture." Daniels—"Relics?"

ONE of our representatives reported that at the Knox Conversat one of our most prominent students brought disgrace on himself and the College by stealing off into a small apartment with a maid, first placing before the door a chair and a placard, "Please don't jump the fence." Some of the young ladies who were present are also said to be on the trail of another Victorian, who remarked confidentially, as he gazed at

his promenade card,—“Say, I’ve got four or five strong cups of tea on that list.”

REMINISCENT SENIOR.—“It is hard to squeeze as much as you want into three minutes of time.”

THE following officers were elected for the Easter term:—Hon. Pres., Rev. R. W. Whiting, B.A.; Pres., S. Warner Eakins; 1st Vice-Pres., W. H. Spence; 2nd Vice-Pres., Jas. A. Spenceley; Critic, J. H. Beer, B.A.; Asst. Critic, W. A. Gifford; Leader of Government, Alex. E. Elliott; Leader of Opposition, A. J. Brace; Cor. Sec., A. M. Harley; Rec. Sec., G. A. Archibald; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Jenkins; Treas., W. A. Walden; Curator, B. W. Midford; Pianist and Asst. Pianist to be elected.

THE banquet which followed was of the usual sumptuous order, and was, as usual, enlivened by one of Robert’s speeches.

DANIELS (interrupting)—“What about the dog-fight to-day, Robert?”

Robert—“I hope you weren’t in that. There was a man came in from the street and got mixed up in it.”

Daniels—That wasn’t me, Robert.”

Robert—“Well, it was a little man just like you.”

ROBERT (continuing)—“Freshmen must skate from five to six, and not forget themselves and stay skating on till seven o’clock. You’ll lose your strength if you do. . . . Get a pair of skates and *get them sharpened*. (Applause.) Yes, William can do it for you at the old price. . . . You young gentlemen of the First Year must not indulge in going home with the young ladies too much, but I’d advise the Seniors to keep an eye open. . . . Yes, the C. T.’s are the best of the land. Every man does better that gets married.”

THE Annual Oration Contest of the Union Literary Society came off in the college chapel on the evening of Dec. 11th, 1903, Mr. J. R. L. Starr, B.A., occupying the chair. The evening’s programme opened with a quintette, Heidelberg chorus, from “The Prince of Pilsen.” Mr. J. S. Bennett’s oration on “Canada’s Relation to the Empire” excelled in grace of diction and harmony of construction, but lacked fire and voice. Mr. M. E. Wilson’s energetic and thoughtful presentation of “The Labor Problem in America” followed, and the programme was varied by a very acceptable mandolin solo, by Dr. F. N. Badgley. The ease and self-possession of Mr. J. F. Chapman’s bearing, as he spoke of “Our National Heritage,” had much to do with his landing of the prize. Mr. B. J. Bott’s oration on “The Future of Canada” was a close second, and then Mr. C. J. Wilson,

B.A., waxed warm over "The Commonplaces in Life." But the decision of the judges, given by Dr. Cleaver, is the best criticism we can offer, and their verdict was in favor of Mr. Chapman.

THE annual banquet of the Conference Theology Class, held in the parlors of Webb's café, was a big success. The members of the class and their guests manifested commendable energy, perseverance and capacity at the banqueting board. Then a kind of recess was given before Dr. Wallace opened the literary programme of the evening. Each of the coming divines contributed some speech or song to the evening's entertainment, and made it one never to be forgotten. ACTA wishes the fullest fruition to all the bright air-castles built that night.

MR. E. C. LUCK, '05 representative, a few days after the banquet: "It made me laugh to hear everyone talking about getting married as soon as he was ordained. They were quite personal, you know, and did not hesitate even to mention names."

SOME people must think Annesley Hall a common boarding house, as witness the following address on a letter which arrived recently :—

Prof. J. H. Wallace,

Victoria University,

(Annesley Hall, after dark.)

Toronto,

SAYINGS AND HAPPENINGS FROM THE TOUR OF THE GLEE AND
MANDOLIN CLUBS.

WOODSTOCK, Stratford, St. Mary's, London and Norwich, had a great treat.

WOODSTOCK AUDITOR—"Who's that first tenor, second from the centre? He sings as though he were carrying the whole club."

Reply—"Why, that's Knight."

At Stratford the boys began their pranks by boarding a brewery waggon at the station and riding up on it to the Y.M.C.A. Then they did some advertising, and went through the car shops. They sang especially well at night because John S. B. was there, and they wanted to leave as good an impression on *her* as John does. Then they all went over to the hotel, and

"There was a hot time in the hotel that night."

STRATFORD ADVERTISEMENT—"Wanted, by servant, position in small family. Must have next Tuesday off to attend Victoria Glee and Mandolin Clubs' Concert in Theatre Albert."

J. F. K. (appearing in *night* apparel)—“I can’t sleep with Harris singing that ‘Bum’—my song.”

S. G. M., ’06 (as scant crowd slowly gathers)—“By gad, three more!”

ONE of the features of the tour was the dramatic rendering of “Mamie,” by Rankin and Schlichter.

Comment—“Well, that was slick.”

Response—“No, it was Schlichter.”

A. J. B. (waxing eloquent in lecture)—“Then he gave the order to *dismount* and *gallop*.”

CASUALTIES of the tour: Four Christie *stiffs*, Ernie’s spectacles, a car seat, likewise a window, unnumbered hearts.

J. H W. (the member of the faculty), under the warmth of St. Mary’s hospitality—“If I can help it, I will never be a bachelor.”

TED MOORE (in St. Mary’s)—“I’m billeted with a millionaire.” Others can testify that he struck a pretty swell “Box.”

M. C. L. (in company with Bill C. on the way to the J———homestead near St. Mary’s)—“Say, where do the J———gs live?”

Stranger—“Which one? Johnnie J———g?”

M. C. L.—“No, Carrie!”

GREAT excitement was caused at St. Mary’s station when Brace and Rankin challenged Lane and Connolly to a wheelbarrow race for the treats. Nor were things cooled down much when Knight was given a snow head-bath. But Jack was!

BRACE (*re* St. Mary’s billet)—“Yes, we dined in full dress. I was obliged to appear in my Boer breeches.”

CONNOLLY is credited with particular zeal in emphasizing the fact that Victoria is not a purely theological institution. He made this especially clear at his London billet, where a profusion of choice Havana cigars and good old wines caught his eye from the china cupboard.

FAIR LISTENER—“Don’t they look like a lot of black geese walking off the stage?”

REV. MR BISHOP gave all the boys a reception at his home after the concert. They had a good time, and pronounce Mr. Bishop “a jolly good fellow.”

RANKIN and Parker started off for their billet, but getting completely lost, strayed around in the suburbs till about 3 o’clock before they located themselves.

NORWICH LADY—“Yes, we call our cat *Trueman*. That’s after one of your college boys.”

IN leaving London, a box Moore carried was under suspicion, and the club called a special meeting in which it was moved and seconded that all parcels be examined, beginning with Moore's. And there were bon-bons galore.

ARRIVED at Norwich there was a sleigh ride for advertising purposes, and a visit to "Mike" Neville's papa to get a hat for Schlichter, who was well enough crowned, but wanted a rim. But he was too much for the milliner, and Charlie had to come on as he was.

ANOTHER HOST—"If you are ever within ten miles of Norwich, just stop."

ERNIE J. (to J. H. W., retiring)—"What did you stay up for? I could have got along without you alright."

THE boys were very sorry to be obliged to leave Knight behind in Norwich.

ALL the boys were given *the warm hand* on the home stretch and Lane had a close shave. The biggest fun was with a Salvation Army captain and his newly-wedded bride, the captain and the boys singing songs in turn.

THE funniest thing on the trip—Charlie Schlichter.

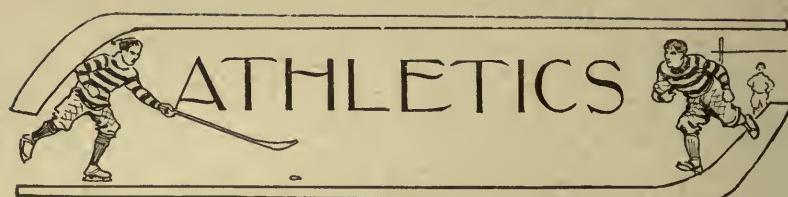
ANNESLEY HALL was far from dead during the vacations. On Wednesday evening, December 30th, Misses Fife and Rice gave a skating party to about thirty friends, who had a gay time on the rink till about ten o'clock. An oyster supper followed in the Hall, and a very novel entertainment. Miss Fife was directress of "A Genuine Farmyard Scene, or Some Animals I have Known," but Mr. Wallace's fish story got away from him before he landed it. Probably the fish and story were both frightened away by Miss Menton and Mr. C. B. Parker's rendering of the Natural Science yell. A very pleasant evening.

MR. E. W. and Miss Wallace also gave a skating party to a small party of friends on New Year's Eve. The features of the evening were the reckless scorching of an autermobil and the striking tumble of a particular couple whose names are not to be made public. As it was a cold evening the merry group finally repaired to Dr. Wallace's home for a warmer, a few games and some distressing fillipeens.

LUCK's New Year Resolution—"If Lane comes along and asks me to go down town, I'll just punch him."

Lane—"I've just made the *vice versa* decision."

HUGH W. BROWNLEE, '04, is back again and ACTA is glad to welcome him agin.



ARRY CHOWN, B.A., '03, is the energetic manager of the University Hockey team. Arrangements have been completed for a trip to New York where septettes from Yale and Harvard will meet our representatives.

Winter made an earlier advent than usual this year, but her long visitation is very welcome to the members of the rink committee. Formerly, skating for Christmas was considered a treat, but this season the opening took place two weeks before the twenty-fifth. The rinks are arranged in the same manner as last year, but the central part is somewhat larger. In all, there is an area of some 60,000 square feet. In addition to the shanties at the entrance one has been built at the north of the skating rink for the use of the hockey men alone. Here lockers have been put in for the various hockey teams. The latter are numerous and occupy all the available hours. In the number are included four from the M. Y. M. A., the Methodist Church sporting organization. Special arrangements with McMaster have been completed, and they now enjoy skating and hockey privileges. Several ladies' teams have asked the use of the ice for the early afternoon hours. One and all have been graciously treated by our genial Secretary, and will come again next year. Under such conditions, and with a goodly throng daily from Annesley Hall, no student should miss the opportunity.

The inter-year Association games, indulged in by the Art students of the University, have returned a second time as victors the team from '05. The latter defeated the seniors 2-0, and after a stubborn and prolonged contest scored 2-1 against '06, who won easily from '07 by six goals to nothing. From our college were Green, Robertson, Ruddell and Campbell, '05, and Pearson, Hamilton and McElhaney, '04. '06 made a serious mistake in not utilizing some of the crack players at Victoria.

HOCKEY.

Doubtless the *Alma Mater* Executive has duly considered the request of the ladies' "Lit" *re* the appointment of a referee and coach for the ladies' hockey team. As yet no public announcement has

been made, but rumor is rampant, and it is stated on good authority that two members of the Executive have secured the positions. This is evidently to be taken as indicating that elections are still below time's horizon. However, to resume, if good skaters made good hockey players the ladies' team should be unbeatable. Seniors, juniors and sophettes contribute their quota while the ladies of the first year are particularly proficient in this art. Last year "Mike" was unable to attend to aught but work, and no team was organized. Two years ago one game was played and Varsity girls were victorious. 1904 is ladies' year, and they ought to make the best of it, in more ways than one. We would suggest, also, that there be some uniformity in costume. In so doing, we are but resurrecting a demand of past years.

The following are the officers of the hockey team for 1903-4 : Hon. President, J. H. Wallace, B.A., Fellow ; President, F. A. E. Hamilton, '04 ; Captain, F. W. K. Harris, '04 ; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Salter, '05 ; Business Manager, T. P. Campbell, '05. For the team there are many aspirants. Of these some find regular practice almost impossible owing to lectures and practical work that take up every afternoon until five o'clock. When a number of likely players are in this predicament prospects for a first-class team cannot be of the brightest. However, practices at somewhat later hours than has been the custom may obviate this difficulty. Proc. Burwash and Jackson are among the absentees this year. For the defence are available Harris, Robertson and Eakins of last year's team, and Salter, MacFarlane, Dawson and the star "dark horses" that are always so numerous with us ; the forward line will be picked from Gain, Rankin, Hamilton, Watson, Henderson, Adams and the aforesaid "dark horses." Many of the new men are fast on skates, consequently development into first-class 'hockeyists is a problem the solution of which rests entirely with themselves. Consistent work will always accomplish much. In the years just entering work of this nature has not been particularly conspicuous. It remains to be seen whether the necessary enthusiasm and determination is present. Unfortunately no management at Victoria, of late at any rate, has ever had the whole-hearted support of the whole body of students. The time for a change is surely at hand.

When '04 and '05 met last year in the finals of the inter-year hockey matches the season was so far advanced that a good exhibition of our great national game was impossible. (This statement is not intended to cast any slur on the ability of the players). The obvious deduction is the necessity for an earlier schedule. Hitherto

this plan has met with strong opposition from the management of the senior team, who maintain that the fellows have not the opportunity to get into shape. On the other hand, the argument is advanced that with two rinks at our disposal the team would suffer no inconvenience, while at the same time there would undoubtedly be an increased interest on the part of the student-body at large. This seems very plausible, and at least worthy of a trial. Indeed, anything that would tend to the support of a team is most desirable. Victoria teams, as a rule, have to fight the battle themselves. Rugby, it is true, was a drawing-card for one game. At other contests our supporters, numerically, have been lamentably deficient. In this regard an excellent example is furnished by McMaster, whose faculty and undergraduates ever exhibit a most commendable loyalty.

Each of the five teams in the inter-year hockey schedule promises to turn out a winning aggregation. Of the B.D.C.T., etc., conglomeration, Wallace, Jolliffe, Thompson, Rogers and Burwash, form the nucleus of what, on paper, looks like a remarkable team ; their performance on the ice, 'tis said, is continuous, and will exceed the expectations of their most sanguine supporters. '04 has a few stalwarts left, including Harris, Hamilton, Rankin and Eakins, who have found a year too short to induce them to unravel the golden thread emblematic of victory and the willing service of fair damsels. Give them two years. '05's champions will be, with one or two exceptions, the same. '06 has lost Stinson, but the other forwards have gained in speed and weight. '07 is lying low ; watch them, Sophies ; they need it.

Exception has been taken by the alley captain to the statement appearing in the last number that to his apathy was due, in part, the omission of the usual inter-year matches and the almost total absence of alley-balls. The officer in question was supplying at Harbord for six weeks or more, and of course could not find time to do the work devolving on him. However, he found others who promised to look after the purchasing of balls. As to the schedule for the inter-year matches not being drawn up, the blame rests with the committee appointed for that purpose, though action should have been taken by the captain. Somewhere there was carelessness.

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The Dry Belt of British Columbia.

BY W. F. OSBORNE, M.A.



CANADA, in the main, has a rigorous climate. It is generally said that the climate of New England induces catarrh and lung trouble, and I suppose that in this regard conditions are not very different in our own maritime provinces. A winter-picture, for example, such as Whittier gives in his "Snowbound," is as true to life for Nova Scotia as it is for Massachusetts. In Quebec and Eastern Ontario, again, the winter is undeniably severe. The snowfall is heavy, the humidity is great, and the temperature goes low. Of Manitoba's winters nothing need be said ; they are a standing joke ; though we on the ground think them no menace or obstacle to people of ordinary health. And Manitoba conditions, however you regard them, prevail until one reaches western Assiniboa. People have been heard to hint heretically that even at Calgary things get pretty bad sometimes. This survey is enough to show that we have vast areas where terribly harsh winters are the rule. The country to the south of us, which has drawn our best blood in so many respects, has unquestionable attractions to offer even in this. Florida, Colorado and California have long been, in this matter of climate, Meccas for Canadians. In the first place, those whose health is actually undermined look to these states for relief ; California and Colorado swarm with invalid Canadians. But there is an even more important, because from this time swiftly growing, class to consider—those Canadians, that is to say, who, having acquired a competence, cast about for a pleasanter climate. We are just reaching a time when there will be a surprisingly large demand for easier climatic conditions. Large numbers of Canadians are now making money fast. They are American enough to want to enjoy it, and that without

much delay. One of the first things they are going to ask is : " Where can we get an agreeable climate for the whole, or at least a good part, of the year ? " Under these circumstances it seems no less than fortunate that we can call the attention of Canadians to something of the sort they want within our own borders. The district that I have particularly in mind is the Okanagan Valley, in British Columbia. To this may be added the smaller, but in every other respect similar, Valley of the Similkameen. The climate of British Columbia as a whole is balmy, but it is also moist. The advantage of the two valleys named is that they are at once warm and dry. In my opinion, this



LAKES IN THE CLOUDS, REACHED FROM STATION OF LAGGAN.

dry belt of the Coast province, from the standpoint both of climate and of products, is a distinct national asset.

I did not go to the Okanagan for copy ; so that what I have to say —based on a three months' delightful stay in the valley—I say simply by way of general impression. To get into the Okanagan valley, the point at which one stops going west is Sicamous. From Sicamous a branch line runs south and a trifle east. At Sicamous, by the way, I understand that one is past the best, certainly the most, of the mountain scenery. What is left for sight seeing is mainly the scenery along the Fraser. At Sicamous the Canadian Pacific Company have

a simply admirable hostelry. It, with the station, stands on the very verge of an apparently small, but really extended, mountain lake. Beneath your very window, in the night-silence, you hear theplash of waters; and from the verandah of the hotel you may step into a boat.

The line from this junction to the head of Okanagan Lake passes a number of pleasant little towns. Of these, outside of Vernon, Enderby seemed to me the most attractive. Vernon, while at present slow from a business point of view, is an extremely neat, well-built, wide-streeted town. The country hereabouts—and perhaps even the town itself—is peopled mainly by Englishmen, with liberal ideas of leisure



MOUNT RUNDLE, BANFF.

and comfort. I fancy it is very warm at Vernon. There is no body of water of any consequence very close at hand, so that the heat of the valley is not modified as it is farther south by the lake breezes. A few miles farther south one comes to the head of the lake.

From Okanagan Landing at the head, to Penticton at the foot, of the lake—a distance of say seventy miles—a well-equipped C.P.R. steamer, the *Aberdeen*, plies. It gets its name from the late Governor-General, who has extensive interests at Vernon and at Kelowna. The *Aberdeen* runs south one day and north the next, making three round trips in the week. Beside the termini and a number of private land-

ings, the *Aberdeen* calls at Kelowna on the east and at Peachland and Summerland on the west shore. Of these three places, Kelowna alone is an old settlement. The bottom land here is extensive ; the village is quite considerable, though not picturesquely situated ; and the people have the air of flourishing.

The settlement of the valleys of the Okanagan and the Similkameen has hitherto been kept back by the concentration of extremely large blocks of land in the hands of single owners. One man in the former valley is said to own land running in generous width for sixty miles. Cattle-raising is the main business of these proprietors. They need large territory, and are not anxious to promote settlement. Undoubt-



THE THREE SISTERS, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

edly these large estates have been in a sense the curse of that country. The proper business of those two valleys is fruit-raising. They should be the home of a large population of small fruit-growers, who, with intensive culture and advanced methods, would make the country blossom like the rose, and produce for every ounce that is in it. And there are signs that the day of the great cattle-rancher in those parts is about over. There is a growing and right disposition to tax the ranchers to the hilt, and make them break up their estates. Furthermore, the experiments at Peachland and Summerland, to which I shall refer presently, are likely to prove the beginning of the end of these close preserves.

The climate of the Okanagan, so far, at any rate, as the summer is concerned, is superb. I limit my comment to the summer, not because I know anything bad about the winter, but because the summer is all that I know at first hand. It is within the mark to say that one could count on the fingers of both hands all the days of my three months' stay in the valley that were anything less than ideal. Just take an example. During the summer, in company with Rev. Mr. White, of Peachland, I took a horseback ride over the mountains into the valley of the Similkameen river. Incidentally it may be said that the scenery was delightful, though not exactly grandiose. But the



LAKE LOUISE, NEAR LAGGAN.

point I wish to make is that, during the ten days, the weather was simply flawless. We never thought of including bad weather among the possibilities, and the event proved that we did not reckon without our host. Nor was the heat excessive. At Peachland, where I spent practically all my time, a pleasant breeze from about two o'clock (afternoon) forward, was a fixture. And the nights are invariably cool. The snow-fall must be extremely slight. At Penticton, the village near the foot of the lake, I was told last summer snow had not been seen at the lake level for seven years.

Under these circumstances it goes without saying that the land

must be irrigated. Otherwise the soil is as dry as powder and next to valueless. Irrigation is, however, made easy and inexpensive by the numerous creeks that flow into the lake. The lake, as I have neglected to say, is narrow, running from one mile to three and a half in width. From Kelowna south the bulk of the available land is on the west side. To come back to the matter of irrigation, Peachland, for example, is located between two mountain streams, called locally Deep and Trepanier Creeks. These flow about two and a half miles apart, and will supply ample water for the settlement's irrigation. The irrigation facilities at Peachland last summer (1902) were still primitive and unsatisfactory; but I understand that they have since been put on a better basis. At Summerland, again, the water is being drawn from a large mountain stream.

About four years ago Mr. Robinson, formerly editor of the Brandon *Times* and member of the Manitoba Legislature, at the head of a syndicate, acquired about one thousand acres of land at the point now known as Peachland, on the west side of the lake. This block of land—not a block so far as the word suggests levelness—was divided into ten-acre lots with a view to fruit growing.

Of the suitability of the soil and climate for fruit there was abundant evidence. To begin with, there was Lord Aberdeen's Cold-stream Ranch, near Vernon. Whether this has been a paying investment or not, I am scarcely aware; indeed, I think that until the last few years it has not been; but this is largely a matter of management. Then Kelowna is an old settlement, with fruit as its main resource; though the bottom land there does not seem to suit peaches. The other fruits thrive famously. But, more important than this, practically all the old ranchers have orchards—orchards to which they give next to no care, but which produce a prolific quantity, though not exactly a select quality, of fruit. A number of these ranchers have built their homes on the very fertile points of land that at intervals jut out into the lake. Now, within a mile of the projected Peachland settlement, lay one of these points of lowland reaching out into the lake. This is now called, after its owner, the Lambly Ranch, and the Lambly Ranch has a well-known orchard. In meadows that cover forty acres, and that produce an immense first, and a fair second, crop of hay a season, stand trees—apple, plum, prune, cherry, peach—that produce groaningly. I may say, in passing, that this property is as cosy and attractive a place as you would want to see. The old log house—now a model of neatness—stands embosomed in trees, at the base of the gulch down which a

mountain brook thunders. Going forward from the house the bottoms widen into the above-named meadows. The apples, plums, and cherries grown on this ranch are fine, even first-class. The same can scarcely be said of the peaches, which, though produced in large quantities, are not specially choice in flavor. Latterly, this ranch has been well managed, but there is general agreement that, for the sake of the clover and the timothy, the ground has been too freely watered. At all events, with the example of this and the numerous other ranch-orchards of the district in mind, it needed no great exercise of faith to go forward with the Peachland fruit settlement.

An unusually nice community has been gathered together there.



HELL'S GATE, FRASER CANYON.

The majority of the people hail from Manitoba—few of them, by the way, in ill health—because Mr. Robinson, the founder of the colony, had been a resident of that province, and naturally made his representations to the people there. The first planted of the orchards are four years old this season, and consist mainly of apple, cherry, plum, and peach trees. There is quite a disposition to go strongly, if not chiefly, into peaches, inasmuch as the successful peach-growing areas of British Columbia are limited. Even at Kelowna, just a few miles distant, as I have said, peaches do not thrive. The absence of rain, the fact that resort must be had to irrigation, is bound to make the Okanagan, like the California, peach, firm and a good shipper. This

is what the people of the Okanagan Valley are now counting on. They believe that the large and growing market of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, is bound to be theirs. It is well known that Ontario fruit—the peaches of the Niagara peninsula, for example,—is so soft and juicy that it cannot be shipped far with satisfaction. This is why California fruit now has such a lead in the Canadian West. On every ground it is to be desired that the hopes of the young fruit-growers of the Okanagan may be realized. The quantities of fruit required in the prairie country are destined to be immense. It is in the interests both of British Columbia and of the country east of the mountains that the fruit industry, especially of the Okanagan, should develop. I say "especially of the Okanagan," merely because the shipping quality of the fruit grown in that valley is likely to prove much superior to that of fruit grown anywhere else in British Columbia.

Peachland is a particularly pretty spot, the village itself nestling on the pebbly beach at the lakeside, while the modest but pretty homes of the lot-owners dot the hills. The native tree is the fir, but as this gives place to the neatly aligned rows of the orchard the effect from the lake is becoming increasingly pleasant. The community is one of unusual intelligence, and the social life of the place is extremely attractive.

I have only to add that, at a site called Summerland, some fifteen miles farther down the lake, Mr. Robinson has undertaken to repeat his experiment. The situation here is not nearly so picturesque as at Peachland, but the soil is similar and the amount of available land is much greater. It is well known that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is backing Mr. Robinson in this particular enterprise. It is not to be inferred from anything said in this paper either that fruit has—at the time of this writing—been grown on the new lots at Peachland, or that there is a well-established colony at Summerland. The oldest of the new orchards at Peachland are now just on the point of bearing, while the Summerland settlement is merely in course of being founded,

I should not refer in such detail to the Peachland and Summerland experiments if I thought they were to stand alone; but I am convinced that the whole of the cultivable soil of the Okanagan and the Similkameen is simply waiting for touches of this kind. Permanent irrigation facilities, with intensive culture—not necessarily limited to the small acreage in vogue at Peachland—will result in making this Dry Belt of British Columbia a fruit-growing area of the greatest value,

especially to the Canadian West. One drawback is the lack of transportation facilities. These are inadequate. They should be improved and the rates lowered, with all possible despatch. It seems to me a matter of importance to Canada as a whole, that we should have under our own flag a section of territory where the climate is as nearly perfect, and the landscape as picturesque, as can be met with; where, instead of spending money in the various States of the Republic to the south of us, the sick man may go for health and the well man for recreation; in particular, a section that, rightly handled and justly treated, should prove competent to supply with fruit those vast areas of the Canadian West where relatively no fruit can be grown.



TWIN FALLS, YOHO VALLEY.

Another Canadian Poetess—Pauline Johnson.

BY ETHEL R. PATTERSON, '05.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON, in her dual capacity as poet and reciter, has been during the last ten years one of the most popular and prominent figures in the Canadian literary world. Certain it is that of our women writers she has attracted the most widespread interest, and there can be no doubt but that this is due to a unique personality as well as to unique work. Her father, an Iroquois Indian, chief of the Mohawks, and her mother, a cousin of W. D. Howells, Miss Johnson has come to us with all the fire and energy of her race in the days of their glory, and at the same time with the intellectual inheritance of western civilization. We must bear these two lines of influence in mind when reading her poetry.

In the two little books, "The White Wampum" and "Canadian Born," we find that Miss Johnson has confined herself to two fields of work, the ballad and the lyric:

As a balladist, our poetess is peculiarly happy in her choice of subjects, for she has at her hand an almost inexhaustible fund of Indian traditions and stories, which are living realities to her keen imagination. And it is a high compliment to her art to say that the great enthusiasm, energy, and intensity shown in her story-telling, are qualities which make these scenes realities to her readers also. Nothing stronger, perhaps, has been written in Canadian literature than the ballad, "As Red Men Die." The captive Mohawk chief preferring a torturing death at the hands of his captors to an ignominious captivity, is led down to the path of red hot coals prepared for him! These lines can give only very inadequately the force of the whole ballad:

Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink,
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will never droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder yet his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting-grounds.
One savage yell—Then loyal to his race
He bends to death—but *never* to disgrace.

The aim of Miss Johnson's second book is truly laudable and patriotic; the attempt to accentuate that awakened Canadianism of which one hears so much nowadays. Perhaps this end is accomplished more by the exquisite pictures of Canadian scenery and life than by the more obvious attempts as, *e.g.*, in "Canadian Born":

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood;
And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.



E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Someone has said that a patriotic poem may be patriotic, but it is not a poem. If this be a rule, then "Canadian Born" is no exception. It has the requisite swing and force, but it is not good poetry.

Naturally we expect good things when we come to the Indian legends, and in the weird beauty and touching pathos of the "Pilot of the Plains of Dowendine," Qu'Appelle will long be remembered,

especially by those fortunate ones who have heard Miss Johnson's melodious and sympathetic voice as she tells these early traditions of her people. We admire her loyalty to the people of her father, but we feel compelled to demur a little at the fierce partisanship which is most boldly shown in "The Cattle Thief," where the writer descends to mere controversy, when she puts into the mouth of the wife of the murdered Indian chief a speech, whose set eloquence might well do credit to a speaker in a legislative house.

But it is as a lyrist that Miss Johnson has done her most excellent work, and she is at her best in singing of Indian themes—the passions and emotions of her people. This is admirably shown in "A Cry from an Indian Wife," and "The Corn Husker," the latter being a description of an old Indian woman, of whom she says :

"And all her thoughts are with the days gone by
Ere might's injustice banished from their lands
Her people, that to-day unheeded lie,
Like the dead husks that rustle thro' her hands."

Even in this tender little lullaby song we are made to feel the strange, weird beauty that surrounds the wild Indian life :

" Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open peep
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep.
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night owl calls from his haunt on the hill ;
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,
Little brown baby of mine—go to sleep."

Miss Johnson has given us in her songs an intimate expression of her joys, her sorrows, her many moods. To a gift for picturesque description, and a deep sympathy with, and keen perception of nature, she adds a sane, optimistic spirit of interpretation. The poet's necessarily limited vocabulary compel her to make music with simple words, and this very simplicity and optimism give her a unique place among 20th century poets, so many of whom are shrouded in obscurity and pessimism. Miss Johnson's methods of versifying are also direct and simple, but her close communion with nature, her keen insight and truthfulness of impression, make it possible for her to catch the music of nature's own voice. These gifts are best seen in the exquisite music-haunting lyric, "The Song My Paddle Sings." It is her most

representative piece of work, and of it we are proudest to say, "This is a Canadian poem by a Canadian woman." If we had Miss Johnson here to read it for us we might almost hear the splash of the paddle, the swish of the running river, and the roar of the rapids in the distance.

Failing in this, may I give you a very faint idea of its charm and beauty?

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam, as over their breast we slip.

And, oh, the river runs swifter now ;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl !
How the ripple curls
In many a dangerous pool awhirl !

And forward, for the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle ! be brave, canoe !
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids, we're far ahead !
The river slips thro' its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

Book Reviews.

TH E BLOOD LILIES. By W. A. Fraser. Toronto: William Briggs. 1903. 262 pages. Illustrated.

This book marks a distinct advance towards independence of work on the part of our author and centres around Mas-kis-is, the son of

Wolfrunner the Cree. "The Lame One," which is the meaning of the name given him by the medicine-man, who had seen the red moon of disaster looking upon a prairie of blood lilies, "the courage flowers," was to be a great brave and he did do brave acts. A very fine character he makes in the story, but was stricken with the "lameness," that is, consumption, and died in his youth. But not before we have an opportunity of learning that in the heart of the "Ugly One," Mi-yah-tis, there burned as deep, as consumingly and as self-sacrificing a mother's love as in any white mother's breast. The story shows what a field lies still unharvested in our early North-West history, a field which

will be gleaned some day and give us some really distinctive Canadian literature.

The story is clean, wholesome and leaves no bad taste in the mouth, as so many of our modern stories do.

The technique, however, is faulty in that the first few chapters, I. to VI., really form a separate story and show the author's strongest points I have frequently pointed out that Fraser is second to none in writing "racing" stories, and in these first chapters we have a race against time between Joe Descoigne and Father Lemoine on the one hand, and Malcolm Cameron and Rev. Ross Bruce on the other. In spite of Descoigne's trickery, and partly because of the trusty aid of Wolfrunner, Malcolm won out and gained the hand of pretty Franchette, the daughter of Pére Gomelot, the factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. There is, in these chapters, so much action so well portrayed that the rest of the story, which largely turns about Mas-kis-is as the prime factor in the conviction of the horse-thief Descoigne, seems to drag along very slowly.

L. E. H.



W. A. FRASER.

Mein Herz, Ich Will Dich Fragen.

MY heart, I thee would question,
 Oh tell ! what then is Love ?
 " If in two souls one thought,
 Two hearts one pulse-beat move."

And tell, from whence Love cometh ?
 " Love comes and it is here."
 And tell, to where Love goeth ?
 " True love is ever near."

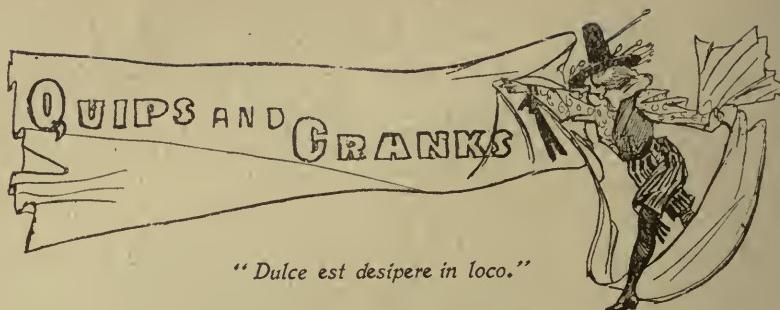
And when is Love the purest ?
 " When Love doth self forget."
 And when is Love the deepest ?
 " When still, 'tis deepest yet."

And when is Love the richest ?
 " 'Tis richest when it gives."
 And tell me how Love speaketh ?
 " True Love but loves and lives."

FEBRUARY 14TH.

THIS is the happy day I dare
 To tell to you,
 What constant love doth fill my heart
 The whole year through.





C. T. (Conference Theolog.).

A YOUNG preacher, named C,
Was invited to T
By a certain Miss C—
And with her he took T.

After that one might C
Preacher C oft at T
At the home of Miss C,
For he relished her T.

It was pleasant to C
How they blended, like T,
And soon after Miss C
Lost her name through her T.

Thus was launched on the C
Of a few cups of T
A glad couple, we C,
Through young Cupid-i-T.

—W. G. C.

A Novice.

A YOUNG Englishman, who had come out to farm,
One day went to gather the eggs in the barn ;
To the housewife's surprise, though, he brought back but three,
Then quickly she asked him, "Are these all there be?"
"Ou nou," he replied, "there are more in the mouw,
But bein' quite small, why I left 'em to grouw."

—X. Y. Z.

Letters of a Freshman.

NO. III.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, Feb. 15th, 1904.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—You are probably aware that since I last wrote you we have entered upon a new year. I suppose you have made the youngsters form a lot of good resolutions, as you used to do with me. Well, I haven't turned over any new leaf, and I don't intend to. I am going to rely upon conscience to keep me straight. And to be honest, I have my weakness. I can resist everything but temptation, and promises wouldn't save me from that. For, depend upon it, those things I do that are wrong and ought to be given up, I like too well to part with; and those things that are wrong and I don't like, I'll give up anyway.

Things have been coming my way again. The Theologs had a dinner the other night, and I went to represent our class. These preachers are all right. They call themselves the "See Teas," and I'm thinking such a course would just suit me. Well, I was on my mettle. The waiters found me in a very receptive mood. I kept them on the jump all the time. It was too bad to cause them so much trouble, but the plates were small, so what they lacked in size had to be made up in number. Besides, as Shakespeare says, "Nature abhors a vacuum," and so do I. After dinner there was a lot of speeches and stories. All the preachers talked about their future state—matrimony—and of what it must be to be there, and how glad they were they would soon be there. I have almost decided to join their class. I have been troubled quite a bit about my own future state lately, and if I can reach it three years sooner by the "See Teas" route, that's the one for me.

You will be glad to hear that I am studying, but a popular man has little time for himself, and I never study at night for fear of hurting my eyes. I have been made orator of the class. We meet every week, and I do all the talking. Then our reception is coming off soon, and of course I'll be on the programme. I am sorry I cannot write oftener, but since I have gone out in society I have been kept busy answering invitations. In the holidays I shall give a lecture in the schoolhouse on college life, and then you will hear it all, free. I am again very hard up, though I don't pay any more board than I have to, and I am thinking about asking for that \$100 loan they give young preachers. By the way, have you any more apples? When you come to town put up at the King Edward.

From your affectionate son,

JASPER.

SCIENTIFIC



Canadian Birds.

BY R. A. LEY.

(Continued from January issue.)



HALAROPES are shore birds, sometimes called "sea snips," and the three North American species are also Canadian.

The American avocet (*recurvirostra americana*) is common throughout the prairie region of Western Canada. This bird is well known by the upward curve of its bill.

The snipes, sandpipers, etc., are well represented in Canada. The least sandpiper is the smallest of our water birds.

The plovers resemble the snipes, but do not probe for their food as the snipes do with their sensitive bills.

The surf bird (*aphriga virgata*) is found on the coast of British Columbia, and the turnstones visit Canada, and, as their name suggests, move pebbles in searching for their favorite food.

Oyster-catchers have peculiarly shaped bills to pry open shell fish, hence their name. The species that visit us are the American oyster-catcher (*haematopus palliatus*), on the Atlantic coast and the black oyster-catcher (*haematopus bachmani*) on the Pacific coast.

The mountain partridge (*oreortyx pictus*) and the California partridge (*lophortyx californicus*) are species introduced from California to Vancouver Island. The Labrador spruce grouse is an exclusively Canadian species.

The wild turkey (*meleagris gallopavo*) was at one time quite common in Southwestern Ontario, but is now extremely rare. The turkey is America's gift to the world. The ring-necked pheasant (*phasianus torquatus*) was introduced from China and is doing well on Vancouver Island and in British Columbia.

The passenger pigeon (*ectopistes migratorius*), at one time abundant is becoming rare.

American vultures are accidental visitors to Canada.

Two species of eagles, twenty-eight varieties of hawks and twenty-one varieties of owls have been found in Canada.*

The cuckoos of Canada become noisy in damp weather and are commonly known as "rain crows." They differ from the European species which deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds. Our cuckoos perform the duties of nidification, but occasionally deposit their eggs in the nests of other species.

The belted kingfisher—(*ceryle asyon*) is well known throughout the Dominion. The term halcyon days, is derived from this bird's scientific name. It was supposed to build its nest on a small raft and float out to sea, and was thought to have the power of preventing storms during incubation.

The woodpeckers are a family of beautiful birds. Their nests are excavated in trees and the eggs are white, color not being necessary for concealment.

The whip-poor-will (*antrostomus carolinensis*) and the nighthawk (*chordeiles virginianus*) belongs to the family of goatsuckers, the name indicating an old mistaken idea of these birds of the shadowy twilight. They do not build nests, but lay their eggs on the bare ground. The nighthawk's eggs are sometimes found on the gravel roofs of houses.

The chimney swift (*chætura pelagica*) is well known east of Manitoba. It is a bird of the air, and gathers twigs for its nest during flight. It fastens these together and cements them to the inside of a chimney with its saliva, and in this basket nest it deposits its pure white eggs.

The ruby-throated humming bird (*trochilus colubris*) is the only member of the family in eastern and middle Canada.

The kingbird (*tyrannus tyrannus*) is a tyrannical monarch. His golden crown is generally hidden from view, but he asserts his regal supremacy when any other bird comes within his domain, and attacks it unmercifully. The crested flycatcher (*myiarchus coinitus*) procures a cast-off snake skin for its nest. Why it does this is a matter of conjecture; it may use the skin in order to inspire terror to any invader of the nest, or it may find its silky softness most desirable for its young.

The lark family is represented in Canada by the horned lark (*otocoris alpestris*) and five of its ten sub-species, or varieties.

Crows are not protected by law, but we must exercise caution in legislating against our feathered friends. Crows destroy large numbers of cut-worms, and the grain they save from this worm may more than counter-balance the corn they eat. Four million dollars has been estimated lost by the farmers of Pennsylvania in one year through the

ravages of field mice that multiplied rapidly on account of a great number of owls being killed for a reward offered by the State.

The bobolink is a member of the family of blackbirds, orioles, etc., and its song has been described fittingly in the following lines:

“That rollicking, jubilant whistle,
That rolls like a brooklet along—
That sweet flageolet of the meadows,
The bubbling, bobolink song.”

The cowbird (*molothrus ater*) does not build a nest, but deposits its eggs in the nests of other species, and its precocious young soon cause the death of the legitimate occupants of the nest. Many of our brilliantly plumaged birds belong to the *icteridae* family. The Baltimore oriole—"hangnest"—is one of them.

The finches, sparrows, etc., are generally plainly attired, but some of our beautiful birds are of this family. The American goldfinch—"black-winged yellow bird"—is one of them.

One of our most beautiful birds is the male scarlet tanager (*piranga erythromela*), which is well described by its common name, "black-winged red bird." The female scarlet tanager and the female summer tanager—"summer red bird" (*peranga rubra*)—are plainly dressed in colors that blend with the foliage where their nests are situated.

The swallows were once thought to hibernate in the mud at the bottom of mill-ponds, and Wilson made investigations to disprove this.

The waxwings take their name from appendages on the end of the secondary feathers of their wings, which resemble red sealing wax.

The shrikes, commonly called "butcher-birds," have a curious habit of impaling grasshoppers, mice, and other birds, on thorns and on the barbs of wire fences.

The red-eyed vireo (*vireo olivaceus*) is also known as "preacher." His song appears like "You see it—you know it. Do you hear me? Do you believe it?" By keeping these words in mind the bird is easily recognized when heard.

The oven-bird is of the family of wood warblers. It is so named from its nest which is on the ground in a depression and roofed over.

One of the wagtail family, Sprague's pipit (*anthus spraguii*), found in the North-West, sings while soaring as the European skylark does, and its song is believed to equal that of this famous bird.

The American dipper, or "water ouget" (*cinclus mepicanus*) is found in Western Canada, and builds a beautiful dome-shaped nest with a side entrance. The nest is frequently located near falling water so that the moss may be kept green by the spray.

The mocking-bird and cat-bird are members of the wren family. The cat-bird is known commonly as the "Canadian mocking-bird."

The creepers are unobtrusive little birds that have received their family name from their tree-creeping habit. They climb spirally up a tree trunk, then, flying to the bottom of another, creep upward again.

A curious habit of the red-breasted nuthatch is the smearing of the bark of the tree with fir pitch around the entrance that leads to its nest. Our vivacious chickadee belongs to the nuthatch and tit family.

Two harbingers of spring, the American robin (*merula migratoria*) and the bluebird (*sialia sialis*), are members of the warbler and gnatcatcher family. The following is taken from the beautiful tribute paid to the latter bird by Wilson the naturalist :—

" When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
 Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields reappearing,
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering,
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
 When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,—
 O then comes the Bluebird, the herald of spring !
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

" He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
 The red-flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms ;
 He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
 And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;
 He drags the vile grub from the corn he devours,
 The worms from their webs, where they riot and welter ;
 His song and his services freely are ours,
 And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

" The p'oughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
 Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him ;
 The gardener delights in his sweet, simple strain,
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
 The slow, lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
 While gazing content as he warbles before them,
 In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

" When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
 And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
 And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
 Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking Swallow,
 The Bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home;
 Still lingers, and looks for a brighter to-morrow,
 Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
 He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow."

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS




Woman's Work in the Flowery Kingdom.

BY LAURA A. WIGLE, B.A.



FTER my return from furlough last year, I spent a number of months in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman in Nagano, and, as I read the interesting pages of ACTA from time to time, and we talked over old Victoria and 'Varsity days, I often thought of sending a few items concerning our work. Again, I have often thought of those special missionary meetings at Victoria after that wonderful Student Volunteer Convention, and have wondered if any have lost the enthusiasm for missions that was aroused at that time.

One of the first things I noticed on my return was that many little girls had begun to wear hats in summer, and many larger girls were wearing shoes instead of their wooden clogs. For several years school-girls and teachers have been wearing a skirt of garnet or purple which allows them much more freedom of movement for their tennis and other forms of exercise now so common among them. Various foreign articles of dress and of food are coming into use. Last year the members of the church here subscribed money to provide seats for the church, and last Sunday I found that the Nagano people had just seated their church. People at home cannot imagine how thankful we are for such "luxuries." Even the Japanese who sit on seats at school or in their office find it very trying to sit on their feet until the muscles are stretched and partially deadened so that one can scarcely move at times.

Our pastor was invited recently to address the "Young Men's Society" of the Middle School. He spoke to those 700 students on "Christianity and Education,"—the first address on Christianity ever given in that school. We hope that it may not be the last of his opportunities in that line.

Our own work among the girls and younger children has been very encouraging of late. On Tuesday I have two singing classes for High School girls and for those of the Common School. Thirty-five were present one day. This is most interesting work, but their ideas of music are so different from ours that it requires great patience. I told the small girls at their first lesson that they must not be afraid of anything, or it would interfere with their breathing and spoil their singing. They take it all so seriously, and try their very best to imitate all I do, that it is almost too much for my gravity. They are learning a song in Japanese for our Temperance Concert next month



"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

(By permission of Underwood and Underwood.)

(December). The senior class will contribute an English song. They learn English at school, but their pronunciation needs a great deal of correcting.

When some of our other pastors were here for the Wesley meetings recently, we planned a special meeting for High School girls. The school is very near here, so I stood on the street over an hour and invited the hundreds of girls as they passed, devoting the spare moments to the pages of a new Japanese Grammar which has been delighting my heart of late. When the day came for the meeting over a hundred girls were present and seemed much impressed with the two addresses. Our success has encouraged us to try a similar meeting each month.

Some of these girls also come to Sunday School. The church here is very small, and we wished our kindergarten pupils to become part of the church Sunday School, so "Mahomet came to the mountain" last month, and Sunday School is now held in our new Kindergarten building. Having a large circle room and four class-rooms we set to work to fill them. This, too, is an interesting piece of work. Sunday is a holiday and the children are on the streets. The missionary walks



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

along and stops at the first group. "There is a very interesting meeting in the Plum Blossom Kindergarten. Do you know where that is?"

Bright boy.—"Yes, I know. I'll show you. Just turn that corner and pass the post-office and you'll find it."

Missionary.—"Yes, I know the place. That's where I live, and I am inviting you to the meeting. Will you come?"

Boy.—"What's the fee?"

By this time other children have collected. The prospect of an "interesting story," some singing and a card, with no fee, is as good as a gold mine; and off they run, the babies bobbing up and down and right and left on the backs of the little nurse girls.



OUR GRADUATES.

Sometimes the parents come outside and show a friendly interest. Others gaze with looks that remind one of how Froebel was ridiculed for playing with children on the streets. But he knew his was a grand work, and we have similar faith in ours, and do not hesitate to watch the children at some game and ask all about it for the sake of showing our interest in them.

We had done a little such work the previous week, and had brought the attendance up to a hundred ; but this Sunday, when we came back with a small army of one hundred new recruits, "there was hurrying to and fro" to find seats for them. One of our six Japanese teachers was away that day so I had to take charge of one of the new classes. I had twenty-four small boys. I had not expected to teach and was not prepared, but I thought of the call of Samuel, and started bravely in. There never was a more attentive audience, and they talked freely with me about Samuel and his constant faithfulness to duty. We had a delightful discussion on hearing God's voice to-day, conscience, copying at examinations, teasing little brothers and sisters deceiving another, and kindred topics. I was thankful for every Greek verb and Latin declension, and everything else I ever learned, that helped me to talk freely to those boys in their own language. I wonder if any joy can surpass that of these and other like experiences.

One of our greatest difficulties in Sunday School work is that our Japanese teachers insist that the Bible is "too hard for children," and always want to teach them some "good moral story" instead. We have to fight that battle with almost every new worker. But I am sure that I at least shall never be able to tell them anything that will hold their attention more than Bible stories when told in a way their childish minds can grasp.

Ueda, Japan.



"Morning Sun" (Asahi) Kindergarten at the right side. At the centre is the boarding-house for one hundred and twenty Normal School specialists. To the left is Asahi Mountain. See peak of Prison roof above that fire-proof storehouse.

(By permission of Woman's Missionary Society.)

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Editorial.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND BUSINESS. To be a scholar and a business man has long been considered impossible, for the idea commonly implied a union of qualities essentially different. It has been usual to depict the scholar as a wizened old book-worm shut up in the gloomy recesses of a dingy library, familiar only with a race of dead men; or, if he preferred the works of nature to the musty records of antiquity, he was described as an idealist, lost in abstractions, and unacquainted with the real world in which he lived.

Overdrawn as the picture may be, it is nevertheless true that until recent times universities have been largely institutions for the imparting of literary culture, or training schools for the learned professions. However it may still be in older countries, on this continent, at least, times have changed, and so have the universities. Students are now trained for the battle of life rather than polished to meet the requirements of drawing-room society. The bringing of the means of higher education within the reach of the masses has been largely

responsible for this change. Theology, law, medicine and teaching can no longer absorb all those who pass through the universities and the surplus overflows into other departments of labor which require intelligence of a high order.

It is satisfactory to know that a large number of graduates have gone into business. Necessity probably has placed many of them there; but they are to be commended on having discerned so readily the trend of events. Time was when the graduate, being a person of uncommon attainments, possessed considerable social prestige. But the levelling influences attending the diffusion of knowledge and the spread of democratic ideas have reduced the distance between him and persons of ordinary acquirements. And, indeed, the average graduate has no reason to look with disdain upon work which may be beneath the dignity of a profession; for generally he is only an ordinary person, who has had extraordinary opportunities.



THE UNIVERSITY SERMONS. Some of our city divines have protested against the Sunday university sermons. The principal ground of objection is that they draw many students from the various city congregations. But in the circumstance that the majority of those who have addressed the students have been non-resident ministers, one of our super-sensitive divines sees a reflection upon the ability of city preachers, and is reported to have said that a person who preaches to young butchers and young commercial men is quite capable of preaching to young students. That the average minister is quite capable of preaching to young butchers, office clerks and students also, we do not doubt, though sometimes one is found whose style suggests that he preaches to the former class oftener than to the latter. But that a minister should go out of his way to announce his all-round capability savors somewhat of conceit. Indeed the whole objection suggests a spirit of professional jealousy.

In the pulpit, above all places, we should least expect to find anything approaching rivalry. What reasonable minister will object if a portion of his congregation occasionally leaves him to hear a man of national or of international reputation? Toronto is exceptionally favored by the visits of eminent men; students miss much if they do not avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing them; and the minister who would throw obstacles in their way is deserving of censure. Moreover, the university preachers are visitors, not rivals. Being

persons of recognized ability, no one can hear them without profit, and the true minister, recognizing this, will not find fault if his hearers occasionally go to hear an able stranger.



TORONTO'S MUNICIPAL SCANDAL. "Toronto the Good" is under a cloud, and its citizens have been humiliated by the scandalous conduct of some of their number. Many have had well-founded suspicions of corruption in the legislature, but few thought it would manifest itself in the competition for the petty offices of municipal life. But the lust of power seems to be so insatiable that when it has taken possession of a man he will use any and every means to obtain the most insignificant office. Such apparent eagerness to serve is prompted, not by a desire to benefit the public, but rather to exploit it. But while unprincipled candidates and corrupt electors are bad enough, it is more alarming to find electoral officials who betray their trust. When men to all appearances honorable, and the appointed guardians of the suffrage, use their position to defeat the expressed will of the people, what security has good government?

While we marvel at such moral degeneracy, there is nothing very surprising in the disclosures. In every community there are always persons capable of any act, however despicable, and only the opportunity is wanted to reveal their true character. Such persons have had their opportunity. In the urban sections of this province, at least, it has seemed that the rich have been too busy, the religious too respectable, and the educated too refined to mingle in politics; and the masses observing the indifference of these classes to matters which naturally attract persons of leisure, wealth and education, have become suspicious of those who have solicited their suffrages. That there are notable exceptions of unselfish devotion to the public we admit; but suspicious undertakings attract suspicious characters. Thus, too many of our candidates, not having ability to command admiration nor character to win respect, must purchase the support of those who, unmindful of their obligations to society, betray public confidence and sacrifice honor for a consideration.



THE SENIOR DINNER. The Senior Dinner has been announced for the 26th inst., and in imagination we can already smell its savory odors. It is needless to say that Seniors look forward to this event with much expectation. For though they

are often the subjects of kindly remarks, yet they recognize that compliments are cheap, but that it takes money to buy dinners. Having gone the whole round of college entertainments, we unhesitatingly say—aside from obvious considerations which tends to magnify the “Dinner” in the eyes of a Senior—that this event is the most enjoyable in the College year. It is easily arranged and more easily disposed of; and, unlike most other functions, its conclusion finds one with a greater fund of energy than at its commencement. But the evening’s enjoyment does not consist altogether in the dining. Speeches, songs, and a few well-timed interjections, do much to make the time pleasant, and materially assist the processes of digestion. Unfortunately, however, an itinerant sometimes takes advantage of the occasion to deliver an old sermon on the responsibilities of life, and metaphorically sheds a flood of tears over the associations soon to be severed. We are by no means unmindful of the sorrow of parting, but we object to spoiling a good dinner by diluting it with an effusion of mournful sentiment. After-dinner speaking is an art of which wit and humor are the essentials. We have it on good authority that “brevity is the soul of wit,” and assuredly those whose wit consists only in the brevity of their remarks, should on these occasions be persons of few words; but few object to lengthened remarks if they possess the redeeming feature of interest. The whole difficulty of public speaking lies in either having nothing to say, or having something to say, but not knowing how to say it. Let a speaker solve these two difficulties and he can please any audience. In conclusion, we can say that the memories of the past lead us to anticipate with pleasure this annual event. It is one of the few remaining milestones in our college career, and memory holds these dearer as we gradually pass them by.



CARD OF Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connolly, of Mallorytown,
THANKS. desire to express their deep gratitude for the very

many expressions of sympathy received from the faculty and students of Victoria University, including those students from the other colleges and those young people of the city who have sought in every way possible to soothe the pain of bereavement and sorrow occasioned by the illness and death of their daughter Maudie, late a student of Victoria University.

Mallorytown, Jan. 28th, 1904.

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.

Obituary.

LUELLA MAUDE CONNOLLY.

ON the 16th of January there passed away one of Victoria's noblest young women, Miss Maude Connolly. Miss Connolly was born near Caintown, Ont., on the 5th of Aug., 1883. She spent two years at Athens High School, and a year at Albert College, Belleville, before entering Victoria University in the fall of 1902.



LUELLA MAUDE CONNOLLY.

she says : "I think this little verse is so beautiful—

'I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
But this I know, I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.'

During the time spent in this University Miss Connolly proved faithful to that which was highest, truest and best. No work, however difficult, was ever met by a refusal, nor did anyone ever fail to win from her words of sympathy and encouragement, and her whole life was such a one as will never be forgotten by those who knew her.

She had been ill since the first part of December, but through it all she was gentle, patient, and uncomplaining. In a letter written about Christmas-time to a friend

And I feel more sure to-day than ever before that 'I cannot drift beyond His love and care.'

The secret of her calm, joyous life was certainly to be found in the words of her favorite poem :

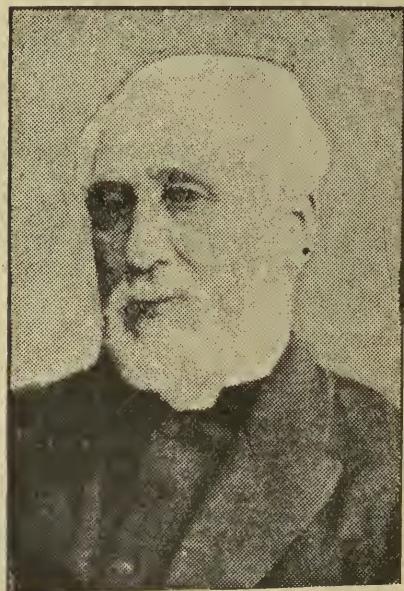
"They who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way."

She has left us a sweet, helpful memory, and we feel that having known her we are "richer than of yore."

G. P.

REV. CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON,

Who answered the great summons on January 14th, was one of the students of "Old Vic" in her early days. Born, November 6th,



REV. CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON.

Guelph Conference. Nine years ago he was superannuated and moved with his family to Toronto, where his last days were spent in peaceful retirement.

During the thirty-nine years of his active service he travelled mainly in Western Ontario, and for four years was chairman of the Palmerston District, in the old

GEORGE B. SPARLING, B.A. '76, M.A. '79.

SUDDENLY did the summons of death come to Prof. Geo. B. Sparling, of Upper Canada College, who at the time was spending his Christmas vacation at the home of his daughter in Montreal, and seemed to be in comparatively good health. Born in Binbrook in



PROF. GEO. B. SPARLING.

1843, he received his early education in the Township of Blanchard, and at St. Mary's, Ont. Later on he entered the University of Toronto, but soon after transferred to Victoria University, where he graduated in 1876, and at once entered upon educational work. He

located first at Derwent, in Middlesex County, and afterwards accepted the principalship of a Seminary at Yarmouth, N.S. Twenty-two years ago he came to Toronto to join the staff of Upper Canada College, and first as assistant master in Mathematics, and then as head of that department, he served that institution to the time of his death.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, '78,

Was a man of scholarly attainments and of gentle, lovable, Christian character. Entering the ministry of the Methodist Church in 1872, he travelled three years before entering Victoria University. Graduating in '78, carried off the Prince of Wales' gold medal in Honor Classics, and was appointed to Stanstead Wesleyan College, where he remained two years, when he proceeded to the West and assisted Mr. Bowerman in starting an academy in Winnipeg, which has since developed into Wesley College. In 1887 he was appointed Principal of the Lansdowne College in Portage la Prairie, and continued there until a few years ago, when he was superannuated by Conference and retired to Rockfield, Ont., to await the great change which came to him on September 14th, 1903.

IN little more than a month the dark shadow of death has crossed the pathway of four of our students. W. E. Galloway, '06, mourns a departed mother; F. A. E. Hamilton, '04, and J. N. Tribble, '07, have each followed to the grave all that was mortal of a beloved father, while W. G. Connolly, '05, yearns for the lost companionship of a sister whose memory has been rendered sacred to many of us by her kindly sympathy, and her words of cheer. We voice the feelings of all their fellow students in extending to our bereaved companions our sincerest sympathy.

A DARK cloud has settled upon the home of a member of our faculty, Dr. E. I. Badgley, for the angel of death has descended, and devoted parents mourn the loss of an only daughter. For some time the state of Miss Badgley's health has caused great anxiety to the other members of the family, and every available means was adopted to prolong her life. But California, Colorado, and other climates could but extend the lease a short time, and on January 30th, the spirit winged its flight to realms of everlasting day. In this severe affliction Dr. and Mrs. Badgley and their son Dr. F. N. Badgley, so well known to all Victoria students, have the fullest sympathy of the student body.

WALTER MULLIGAN, who used to be a member of the class of '92, and a restless inhabitant of the "Zoo" in the old Victoria residence, is now in his third year of medicine in McGill University.

CARL ENGLER, '01, is the assistant director of a surveying party in Southern Manitoba.

E. W. GRANGE, '99, ex-editor-in-chief of ACTA, is at present on the editorial staff of the *Ottawa Journal*.

A. R. FORD, '03, who was reporter on the same staff for the past few months, and received high commendation at the time of his withdrawal, has gone to New York to assist in the management of the *Financial Enquirer*, with bright prospects of promotion before him.

Exchanges.

NEAT in its outward dress, bright and readable in its make-up, *The Argosy*, published by the Eurhetorian Society of Mount Allison University, is one of the most welcome of our Canadian exchanges. The editorials, which are confined to the discussion of purely college topics, are sane and well-written. "A Day in the Rhaetian Alps," appearing in the January number, is a very interesting bit of travel talk.

Those who are looking forward to the teaching profession should find *The Ontario Normal College Monthly* interesting reading. Besides articles of purely professional interest, including a long editorial on the much-discussed question of teachers' salaries, there are some of a more general interest, namely, "Literature and Life," by F. F. McPherson, B.A., and a short article on "Sophocles' Antigone," in the January number.

"I thought your son was pursuing his studies at the University."

"So he was, but he concluded he could not catch up with them."

—*Ex.*

FOOTBALL enthusiasts should read the special January "Football Number" of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, issued to commemorate the particularly good record of the team of that college during the past season. Some twenty-five pages are devoted to football in general and Dalhousie football in particular. The opening article on "The Good Old English Rugby Game" can be appreciated even by those who are not sporting enthusiasts. It traces the history of the game back to the time of the Roman Conquest, and brings it down to date. We congratulate the Dalhousie team on their splendid record and the editorial staff of *The Gazette* on their excellent souvenir number.

PROF. SAINTSBURY, not unknown in the field of literary criticism, is a lecturer in Edinburgh University. The current issue of *The Student*, the organ of the undergraduates of that famous seat of learning, contains a cartoon portrait à la Bengough which we hope does not flatter the learned gentleman. The accompanying article is frank as to his personal idiosyncrasies and appreciative as to his merits. *The Student* comments rascily and impartially on the sayings and doings of both professors and students, and is a good reflection of student life in the land of oatmeal.

Lasell Leaves is published by the students of a ladies' seminary in Auburndale, Mass. It would perhaps be ungallant to say that the flavor of most of its articles is rather sappy. The contention in a recent number that a diploma from Lasell is a more desirable equipment for a lady than a college degree is a naive one. The paper on the whole, however, is creditable to the young ladies who edit it.

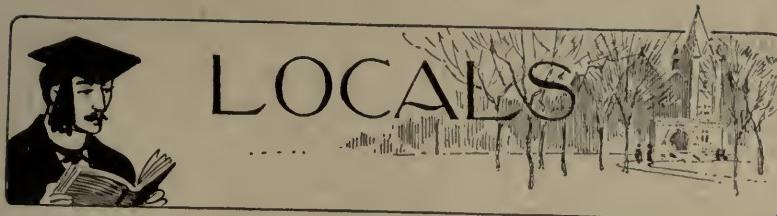
WE desire also to acknowledge the following exchanges received this year: *The Mitre*, *The Hya Yaka*, *The College Times*, *Progress*, *O. A. C. Review*, *The Manitoba College Journal*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *Stanstead College Monthly*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Brandon College Monthly*, *Trinity University Review*, *The Varsity*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Princeton Tiger*, *The Beaver*, *Pratt Institute Monthly*, *Rod and Gun in Canada*, *The Cornell Era*, *The Student Quarterly*, *The Monthly Maroon*, *The Harvard Monthly*, *The University Record*, *The Educational Journal*, and *McMaster Monthly*.





THE LOOP FROM OBSERVATION PEAK, THE SELKIRKS, ALONG THE
ILLECILLEWAET RIVER.

(By permission of *The National Monthly*.)



D YOUTH once had a vest, 'twas white,
Yes, white as driven snow,
And wheresoe'er the young man went
That vest was sure to go. BAH!

THE Chancellor gave his lecture on "Egyptian Antiquities" to a small but very appreciative audience on January 8th. The student body, who were conspicuous by their absence, missed an address of great educational and inspirational value, as we are assured by all who were present.

E. L. L—— (under the influence of New Year resolutions)—
"You'll have to excuse my non-attendance at lectures the next few days, Professor. 'Supps' are on. When they are over I'm going to begin to take that French regularly."

Dr. Edgar (*dubiously*)—"Do you mean it or are you only joking?"

W. R. A——, B.A.—"I always like to study in the Vic. Library. You get more inspiration there than in the Varsity Library, especially when you are on the right side of the tables."

W. A. G——, '04 (at Missionary Executive)—"Well, gentlemen, as the feminine members of the Committee are not here—"

FRANK (after an evening out)—"Say, Bob, that was a mean trick you did last night; take another fellow's lady after him bringing her there."

Bob (apologetically)—"Well, you know, Frank, you and I are such intimate friends that I knew you would not mind my having anything that belonged to you."

JUNIOR SCRIBE (stalking gloomily out of the Library)—"I'm the revised version of the foolish virgin. I've no ink in my pen, and before I get back I suppose that dictionary will be gone."

SOPHIE (after that great class-meeting)—"Were you in to hear Ewart Ball?"

Fresh Soph—"I guess I was; I heard a lot of bawling, but I don't know Mr. Ewart."

JOCULAR FRIEND to G.E.T.—'06—"I hope the University sermon will prove a means of grace to you. I hope to see you there alone."

T—"If not alone, it will prove a means of disgrace, I suppose."

WHO did not see and hear and feel the '03 Reunion? Skating parties, sleighing parties; they had a good old time. Miss Dingwall came back to have a *talk* with the girls; Miss Bristol to have some five-o'clock lectures with Dr. H—; Miss Cullen to tell us about Baltimore, the oysters, and her little nephew; Miss Beatty for some sympathy; Misses Campbell, Eby and L. P. Smith to "say things" about Normal College.

"AH, Miss Beatty, isn't it too bad that you missed the '03 Reunion?"

Miss Rose Victoria B—"Yes, I'm *awfully* sorry, but there's going to be another. Mr. Ford is coming on Thursday."

MR. FORD reports that he received eight invitations for Christmas dinner, after having spent only two months in Ottawa.

SOME few days since the following note found its way into the hands of the *Editor-in-Chief*. We gladly insert; comment is needless:

"L'INCONNU.

"Oh, could I know thy thought !

Oh, could I see thy soul !

If but thy answer I had caught,

Then were my poor heart whole.

"Ah fate yet unrevealed !

Ah hope nor dark nor clear !

Oh, could I know thy thought unsealed

This were a glad New Year.

'o?

"Dear Bill,—These verses are original, but I haven't the courage to reveal my identity."

MISSIONARY CONVENTION FRIDAY.—"Are you coming up to-night?"

"I'm afraid I can't take the time. Who's going to speak?"

"I meant to the rink."

"Oh!! I was thinking of coming for just a little while."

ALUMNI HALL put on her gala dress for the annual reception of the class of '06, on the evening of January 21st. The platform was decorated with palms and fragrant with the aroma of a beautiful bouquet of red roses. Cushions and cosy corners added their charms. Complete the picture with fluttering groups of College girls, and you'll

not wonder that the boys were there and happy. Not the least attractive feature of the evening was the informal musical and literary programme, to which Mr. Archibald and Miss Holinrake contributed vocal solos, Mr. Manning an instrumental solo, Miss Deacon a reading, and Prof. Robertson a speech in his own characteristic style.

The Executive, which is to be congratulated on the success of the evening, consists of the following : Hon. Pres., Prof. Robertson ; Pres., A. M. Harley ; 1st Vice, Miss E. L. Chubb ; 2nd Vice, J. H. Wells ; Secretary, E. E. Ball ; Treasurer, A. W. Shaver.

THE Sophs showed great foresight in appointing their Refreshment Committee. There was Rice for nutrition, (H)Ungar for sauce, and Keys to keep off the Freshmen and B.D.'s.

S. G. M——s—"Robert, will you lend me the keys for that little room for to-night. I want to lock myself in."

Robert—"No ; there was a young lady said this afternoon that we must have no dark corners."

FRESHETTE (to Soph)—"Say, we've got the slowest lot of men going in our year. I think your year and the third are the nicest bunches."

F. C. B——n—"All the Sophettes are lambs, and there is a Lamb among the boys, too."

M. E. W.—"No, it's a wolf in Lamb's clothing."

A TALE.—On a certain Sunday evening not long ago, a well-known senior *Bishop*, who by the way has an excellent voice, called at the Residence to discuss missionary problems. When the hour for departure came, the *Bishop* went to look for his overcoat, and walking into the common room, he found, mounted upon a corner seat, a silent preacher, attired in his (the *Bishop's*) reversed coat, gloved, scarfed and capped, and piously holding a hymn-book in his folded hands.

ECHOES FROM THE SENIOR DINNER MASS-MEETING.

J. H. B.—We should charge the C. T.'s just the Cost-Price of the Dinner."

P. G., '03—"A very large number of graduates are in the city—at least, there are a few of us."

MR. E. V. R. couldn't keep quiet any longer without saying a few words—"As I have already said all that I wish to say, I willingly withdraw what I was just about to observe."

The Committee is composed of the following : H. H. Cragg, Chairman ; Jas. A. Spenceley, Sec.-Treas.; J. H. Johnson, B.A., E. W. Morgan, R. J. Manning, Misses A. E. Wilson, K. Cullen and C. Griffin, and H. L. Mahood, H. Woodsworth, W. B. Albertson, R. L. McTavish and G. N. Grey. It has been decided to hold the Dinner on February 26th, and His Honor Judge Dean, the oldest living graduate of Victoria, and Mr. W. F. Kerr, B.A., have been asked to act as Chairman and Vice-Chairman, respectively.

The programme of the evening will be shortened by the omission of the usual toasts to the other classes and the abbreviation of some of the other toasts. Another innovation which will be introduced is the providing of a special table for such graduates as may desire to attend, and the Secretary requests that all such inform him of their intention at least a week before the dinner, so that sufficient table accommodation may be provided. Every student is called upon to be in attendance and give the Senior Class a hearty farewell.

THE Fourth Year has been quite lavish in the distribution of class honors, so that space permits us to give only a small number of their officers. D. M. Perley is President; Miss J. C. Potter, 1st Vice ; F. W. Hardy, 2nd Vice ; H. W. Brownlee, Secretary ; J. W. Cantelon, Treasurer ; W. G. Cates and Miss E. A. Weeks, historiographers ; E. W. Wallace and Miss F. E. Watts, poets ; F. W. K. Harris and Miss Potts, prophets, etc. Chancellor Burwash is patriarch of the flock, and will send them out into the world with his blessing.

IN the class of '05, Prof. McLaughlin is Hon. President ; H. H. Cragg, President ; Miss E. Smith, 1st Vice ; E. W. Morgan, 2nd Vice ; F. W. Langford, Secretary ; and G. A. Cruise, Treasurer.

THE C. T.'s have elected the following officers : Hon. Pres., Dean Wallace ; Pres., J. J. Coulter ; Vice-Pres., W. L. McTavish ; Sec.-Treas., C. E. Barrett.

MISS C—LL—N, '06 (on a stormy morning)—“ My hair blew all over my face. I almost thought the sun was shining.”

McMASTER'S victory in the second debate of the Intercollegiate Series of the Women's Literary Society brings Victoria and McMaster together again for the finals. The debate was between St. Hilda's and McMaster and was held at St. Hilda's, the question being the education of the negro. McMaster supported industrial education and the St. Hilda's students pleaded for a literary education. A most delightful afternoon was spent with the young ladies of St. Hilda's in their charming residence.

FRESHETTE (at rink)—“Mr. Robertson doesn’t skate very much, does he? I’ve only seen him skating with one girl, Miss ——”

E. W. W.—“I see there’s a smallpox case up at the O. A. C.”

J. W. M., ’04 (anxiously)—“What?”

E. W. W.—“There’s a smallpox case at O. A. C.”

John Wesley (relieved)—“Oh, I thought you said O. L. C.”

ORATION Contest! Women’s Literary Society! January 23rd! Miss Fife presiding. Subject—“The Value of Ideals.” Speakers—Miss Deacon, ’06; Miss Weeks, ’04; Miss Chadwick, ’07; Miss Jickling, ’05; Miss Lloyd, ’04; Miss Grange, ’04. Judges—Prof. Coleman, Mr. C. C. James, Rev. Mr. Freeman. Prize given and presented by Dr. Bell. Winner—Miss Weeks. Honorable mention—Miss Jickling and Miss Grange.

Criticism—Addresses were splendid, the judges and audience being “delighted, pleased and proud.” Other contributors to the programme—Miss Addison, piano; Miss Landers, vocal; Miss Crothers, violin solo; Miss Dafoe, reading, “The Preacher’s Son.”

Aftermath—’04 girls at McConkey’s.

M—G—N, ’05 (being jollied about staying in *one* evening)—“I’m receiving; it’s leap year.”

MISS P—SON, ’04 (speaking of her Silver Bay trip)—“We were all perfect strangers, and I expected to be very lonely; but one of the girls had a brother at Victoria, so we became friends immediately.”

BROWN, ’06 (to Miss H—, ’05, on the rink)—“Yes, we make a fine couple. Swan-like, don’t you think?”

ANNESLEY HALLER (*re* rising bell)—“Many are called, but few get up.”

WE are delighted to report that Miss Olive Patterson, ’06, who has been very ill with diphtheria, is improving rapidly. We will be glad to welcome her back. Miss Proctor has been attending lectures to the tune of “Just One Girl.”

MISS CUNNINGHAM (Freshette)—“Do you think the boys would knock me down if I were to go on the ice?”

THE Freshettes were discussing their favorite authors. Miss Miles—“Well, I like *Woodsworth* best of all.”

MISS GRANGE and MISS FIFE had a glorious time at the Trinity Conversat. “Oh, those grate fires! Great!!” Why, Miss Fife was before a grate fire almost the whole evening.

'07 HAS again honored Prof. Lang with the honor presidency of their class. The other official burden-bearers are: President, J. N. Tribble; Vice-President, Miss Dafoe; Secretary, H. W. Baker; Treasurer, Miss Norsworthy. If all the rumors we hear of '07 are true, Miss Norsworthy has the most responsible position of all, for the Freshmen are becoming proverbial for large class fees and paying too much for their whistles.

THE question of "The Lady or the Tiger," from Frank Stockton's story, was the subject of an exceedingly interesting debate at the Women's Lit. on January 28th, between '05 and '06. The debaters, Misses Wallace and Hamilton, '05, and Misses Ungar and E. Smith, '06, were thoroughly conversant with their subject. They had studied many books on Primitive Love, etc., and had enlisted the services of Prof. Robertson, whose statements were used as heavy artillery by both sides. The judges declared the debate a *tie*, but lest this wording might seem to favor one side, they said the decision *lay* with the audience.

AT the second meeting of the Union Lit., it was rather amusing to hear Mr. Hewitt assert that he had written his paper for his own satisfaction, and then go on to deal with the subject of mal-nutrition. Perhaps Dave hasn't reached the land of corn and wine yet.

Mr. Bruce, on the other hand, was in his happiest mood. "Mr. Chairman," he said, when the house was engaged in the discussion of Mr. Eakins' paper, "We have been told of comets with visible tails and comets with tails invisible, and I should like to ask whether the astronomers have been able from these to throw any light on the problem of evolution."

At the following meeting Mr. Miller gave us a hearty laugh over the statement that "In those days a man could not open his mouth without losing his head," and the further assurance that he had pork-packing on the brain, the very newest kind of packing for brains, assuredly.

In the impromptu oration contest there were some strange bursts of eloquence.

MR. BRACE—"Methodism, like the sun and other great terrestrial bodies, knows the itinerant system."

MR. PEARSON—"The old prophecy that the sword is to be turned into a plough-share, no, a pruning-hook—I mean into a plough-share—well, I won't finish the quotation."

- MR. A. W. SHAVER—"The G. T. P. will open up a country that will yet feel the footsteps of millions ; that will yet throb to—oh, I don't know what to say !"

MR. HAMILTON (delivering report of the judges)—"Mr. Brace has been awarded the decision, but Mr. Pearson chose his subject well, and we were surprised at his knowledge of it." Bob is certainly to be congratulated on his intimacy with "The Eastern Question" as it stands to-day.

MR. EAKINS (*re* Queen's Conversat)—"About an hour after promenading started the lights went out. We had a very pleasant time."

JACKSON—"The Romans, sir, were never able to coin a word '*poet*' I am only a preliminary Greek, but I am told that their word '*poet*' is borrowed from the Greek. It comes from the Greek verb meaning 'to make or create.' I could spell it, but——never mind!"

Voices—"Go on, Clyo ! go on !"

Jackson—"P, o, i, e, Omega."

MR. FRANK H. LANGFORD has entered in the general course with the class of '06. He is under the guardianship of his big brother Fred, and gives promise of being as good a student. There are some Freshmen, too, but we haven't learned their names.

CONUNDRUMS.

"WHY is Dr. Horning like a vegetarian?" "Because he seems satisfied with roots and stems at lunch hour."

"WHY did Mr. C. P. H.—s take three ladies to hear Patti?" "Because they went *rush*."

"WHY have the Freshies made it absolutely necessary that *seven* Freshettes be present at every legal class-meeting?"

"How could you make President Blackstock, of '07, fat?" "Take him out on the rink, and he might come down *plump*."

THE Third Year students wrote an essay on "Suicide." One of the girls meditated trying the real thing so that she might have a *living example*.





AST year, after long discussion, the color-system was adopted. Though two teams have already disbanded for the academic year, no steps have been taken to decorate the stars of either. In this progressive age there's no time to hibernate.

Vigorous efforts are being made to raise sufficient money for the furnishing of the rooms lately handed over to the students. These will afford plenty of room for reading and lounging. As a result the present combined reading and cloak room will be rendered vacant—for the cloak racks are to desecrate l'appartement long known as "Robert's sanctum." Thus at last we may move our lockers to a warmer place, and have a comfortable dressing-room (?). The present one, so-called, has long been an object on which the boys might truthfully and feelingly heap their strongest epithets. When one comes in from hockey the following comparison holds good : hockey-player : dressing-room :: ice : liquid air. Unfortunately, however, in the latter half of the comparison there is an idea of boiling, which is assuredly a minus quantity in the former.

The University team, by playing with the professional aggregations at the American and Canadian "Soos," has come under the ban of the O.H.A. According to the inter-collegiate rule, which permits players to retain their amateur standing so long as they receive no money for their services, the team members have committed no offence meriting their being professionalized. Consequently the games in this series have not been interrupted. Our University seven won here from McGill, but in Kingston lost to Queen's.

If enthusiasm be any criterion of success, the ladies' hockey team should give a good account of itself. Several games have been arranged with other city teams, and University College has sent in a challenge. And the tale will be told in next months' issue.

In the Jennings's Cup series, the first game billed is that between Junior Meds and Victoria. The Meds should be strong, if there be

hockey strength in numbers. Our fellows are showing greater speed, but offensive tactics have not yet fully matured. Salter, in goal, is putting up a magnificent game.

Last year McMaster beat us rather decisively. This year they won their first game in the intermediate inter-collegiate series from the University Seconds, 7—4, and in a practice game defeated us 1—0. Our team was not up to its full strength, the forward line being composed of "green" players. Henderson was hurt and forced to retire early in the first half. Thompson broke his skate and followed suit. Our opponents' attacking division developed some very fair combination at times, but Salter and Robertson greedily accepted all the bouquets thrown at them, save one, late in the second half, which they failed to see, owing to the flickering of the foot-lights. There are no barnacles on them. The play throughout was far from the Annesley-Hall-gentle-basket-ball type, and the familiar "ding-dong" of the bell was converted into an equally pleasant sounding "thump, thump," of bodies against the boards. An authority, whose veracity is above question, states that even yet the blades and handles of the discarded sticks are utilized in lighting the fires in the shanties.

In accordance with a custom of antiquity, the first of the inter-year games brought together the Freshies and the Sophomores. The first year, after a lengthy discussion, delegated Kergin, goal; Midford, point; Kelly, cover; Gibb, Fleming, Shaver and French, forwards, to give endless trouble to the referee—who on ordinary occasions styles himself "Jimmie" Wallace—and numberless bumps to their opponents. Harley, goal; Brown, point; MacFarlane, cover; Mills, Henderson, Adams and Treleaven, forwards, represented the Sophomores. Notwithstanding a long row of beaming Freshette spectators, the '07 sun-of-hope failed to rise to any considerable height, and when the whistle sounded "break-away," it had sunk for the time being, and the dank winds of despairing darkness fanned the hot cheeks of the vanquished. The game was very interesting, though, perhaps, the hockey itself might have been improved. The final score was 5—1. No players were penalized for roughness—of course necessity for such a drastic step did not present itself. The referee, however, found that many are the trials of even an impartial official, and waxed wrothy when his rulings were questioned. He held that in his official capacity he was unassailable—quoth he, "I'm not Jimmie Wallace, I'm the referee." So be it, henceforth.

When '04 met the B.D. C.T. P.G. team neither could muster more than six men. However, recruits were drafted, and at the end of the game

fourteen men, weary and worn, willingly relaxed their efforts. At one time the score read 1—1, but Johnson somehow or other managed to put one past the veteran "Bob" Pearson, and '04 was unable to overtake the brethren—rather, one should say that the team which misrepresented '04 found this task too difficult. While the usual slugging contest in the middle of the ice attracted considerable attention, the centres of interest were the goals, and the men therein stationed. For the lookers-on, "Bob" Pearson's phenomenal stops and frantic endeavors to maintain a vertical position, were sources of wonder and amazement. As for the fellow at the other end, Percy Near, a panegyric by a silver-tongued orator would not be too great a reward. His work can only be explained by the supposition that some way or other there was established a supernatural relation between the puck and himself, for all he had to do was shut his eyes, wreath his mouth in a gracious smile, and presto ! the puck struck the pads and glided away. The "People's Jimmy" also played a fine game.

'05 donned their war-paint and went forth to do '07. And do them they did. The referee handed into the committee a report of a victory 5—0. Well, the Freshmen didn't score at any rate. However, they managed to roughen the shins of the Juniors. More than this they did, according to the referee, who is reported to have stated that "the Freshmen had all the best of the play, but couldn't score."

'06, in their second scheduled game, by a score of 7—0, overwhelmed the B.D.,-etc. seven, who came fresh from their victory over the once-champion '04 aggregation. Referee "Joe" Gain was very strict, and sent many to the fence, forgetting, probably, that he was not actively engaged in the game. So far, then, the record stands thus: '06 won two, lost none ; '05 won one, lost none ; B.D., etc., won one, lost one ; '04 won none, lost one ; '07 won none, lost two.

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Early Influences on the Life of Tennyson.

BY JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.



N the early days of the last century the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson came to the little village of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, and in the rectory attached to the church there, began his life-work with his wife, the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, the rector of Louth, a town a short distance away. Dr. Tennyson had been appointed vicar of Somersby, and of several small villages near by, but he assumed his duties with a mind soured by disappointment. He was himself the eldest son, but had, for some reason or other, been passed over by his father in favor of his younger, but more capable and energetic brother. His father having influence sufficient to obtain a suitable ecclesiastical appointment, Dr. Tennyson had been induced to take holy orders, not because he felt specially called to or fitted for the work, but in order that provision might be made for him. The sense of his father's injustice rankled in his mind, and caused him frequently to give way to deep moods of depression or to black fits of passion, during which tempests he was dangerous to approach, and a perfect household tyrant. His sons, Alfred among the number, frequently felt the force of his arm uplifted in unreasoning anger. At times he drove his children from the house, the more sensitive to weep and mourn in solitude. From his father the poet inherited these moods of depression which, for a period, bade fair to spoil his life. "More than once," says the Memoir, "Alfred, scared by his father's fits of despondency, went out through the black night, and threw himself on a grave in the churchyard, praying to be beneath the sod himself." But Dr. Tennyson was not thus always. In general he was kindly and affectionate, not anxious to exert himself

more than necessary, and yet undertaking the supervision of his sons' education. He was a good, though not a first-rate scholar, and had a fine discrimination in poetry and a cultivated taste. Some of his verses, as quoted in the Memoir, show considerable metrical skill. His advice on questions of poetic taste was invaluable to his sons,

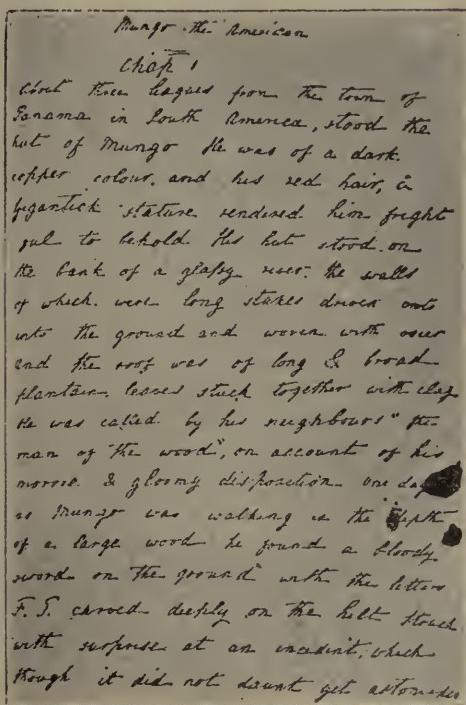


ALFRED TENNYSON.

three of whom afterwards became poets of no mean reputation. He had also accumulated a large collection of books, among which his sons were allowed to browse at will.

But it was to his mother that the poet ever looked back with feelings of deep reverence and affection. She was a kindly mother and

a loving wife, a woman whose heart was full of tenderness and compassion for suffering wherever she found it. It is said that the boys from the surrounding villages used to bring their dogs and beat them under the windows of the rectory, in order to secure the bribe which she invariably offered to make them desist. Many years later, talking to the Bishop of Exeter, who was conducting the funeral service of his mother, Tennyson spoke of her in words that might seem almost



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF AN EARLY TALE
WRITTEN BY TENNYSON.

extravagant. As the Bishop was leaving, the poet caught him by the hand and said, "Mr. Bickersteth, I hope you will not think I have spoken in exaggerated terms of my beloved mother; but, indeed, she was the most beautiful thing that Almighty God ever did make."

On the sixth day of August, 1809, Alfred Tennyson was born. He was the fourth child in a family of twelve, eight sons and four daughters. There was nothing especially remarkable about the children,

They were ordinary boys and girls, finding amusement among themselves in their secluded country home. But at the same time there was a tone of refinement about all their doings, as indeed there could not well help be in a home where Mrs. Tennyson held sway. The children, without exception, were endowed with vivid imaginations, and one of their most pleasant amusements was the writing of tales in letter form which were put under the vegetable dishes at dinner and read aloud when it was over. The Memoir records that the tales written by Alfred were various in theme, some of them humorous and some savagely dramatic. The stories of knight errantry seem to have taken hold of the children at an early period. One of their most usual out-of-door sports was the tournament, in which all took part, being divided into two nearly equal camps for the purpose. The elder boys seem to have taken to writing poetry from the first, Alfred being especially gifted with the rhyming faculty. It is recorded of him that before he could read he was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading his arms to the wind, and crying out, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." On the authority of Lewis Carroll, Tennyson's first written poem read as follows :

"Can a cock sparrow
Speak to a barrow?
I hope you'll excuse
My infantile muse."

At the age of eight he had covered both sides of a slate with blank verse in the manner of Thompson, in response to a request from his brother Charles. It is said that when Charles handed back the slate he said, "Well, Alfred, you can write." Charles at this time was nine years old. All the family were impressed with Alfred's poetic genius, with the exception of the grandfather, who, on handing him half a guinea as a reward for having written a poem on the death of his grandmother, uttered the memorable words, "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you have ever earned by poetry, and take my word for it, the last." At the age of twelve Alfred wrote an epic of six thousand lines, after the style of Walter Scott, and at fourteen he had written a drama in blank verse. These early performances had no particular merit in themselves, except that they were written in correct metre, but merely show at what an early age the rhyming faculty was developed.

As has been hinted, Tennyson was from his earliest childhood the victim of an almost morbidly gloomy temperament. Perhaps his

early religious impressions had something to do with this. His father was a man who believed thoroughly in the goodness of God, and who held, to quote his own words, that "The benevolent genius of Christianity affords the strongest presumption of its verity." The influence of Mrs. Tennyson also was always on the side of gladness and joy in religious convictions. But as against this we have the terror of the small boy at the passion fits of his father, and the influence of an aunt of Calvinistic leanings who would weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. "Has he not damned," she cried, "most of my friends? But *me, me*, He has picked out for eternal



MRS. TENNYSON, THE MOTHER OF THE POET.

salvation, me who am no better than my neighbors." It was this same aunt who observed to her nephew that whenever she looked at him she thought of the words of Holy Scriptures, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." It is difficult to estimate the effect of these contradictory impressions, but that their influence was far reaching cannot be doubted.

Again, the people with whom the boy was constantly brought into contact were rough and ignorant in the extreme. There were few families of culture and refinement in the neighborhood, so that the

children, outside of the family circle, were thrown much upon the companionship of the neighboring peasants. How far this influenced the growing boy it is impossible to say, but, at a late date, it furnished him with types of which he made the most in "The Northern Farmer," "The Village Wife," and "The Churchwarden and the Curate." He must have become perfectly familiar with the Lincolnshire peasant in his youth in order to have reproduced him so exactly, both in the spirit and the letter, at so late a period in his life.

The books the boy read had a strong influence upon his bent of mind and character. Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Rabelais, Addison, Swift, Defoe, Cervantes, Bunyan and Buffon were among the authors devoured by Tennyson and his brothers. On one or other of



SOMERSBY RECTORY.

these by turns he formed his style, or used their subject matter to furnish forth his marvellous romances and epistles. Some of his letters written about the age of twelve are models of pedantry and affectation, but at the same time show signs of wide reading and some literary discrimination. It should not be forgotten that Dr. Tennyson was a man of great conversational powers, and was accustomed to employ his talents to the full, when the family met regularly either for meals or for social converse.

Of school life Tennyson had very little, and it does not appear that what little he had influenced him in any respect. At the age of seven he was asked whether he would go to sea or to school. He decided in favor of the latter, and accordingly was sent to the Grammar

School at Louth for a short period. He did not retain any very vivid impressions of his stay there, except that of sitting on the stone steps of the school on a cold winter's morning, and crying bitterly after a big lad had brutally cuffed him on the head because he was a new boy. The Memoir states that the poet never forgot this experience until his dying day. After leaving Louth, Tennyson completed his preparation for entering the University under his father's tuition.

Last, but not least, among these early influences was the country in which he was brought up, and in the midst of which he lived during his most impressionable years. Much that has been written about the influence of the fens and wolds of Lincolnshire upon the life and poetry of Tennyson is extremely fanciful, and has its origin in the fertile brains of the makers of books, but undoubtedly much is true.



SOMERSBY CHURCH.

The late Drummond Rawsley, a very close personal friend of the poet, traces in some detail these influences and gives quotation after quotation which show their power. And, indeed, Lincolnshire is not the lonesome, dreary spot that some have painted it. The little village of Somersby itself nestles at the foot of the South Wold. Rawsley describes the country about it as soft and pastoral, with small villages lying close together. "To the north rises the long back of the wold, with its steep white road, that climbs the hill near by ; to the south the land slopes gently to a small, deep-channelled brook, which rises not far from Somersby and flows just below the parsonage garden." But more potent to Tennyson than even the memories of these every-day sights was the remembrance of his summer life on

the sea shore, distant about nine miles from the rectory. His poetry is full of descriptions of the Lincolnshire coast, both in calm and in storm. The magnificent simile in "The Last Tournament" is an accurate description of the coast as the poet saw it :

"As the crest of some slow-arching wave,
Heard in dead night along that table shore,
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing."

From the age of twelve, when Tennyson left the Grammar School at Louth, until the age of nineteen, when he entered the University, he was left pretty much to his own devices. He studied with his father, played cricket and other games with his brothers, told stories or read his favorite books with his younger brothers and sisters, talked with the neighboring peasants, wandered among the lanes of Lincolnshire or along the sea shore, either reading or communing with his inner being. His moody fits often took him away from the society of all but himself, but these at this time were generally of short duration and easily banished by daylight and by new associations. And all this time he was writing poetry. In 1827, one year before he entered Cambridge, was published "Poems by Two Brothers," the joint production of Alfred and his brother Charles. In reality there were three brothers because Frederick Tennyson contributed four poems. The boys had persuaded Mr. Jackson, a bookseller of Louth, to publish the book, they to receive twenty pounds in full payment, one quarter of the sum to be taken out in books. Sixty years later the manuscript handed to Mr. Jackson by the two brothers was sold for six hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

Five years after the publication of "Poems by Two Brothers," with its sentimentalism, glittering jingle and pseudo-melancholy reflection, Tennyson gave to the world some of his strongest and most enduring poems. The gap between this volume and the next poetic venture is so great as to be almost beyond comprehension. The poet had passed from youth to manhood.

Palm Sunday.

(Psalm xxiv.; Matthew xxi.; Mark xi.)

BY ARTHUR E. HAGAR, B.A.

A DOWN the winding path of Olivet
He rode, great Zion's meek and lowly King,
That day when first those tidal forces met,
That since have reached to earth's remotest ring.

And round Him surge the vast expectant throng,
As to the Holy City's gates they go;
Their King He is, and unto Him belong
Messiah's throne, and sceptred sway below.

They run and cast their garments in the way,
And branches of green palm before Him throw;
While children, leaving sport and simple play,
Join in the song with eager hearts aglow.

Oh ! list to that vast multitude's loud cry :
“ Hosanna in the highest ! Blessed is He
That in the name of Yahveh draweth nigh !
Oh ! lift thy gates, Jerusalem the Free ! ”

“ Who is this King of Glory, riding thus
On ass's colt, no mounted pomp beside ? ”
“ The Lord of Hosts, in battle glorious !
Oh ! throw thy doors eternal open wide ! ”

Long years have pass'd, yet still we seem to hear
That welcome cry, the multitude's loud voice,
Still through the ages ringing loud and clear :
“ Thy King is come ! Jerusalem, rejoice ! ”

And on this sacred holy Sabbath day,
That spread the palm, and ope'd the portals wide,
The world attends that loudly chanted lay,—
Her King again triumphantly doth ride.

Oh ! shall the Church to Him, her living Head,
But meekly riding, the free welcome give ;
And cast its office robes for Him to tread,—
The risen Christ, by whom alone men live !

Oh ! for a sight of Him whom angels laud,—
The conquering Christ, by heaven's high host adored !
Fling wide your portals, O thou Church of God !
And let Him in as thy High Priest and Lord !

Egerton Ryerson.*

CARLYLE has said that "great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company." This is especially true if these great men have been the builders of a nation, making its laws, fighting its battles and shaping its ideals. Several years ago Mr. George N. Morang, realizing this fact, projected a national series of Canadian biographies which would be at once authoritative studies of the men who have made Canada and a comprehensive history of the country. As the nineteenth century closed, he believed that the time was ripe for such a series. The Dominion, as a whole, was

taking an interest in its past, the people were awaking to the fact that they had a country with a worthy history, and within Canada were men fully capable of giving, with scholarly insight and literary finish, the lives of the makers of Canada. The publisher took into his confidence, as an advisory board, the late Sir John Bourinot, James Bain, Alfred D. DeCelles and Nathanael Burwash. He likewise secured as editors of his series the experienced writer and editor, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Pelham Edgar, whose "Romance of Canadian History" had proved him one of the ablest editors in Canada.

It was not, however, until 1903 that the first volume of the series, "Lord Elgin," by Sir John Bourinot, was launched. In historical accuracy, in artistic power, as an example of fine book-making, it was universally pronounced one of the ablest books yet produced in the Dominion. The second volume, "Egerton Ryerson," by Nathanael Burwash, appeared in January of the present year. It is an equally able work in every way. The selection of Chancellor Burwash to write this life was a peculiarly fitting one. Like Egerton Ryerson, he is an able and experienced preacher, an illuminating writer, and an educationist of power and insight. Indeed, more truly than of any other man in Canada can it be said that on the shoulders of Nathanael Burwash has fallen the mantle of Egerton Ryerson.

The chapters dealing with the early life and the literary work of Dr. Ryerson have been written by Dr. A. H. Reynar, and they dis-

* "Egerton Ryerson." By Nathanael Burwash. *The Makers of Canada.*, Toronto : George N. Morang & Co.



EGERTON RYERSON.

play the same sympathy and finish that are to be found in the remainder of the book. It is to be regretted that more space was not given to the early life of Ryerson. While the work he did for equal rights, for the great Methodist body, for the school system of Canada, are of interest, of deeper human interest is the growth of the soul and the psychological moment when he felt the Divine call. Canadians are too apt to think of Egerton Ryerson as a hard-headed controversialist, as an unflinching fighter, as a systematic organizer—and he was all these—and to forget that in him there was much of the mystic, that his life was based on and inspired by religion. The few



THE RYERSON BROTHERS.

JOHN.

WILLIAM.

EGERTON.

selections given from his early diary are, in many ways, the most interesting part of the book. Like Saul of Tarsus he experienced a Divine call. He found himself only "after lengthened fastings, watchings and prayers." In the darkness of the night the light appeared to his inner eye, "and," as he says, "I thought to my bodily eye, also, in the form of One, white-robed, who approached the bedside with a smile, and with more of the expression of the countenance of Titian's Christ than of any person whom I have ever seen. . . . I henceforth had new views, new feelings, new joys, new strength. I truly delighted in the law of the Lord."

His student days, his trying and wise missionary work among the Indians on the Credit, are described with a graphic pen. But he was soon to be called to wider fields of usefulness. Methodism, and indeed all the dissenting bodies, required a champion, and although a mere boy he was chosen to defend his faith against the vigorous attacks of the learned and able Archdeacon Strachan. It may seem to some that in this he was no "Maker of Canada," but was working for a special body and a particular locality. But his influence was far-reaching. He upheld equal rights, and the liberty of thought and action in Canada as a whole benefited by the brilliant controversial articles of young Ryerson. As a result of these articles, when *The Christian Guardian* was established he soon became its editor.



JOHN JONES' HOUSE AT THE CREDIT, WHERE DR. RYERSON RESIDED.

It was the same with every question he touched. Clergy reserves, educational reform, separate schools, were all dealt with by him in a broad, catholic spirit, which in time influenced Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

But his great monument is the soundly-based school system of Ontario. He found the Province in the darkness of ignorance, he left it with probably the finest school system in the world; and he was able to do this because he made the whole civilized world his field of investigation, and no European or American state was considered too mean to have its system examined by him, and wherever he found anything of worth he unhesitatingly borrowed. The present edu-

tionists of Ontario are merely adding to and decorating the broad and firm structure reared by Egerton Ryerson, and the leaders of education in the rest of Canada have but followed in his tracks. His idea of education was a liberal one. By it he meant "not the mere acquisition of certain arts, or of certain branches of knowledge, but that instruction and discipline which qualify and dispose the subjects of it for their appropriate duties and appointments in life, as Christians, as persons in business, and also as members of the civil community in which they live."

There is one point in connection with this book in which many readers will differ from Chancellor Burwash. Several times it is emphatically pointed out that Egerton Ryerson was no politician. In one sense this is true, but, like the late Principal Grant, he had a keen insight into political questions and fearlessly expressed himself on them. Indeed, according to the author himself, in his hands *The Christian Guardian* became "the exponent of the views of Methodism on the great questions which agitated the religious and the political sentiment of the country."

Throughout, the book is a splendid piece of literary work. It is a magnificent artistic unit, with Egerton Ryerson present on every page. The style is lucid and at times brilliant, and the great questions which agitated the country during the career of Dr. Ryerson are handled in a masterly way. It should find a place in every library, as it is the final word on one of the greatest preachers and the greatest educationist Canada has produced.

T. G. MARQUIS.

Valedictory.

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, '04.

A S one who from a lonely mountain height
Looks down on forest, vale and ragged scaur,
And sees his future path that leads afar
Winding uncertain through the gloom of night ;
Yet if he catch upon the horizon bright
The first pale promise of the coming day,
Content, serene, he goes upon his way,
Sure he has seen and soon will reach the light.
So we who high on wisdom's mount have stood,
And caught far distant gleams of truth's clear sun,
Fear not to travel down where lies the rude
And toilsome path o'er which life's race is run :
We know that day beyond this night must lie,
Where we shall see truth face to face, nor die.

A Visit to Halifax.

BY M. PARKINSON,
Editor of the "Canadian Teacher."

IT was after a week of scorching heat in Boston, that we stepped on board the steamer *Olivette* bound for Halifax. Soon we slipped out of Boston Harbor, past all the shifting panorama of its busy commerce, out upon the breast of the broad Atlantic. Here the cool sea air, the heaving billow, and the "piping" breeze brought to the desiccated educationists of the arid inland some of their own strength and vigor. The salt sea air is in our nostrils, the dash of waves and roar of wind is in our ears, and the strength of the crested, rolling breakers is in our hearts as our gallant bark bears us on, on, ever over the trackless bosom of the surging deep.

The blinking eye of Malin's Beach Light, in the early hours of next morning, betokens the coming of Halifax.

"And I thought that the big lighthouse looked lovely as hope,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean,"

sang Ireland's sweetest poet when this inimitable picture first broke on his view; and we fully appreciate Moore's beautiful tribute as we stand, in those early morning hours on the *Olivette's* deck, gazing on this twinkling beacon. As the grayness of the coming dawn begins to trouble the darkness of the passing night, the thick dark shrinks away from the face of the ocean, the pale streak in the east grows ruddy, presently a wave of rose appears to break and wash from the scene all traces of the night, and the rim of the sun appears above the horizon.

We are now entering one of the finest harbors in the world. It is six miles long, with an average breadth of one mile, and has in every portion sufficient depth of water to float the *Ariadne*, one of the largest ships in His Majesty's service, with perfect safety.

Creeping slowly up the harbor in the early morning light, we pass, on the right hand side, McNab's Island, used by the military for summer camps. Further up on this Dartmouth shore frowns Fort Clarence, while away to the left rises the high promontory of solid granite, hidden in which lies the cannon of York Redoubt. In the centre of the harbor stands a grassy cone, known as George's Island. It was built by nature for a fort. England has spent immense sums on this fortress; and, if any one, peculiarly favored by authority, should gain entrance to a portion of the interior, he would find the

green and harmless-looking island swarming with troops, and honey-combed with galleries, and arsenals, and casements.

From the port-hole of one of these casements, around whose mouth the grass waves innocently, and behind which lurks the grim shape of a great cannon like a beast of prey in ambush, this visitor could look out upon a sunlit scene of harmony and peace. It is only at target practice, when the roar of the quick-firing guns, and the heavy boom of the rifled ordnance shake the very city, that one feels aware of the mighty power which here awaits the coming foe. It is only then that we know that we are standing in the midst of one of the strongest fortresses in the world.



WARSHIPS IN THE HARBOR, HALIFAX.

But the *Olivette* is steaming on, and the landing stage is reached. We are handed over to our genial host of the Queen's Hotel, and find our introduction to Halifax a pleasant one indeed. Next morning off for a drive to Point Pleasant Park. No wonder Halifax is proud of its park. This magnificent piece of imperial property, leased to the city at a shilling per annum, and closed to the public for one day each year to preserve the property against a claim of right of-way, is a kingly inheritance. Rolling along a matchless carriage drive, intersected by winding foot-paths; getting glimpses of secluded dells, and rare bits of wild-wood scenery; coming unexpectedly out on broad sea-views with a background of beetling crags and frowning promontories; and having every now and then the exhilarating surprise of

discovering a hidden fortification or ambushed battery, we have a forenoon of unmixed pleasure. We saunter through sheltered paths over a carpet of soft pine needles; we inhale in long-drawn breaths the sweet balmy air, rich with the smell of the Scottish heather brought here and tended by the loving hand of some Hieland soldier weary for home; we drink in the mellow notes of the birds singing the praises of nature's God; we muse, we dream, we wander on in a different world—all is calm, peaceful, and at rest as if it were of heaven. A turn in the path, and below our feet lie the hidden batteries of Fort Ogilvie; there in the morning sun are the artillery-men handling a disappearing gun—long, gleaming, snake-like it lies



PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX.

in its lair, ready on a moment's notice to vomit death and destruction from red-hot lips upon this quiet scene. Such are the incongruities of life.

We are in the carriage again, rolling over the beautiful driveway on to the triple gates of bronze, swinging on their pillars of solid granite, which form the beautiful entrance to this most beautiful pleasure ground. Now we are off to the citadel. Crowning the hill, to the sides of which the city clings, 227 feet above the level of the sea, the ramparts of the citadel give a most magnificent view. Imagine a natural hill excavated and fitted up after the fashion of a little town itself and you will form an idea of the first impression the citadel gives. These works were begun by the Duke of Kent, Queen

Victoria's father, when he was commander of the forces at Halifax. Millions of dollars have been spent on them, and now they lie falling into ruin, altogether useless to resist modern shell-fire. The real defences of Halifax are yonder, ten or fifteen miles away, where the coast batteries frown over the entrance of the harbor. Here, all around us, are the once shell-proof barracks crumbling to decay, and the useless, heavy muzzle-loading cannon falling from their carriages through neglect and disuse. The citadel is now useful only as a barracks, and as we pass through its arched portal guarded by its battery of eleven useless guns we cannot help thinking how all things, even means of war, have changed. From the citadel flag-staff may



ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL, HALIFAX.

still flutter gaily the many-colored signal flags that announce the approaching ships, but from it has gone the power of the past; truly *Ichabod* is written on its portals.

But, here we are out on the ramparts. Below us stretch the harbor, and the broad expanse of Bedford Basin, and, away beyond, the mighty Atlantic. Nearer, and at our feet, lies the dingy city; across the harbor the town of Dartmouth basks in the sunlight, and still further the keener eye can trace the blue patches which mark out the Dartmouth lakes.

Our few days allotted for stay in Halifax are spent, but we are loath to leave the dear old city by the sea. May the Fates grant us another and a longer stay within its precincts ere many years shall pass away.

Venimus and Larem Nostrum.

THIS was the choicest phrase in ancient Rome,
Where Lares and Penates held their sway,
"We come to our own house, to our own home,"
In love with dread religion's simpler way.

What though Olympian Jove with awful frown,
With thundrous wrath our pious duties claim,—
We place upon his brow the iron crown,
And with low voice his power and pride we name.

What though Queen Juno, dignified, mature,
Compel us to our knees in wondering awe,—
We give her praise, her votive gifts are sure,
The mistress of the ordered realm of law.

What though Minerva, pale with thought divine,
Goddess of wisdom, furtive fancy chain,—
We burn our incense at her quiet shrine,
Then turn our thoughts to our own home again.

What though these greater gods be loved and feared,
And in their temples we may linger long,—
Return we at the last ; as home is neared
Our hearts are glad, we lift the festal song.

And as we come in haste dear Venus hears,
'Tis she with blushing smile that opes the door,—
And we forget the day's delays and fears
When we return to our own home once more.

W. J. Allison



Environment.

BY F. S. CARR, '04.



THE environment of a being plays a very important part in its development either towards progression or towards degeneracy. Darwin makes natural selection play the chief part in evolution, making all other agencies subservient. He holds that the being best suited to its environment will be the strongest or at least have the best chance of survival, and being best suited to its surroundings will inevitably attract the opposite sex. By so doing it will have a better chance of leaving descendants. Now the offspring of an animal or plant resemble the parent to quite an extent, so some of the offspring—perhaps a very small percentage—of this being best suited to its surroundings, will resemble it, so reproducing the beneficial characteristics of the parent. Thus Darwin holds that natural selection modifies an animal for its environment. How does this differ from saying that environment moulds the characteristics?

Again, release from environment or sudden change sometimes destroys the balance of life. Perhaps one of the best examples of this is the infertility of many feral animals under captivity, but this in itself forbids any lasting character on the race. An example known to all is that of the European sparrow, that pest of pests in the bird world. In its own land this bird, though a common one, is not troublesome, or at any rate it only holds its place. Transplanted to this country it flourishes and increases at an alarming rate; its nature seems to have entirely changed and it only lives to cause destruction. By its robust constitution it crowds out our native birds in the unconscious struggle for existence, and even drives them away literally. Our native birds have their natural enemies to cope with; the European sparrow has left its enemies behind.

Again, on the Northern Atlantic coast we find the "periwinkle."

Some time ago this mollusc was rare in New York, but now it is the most common, in fact it has crowded out all the native forms. Through some unknown cause this periwinkle's nature received a migratory impulse, while its natural enemies did not receive this impulse, consequently it arrived on new grounds, and having no enemies had all the chance there was.

Again, animals removed from the influence of certain surroundings, or perhaps exposed to other surroundings which are not occupied fully by some member of Nature's family, may adapt themselves to the new conditions. For instance, take our high-holder, or flicker, as some call it. This bird is a woodpecker, yet in its habits it shows but few characteristics of the woodpecker. It no longer climbs trees and stumps, probing with its beak as it goes, but it catches grasshoppers, beetles, fishworms, etc., in the grass much like a meadow lark, for which bird it is sometimes mistaken. Along with these habits there comes a change in structure. The feet are altered in the arrangement of the toes, and the beak becomes greatly softened. Another very notable example is that of the "Kea," a parrot of New Zealand. This bird's natural food is berries, insects and small fruits. The colonists observed it picking and tearing sheepskins. This was a number of years ago. After a time the birds were seen pecking at the sheep. Then the Kea finally abandoned its former diet and tore open the backs of the sheep to obtain the fat that lies there. Here, through the accidental circumstance that a few sheepskins were always lying around, the bird was induced to change its feeding habits.

Concerning the action of acute conditions we have the example of the insects on many oceanic islands. In Madeira and in the adjacent part of Europe are insects of the same families and genera. The species differ in that the wings are reduced or rudimentary in the insects on the island, while those on the mainland have their wings normal. The reason is this: Madeira is exposed to sudden and violent storms. These storms would carry any insects on the wing out to sea where they would perish. The insects with small wings would stand the best chances of surviving, and as there is a constant struggle, the most perfect, or the ones with the smallest wings, would survive. Some orders of Europe are not represented in Madeira. Probably their natures were not plastic enough for them to adapt themselves.

Environment has had a great deal to do with evolution and so great is its importance that a new science, Experimental Morphology, has been formulated. As long ago as 1883 experiments were carried out

on animals, and before that again on plants. In that year Professor Karl Semper published a book, "The Natural Conditions of Existence as they Affect Animal Life." In it he describes a set of experiments carried on by himself. A small crustacean, *Artemia milhausenii*, lives in salt water. This was kept in brackish water for a number of generations. He was then surprised to find a change in the general shape of the animal—it was now another species of *Artemia*—a salina. He then transplanted it to fresh water and after several generations he found he had developed the animal into a new genus, *Brauchitus*. Now these animals are all known as living in nature. Here, then, by artificially changing the conditions surrounding an animal two new animals were produced.

From the preceding, one sees the great importance of environment. However, it is only one of the agencies working at the same time. We must not exaggerate the value of it and minimize the value of the other agencies, for each agency is but of little value working alone. When Nature wishes to accomplish anything she has a multitude of means at her disposal, each one slowly but surely doing its own part, and only its own part, in the realization of Nature's purpose.



MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS




The Missionary Problem of Quebec.

BY W. T. HALPENNY, B.A., B.D.



W. T. HALPENNY, B.A., B.D.

HAVE the evangelical churches a mission to the people of Quebec? This is an important question to all, and a vital question to those who take seriously our Lord's command to evangelize the world.

The true mission of the Methodist Church, and, of course, also of all evangelical churches, will perhaps best be seen by comparing carefully the stories of two conversions. The first is that of the man who tells us that, on hearing the preaching of certain vital truths at a certain definite time, he felt his heart strangely warmed. He went forth, and, in no small degree, changed the history of England by preaching the truth that had wrought this conscious transformation in his own life. The

second is nearer to us, both in time and in place, as the account of it appears in *La Presse* of Montreal, under the date December 23rd, 1903. It begins by recounting how a little girl of eleven years of age strayed near the night refuge conducted by Mr. Rodias Ouimet. She was taken in and cared for. The article continues: "The child had been brought up in the Protestant faith. . . . She followed the instructions of her protectors and quickly learned the precepts of our faith. A little while later she was baptized by Abbé Gauthier, of Notre Dame. M. and Mme. Louis Lachapelle acted as godfather and godmother for the poor disinherited child, and pronounced for her the sacred vows which assure ETERNAL JOY. One could believe himself transported into a crypt of the Roman catacombs, in the times when the heathen crowded the Christian churches to abjure the faith of their multiple deities." Comment is unnecessary.

We believe not only in individual responsibility, and in the right of direct access to God, but also in the right of the free search after truth. One asks naturally, "Is there true liberty of thought where authority has been given to or usurped by any one to suppress newspapers or books that do not, in his opinion, conduce to the popular good?" The recent suppression of *Les Debats* by the Archbishop of Montreal is a case in point. Now the true missionary will take a deep interest in all movements that mark real progress among the people. Signs of such movements are not wanting. As to the growth of intelligence, we notice the remarkable increase of the circulation of the daily press. *La Presse*, with its daily issue of about 75,000, leads the daily press of Canada. *La Patrie*, *Le Journal* and *Le Canada* each have a considerable constituency. There are, of course, many papers besides these throughout the province.

Another intimation of intellectual progress is that all the large parish churches have libraries which seem to be well patronized. The University of Laval, in Montreal, and the Quebec "L'Alliance Francaise" and the "Council of Arts and Manufacture" are responding to this growing demand by giving courses of lectures open to the public. An earnest effort is being made to improve the condition of primary schools. The urgent need of this appears in a statement recently made by the Police Committee of the Montreal Council that out of fifty French-Canadian candidates for the police force only ten could read. With increasing intelligence, will the people continue to believe in a form of religious faith that makes such constant demands on their credulity? The example of France inclines us to a negative answer. Is there a tendency to infidelity among the intelligent classes of French-Canadians? There lies before the writer a copy of a monthly paper called *La Lanterne*. It bears the date December 5th, 1903, and is Vol. I., No. 2. One may gather its purpose from the little catechism of the first number:

Q. In a village, which is the largest, the most solid, the finest and best situated house?

A. That of the curé.

Q. Who pays for the construction of the church, the curé's house, the convent, the sisters' school and the brothers' school?

A. The people.

Q. What possessions had the Founder of the Church?

A. None. He was poor; His kingdom was not of this world.

Q. Are the curés poor?

A. No; they have everything they wish.

- Q. Who made them rich?
 A. The people.
 Q. For what do they constantly ask?
 A. Money.
 Q. What do they do with it?
 A. They live well, eat well, drink well and laugh and amuse themselves with those who toil for them.

So far one must commend their courage in asserting what is, in large measure, true. But just here arises the danger of increasing



PRINCIPAL VILLARD AND TEACHERS, FRENCH
METHODIST INSTITUTE.

intelligence that is familiar with only a corrupted form of Christian faith. It tends to reject religion altogether. Take, for example, the cathechism of No. 2 :

- Q. What is God?
 A. Every religion gives a different definition of its own.
 Q. There are then several gods?
 A. There are as many as there are religions, yet each religion holds that its God is the only true one and all the others are false.

The significance of the issue of this little magazine is not only that its editor or editors hold these views, but that they believe there is a constituency to support the publication.

One more consideration urges us to earnest efforts to permeate this province with the truth that has been so precious to us. It is that the Anglo-Saxon population of this province is being rapidly replaced by French. A few figures will make this plain. In 1871 and in 1891 the French-Canadians formed a fraction over 29 per cent. of the total population of the Dominion, but in 1901 the percentage had risen to 30.7. The increase in Quebec province during the same period was from 78 to 80 per cent. In the City of Quebec the figures changed from 58 to 84 per cent., and in the County of Quebec from 61 per cent. in 1851 to 84 per cent. in 1891 and 90 per cent. in 1901. Within the limits of old Montreal the change has been from 45 per cent. in 1851 to 57 per cent. in 1901. The most remarkable change has been going on in the Eastern Townships, which have been supposed to belong in perpetuity to the English. Taking the County of Sherbrooke as an example, we note the following figures, showing the percentage of French population at the different dates : 1851, 15 per cent. ; 1891, 54 per cent. ; 1901, 58 per cent.

A case is mentioned of a Methodist church in the Eastern Townships which, at one time, had a constituency of sixty Protestant families, but now, on account of the influx of the French, there are only four families near enough to attend this place of worship. The significance of this movement of population is not merely that English are being replaced by French, but that the full free gospel is no longer preached in that community.

It must be evident, then, that there is a great work to be done here in Quebec. May we not expect that some young men, with a genuine zeal to preach these saving truths, will offer themselves for work here among their fellow-countrymen as well as for the missions in the foreign field. Young women may also find an opportunity for noble service in our mission schools. Excellent work could be done in the towns by deaconesses familiar with the French language. All may aid us by earnest appeals to the Lord of the Harvest to qualify and call workers to this field.

St. Henri, Montreal.

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Editorial.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR. After conforming with the formalities of international etiquette, which, in this case, consisted of an interchange of hypocritical statements, Russia and Japan have come to blows. In accordance with a further formality, for even war now must have a moral justification, one of the combatants has been denounced as a tyrant, and the other proclaimed a benefactor of mankind. The former epithet has been applied to Russia, and the latter to Japan. Believing that rarely indeed can the blame for a war be thrown entirely upon one state, we do not undertake to determine the merits of this case. We are inclined, however, to consider both nations land-grabbers, who have happened to run across one another, while after the same spoil. That Russia should incur the censure of certain western nations because of her tendency to expand, we cannot understand. Expansion is the dominant note in the policy of European states; and it is only natural that such an unprogressive country as Russia should follow the example of those who lead in the van of progress. But what of Japan? A nation so very quick to adopt Western methods would hardly reject the most obvious maxims of Occidental political policy. Few are so credulous as to think that Japan would go to war with a first-class power merely

to maintain the integrity of the Korean kingdom, or of the Chinese Empire. Certain it is she has not received lessons in philanthropy from the Western powers. How long will Korean independence last if Japan regains Manchuria? Besides, Japan must obtain territory if she is to accommodate her rapidly increasing population; and her intentions are an open secret. How is it, then, that this new and pretentious power is so heartily welcomed by such a large section of the international community? The reason is plain. Japan is a minor power. Her success in this war would put an end to Russian advance in the Far East; and she herself is not likely to become alarmingly powerful. It is only natural to be friendly to those who can do us no harm.



ALMA MATER Some persons have suggested that the Alma Mater SUPERVISION. Society should audit the "Bob Committee's" accounts. Of this we do not approve. There is a possibility of the work of official supervision being overdone. While the Alma Mater Society should be more than a policeman, by no means ought it to become an inquisitor. It should also be remembered that the "Bob" is peculiarly a sophomore function, and other years should be careful about interfering in its management. As for "Bob" expenditures the assurance that they are legitimate should be sufficient. Rob the "Bob" of its mystery and you destroy half the fun.



COLLEGE SPIRIT. What is that indefinable something called "College spirit?" In the name of these magic words we are exhorted to attend athletic events, college demonstrations and innumerable student meetings; to join academic societies, and to subscribe to this or that college fund—in short, to support any and every proposal which has its origin within the shadow of a college building. The very mention of "college spirit" is expected to produce upon the student results similar to the martial strains of the Marseillaise upon the ardent Frenchman, or the skirl of the bagpipes upon the fervent Scot—namely, to arouse to unusual efforts the ever-responsive spirit of the "college man, and to thrill the soul of even the most apathetic "plug." Though this mysterious influence is indefinable, yet because of its all-persuasive nature, we think it contains much good. A certain amount of college enthusiasm is essential for the thorough enjoyment of college life, and for the attainment of that development which should be its distinguishing feature. But the

student who, hearkening to the cry "college spirit" allows himself to be drawn into devious ways against his better judgment, is sacrificing his future prospects for present pleasures, which compared with the serious matters of life, are mere bubbles.



THE UNION

The officers of the Union "Lit" are to be congratulated on the improvement of the literary sessions of the society's meetings. Since Christmas they have been prominent, pleasing and profitable. It is a relief to escape for a while from the wearisome routine of business, which is speedily converting college life into a kind of treadmill. It is undeniable that in the "Lit" there has been ample opportunity for the development of a many-sided man. One can become almost anything from a picture-hanger to a financial agent ; but little attention has been given to literary culture. Indeed, to speak frankly, we seem to be producing not scholars, but very good general servants.



THE RESIDENCE

Victoria has many needs. She needs increased endowment, she needs a new library, she needs athletic equipment ; but most of all she needs a residence for her male students.

It is quite unnecessary to dilate upon life in residence. Those who have enjoyed this privilege look upon it as one of the most pleasant periods in their experience ; those who have been denied it, have missed a pleasure for which there is no compensation. But to appeal to this matter-of-fact generation on the mere ground of pleasure were a fruitless task : let us speak then of the utility of a residence.

Education consists of something more than book-learning. Those whose knowledge has come merely from books are likely to be dry, like their volumes. There is an atmosphere which imparts to the character that warmth and genial glow which is the evidence of a healthy spirit ; this comes only from close contact of man with his fellows. To the average man the possession of such qualities is no less essential to success than learning, and, indeed, is more so. For the generality of persons, not being eminent for learning, must depend upon natural qualities to supply their deficiency of knowledge. But many genial persons are withal boors. Their geniality, being unrestrained by the conventionalities of society, is indeed mere license, tolerated but not approved. Such persons require the

discipline which life among cultured associations imparts ; and this is found in a residence.

In point of culture the undergraduates of the University of Toronto are at least the equals of the average Canadian student, but they are not noted for cultured qualities. There is, however, one university in our midst whose students bear the indelible marks of a superior environment ; and that institution has prided itself on its residence. Victoria stands for efficiency and sound scholarship ; this she can produce with her present equipment. But Victoria would do more than this. Her ideal is the development of a type of character combining strength with refinement, that type which is the pride of the Old World and the envy of the New.



THE POEM AND ESSAY COMPETITIONS. The judges in the ACTA essay and poem competitions, Dr. Horning, Mr. C. C. James and Dr. Reynar, have awarded the poem prize to Mr. E. W.

Wallace, '04. No award was made in the essay competition. We regret that so little interest was taken in the competitions this year. Money, of course, is no object to our students ; but those who are not tempted by gold, are generally moved by the prospect of honors.



ATHLETICS. Our athletics are a source of endless worry to the spirited Victoria student. He chafes under the numerous defeats which are annually administered to our teams ; and he spends much thought in endeavoring to locate the cause of our almost unexampled misfortunes. Those who have faith in the power of frank criticism sometimes complain because ACTA does not more freely criticise the defects of our management. Personally, we have much faith in criticism, but the limited space which can be given to athletics in a monthly publication, necessarily curtails our remarks. While ACTA ought to, and does occasionally, speak out on such matters, the reformers seem to be content with that instead of carrying their case to the Athletic Union. If our sports are poorly managed the A. U. Executive is to blame. Much trouble arises from insufficient care in selecting team managers. Some think that a good athlete will surely make a capable manager, but this is by no means always so. Energy and a good theoretical knowledge of a game are essential requisites of a capable manager ; if he combines playing abilities with these qualities, so much the better.

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.



T the Senior Dinner this year we were pleased to have with us a number of our graduates. Besides our Chairman, Judge Dean, '54, and Vice-Chairman, W. F. Kerr, '84, there were Hon. Mr. Justice Maclare, '62; Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, '56; D. W. Dumble, '60, Police Magistrate of Peterboro'; Rev. Dr. G. M. Meacham, '60; J. L. O'Flynn, '97; R. J. Clark, '98; and E. W. Grange, '99, who, by the way, has returned from Ottawa to accept a position on the staff of the *Mail and Empire*.

The Dinner Committee received many letters of regret from graduates who expressed a desire to join in the Diamond Jubilee celebration, but were unable to attend. Perhaps the most interesting and characteristic of them all was that from our old friend, Dr. George Hodgins—now in his eighty third year—and in the sixtieth year of continuous active service in the Education Department. Dr. Hodgins had long been intimately connected with our college, his father being one of the first contributors to the funds of Upper Canada Academy in 1836. In 1841 he became enrolled as a student and since then has manifested keen interest in her history.

"I am proud," he says, "to know that 'Old Vic.' was the first of the colleges which was opened in Upper Canada for the instruction of university students. I am proud, also, to recall the grateful tribute which the House of Assembly in 1837, and again in 1838, paid to the promoters of the Upper Canada Academy—the worthy forerunner of Victoria College—in which it stated that their exertions were 'unparalleled,' and that it was the greatest undertaking hitherto successfully prosecuted in the Province by means of voluntary contribution.

"I desire to offer through you my hearty congratulations to Judge Dean on the occurrence of his Golden Jubilee year.

"I would also on this occasion pay a heartfelt tribute to the memory of those promoters of the Academy who, from their scanty income as ministers, contributed a stated portion yearly to the support of the Academy."



DR. JAMES MILLS,

Recently appointed as a Member of the Railway Commission, formerly President of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

FEW graduates of Victoria fill positions of larger usefulness and more ably discharge the duties of their positions than Dr. James Mills, President of the Ontario College of Agriculture. Born in 1840,

in Simcoe County, he spent the first twenty-one years of his life on the farm, where he mastered the practical details of agriculture. It was the accidental loss of his right arm in a threshing machine that determined his future career. Compelled to begin at that late day with the elementary work of the public school, whence he went to Brantford High School, he finally entered Victoria College, Cobourg, and graduated in 1868 with the gold medal for general proficiency. After teaching some years in Cobourg and Brantford High Schools, he was appointed President of the Agricultural College in 1879. The subsequent success of that institution, and its present high degree of popularity among agriculturalists, must be attributed very largely to Dr. Mills' thoroughness, energy and ability. His clean and efficient administration, his avoidance of political entanglements, and the unassuming way in which he allows his work, and only his work, to speak for him, make him a *persona grata* to all parties. Victoria is proud to own as a graduate James Mills, M.A., LL.D., and rejoices in the honor that was conferred upon him by the Dominion Government in appointing him to serve upon the Railway Commission—an honor all the greater in that it was entirely unsought.

MARRIAGES.

WORD has reached us from Los Angeles, Cal., that another of Cupid's intrigues was consummated on November 2nd, 1903, when Norman Williams, '92, councillor-at-law, was married to Gertrude Estelle, only daughter of David Robson, Esq., Government Agent at New Westminster, B.C., by the Rev. William Williams, D.D.

REV. G. SHERLOCK FAIRCLOTH, B.D., has also added his testimony to the truth of Holy Writ, when it declares, "It is not good for man to be a'one," for he, too, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. On December 30th he was married to Miss Eva H. Edgar, of Toronto, sister of Mrs. (Rev.) Solomon Cleaver. Mr. Faircloth has received and accepted a call to Gerrard Street Methodist Church, Toronto.

Obituary.

AN old student of Victoria died at Picton on February 3rd, 1904, Mr. William Henry Richey Allison, K.C., Clerk of the County Court, and Registrar of the Surrogate Court. Mr. Allison was born in 1836, the son of Rev. Cyrus R. Allison, an officer of the college when it was Upper Canada Academy. He was at Victoria in 1852-53. His

son, Malcolm R. Allison, B.A., barrister, of Picton, graduated at Victoria in 1886. Besides this one son, Mr. Allison leaves a widow who was the daughter of John P. Roblin, M.P.P., a member of the College Senate or a trustee from 1845, or earlier, down to 1862.

REV. V. C. HART, D.D.

ON Wednesday, February 24th, there passed away, at his home in Burlington, Ontario, Virgil C. Hart, D.D., that noble veteran of thirty-four years' missionary service in Central and Western China.



VIRGIL C. HART, D.D.

Victoria students mourn his loss as that of a friend beloved. His parting words, as with bent frame he stood in the college chapel making that stirring appeal for China, will long serve to rouse our missionary enthusiasm.

Dr. Hart was born in New York State in 1840. At the age of sixteen he resolved to become a missionary. In 1865, his preparation being completed, Dr. Hart was appointed to the M. E. mission work in

Central China. Twenty-two years were spent in faithful toil, founding missions, building hospitals and colleges, preaching and teaching. In 1887 he was compelled to retire through ill-health. Four years later, with health restored, his interest in China led him gladly to accept the task of founding a mission for our Canadian Methodist Church in West China. He established the mission in Sz-Chuan, and deeply permeated both workers and work with his own Christlike spirit. The establishment of the printing press in that land he considered to be the best work of his life. But now the hero of many a persecution and many a triumph in the mission field has gone to his reward.

“ O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in his train.”

GEORGE YOUNG, B.A., '62, editor of the *Trenton Courier*, received his final summons on November 11th, 1903, in his seventieth year. A native of the Emerald Isle, he came to Canada when seventeen years old, taught school for several years in Cobourg, after which he entered Victoria University and graduated in '62. His journalistic career began in Brighton, but in 1866 he was invited to go to Trenton, where he founded the *Trenton Courier*, of which he was managing editor to the time of his death. His was a useful life, nobly spent in the service of his town, his country, and his church.

JOHN CAMPBELL, M.A. (Hon.) '58, was born in Scotland, where he received a good education, and came to Canada about 1840, at the age of eighteen, settling at Bond Head, near Bradford, Ont., where he engaged with a farmer as a hired man. The Presbyterian minister of the neighborhood, Rev. Wm. Fraser, seeing in the lad a more than ordinary ability, assisted him in his education by giving him lessons in Latin. Later on he entered the Toronto Academy, in connection with Knox College, and spent three years there, becoming thoroughly proficient in English and Classics. Entering the teaching profession in 1852, he was associated with the staff of Victoria University as Classical tutor for eight years, during which time he received his M.A. degree; and later as Principal or Classical Master for over thirty years was engaged in the High Schools of Bradford, Newburg, Napanee, Peterboro' and Guelph. Everywhere he won the respect of all by his fidelity to his work, his kindly disposition, and his faithful, conscientious, unassuming Christian character.

Exchanges.

TWO new exchanges have come to our sanctum, the *Oxford Magazine* and the *Columbia Monthly*. The former is a weekly newspaper and review published in connection with that ancient seat of learning, Oxford University. It is interesting to study college journalism in the Old Land, especially as we have it in the *Oxford Magazine*. I think we may venture the assertion that it is conservative. It would hardly be English were it not. There is little of the American style about it. Its object seems to be entirely to give information, and there is none of that little nonsense now and then which is relished by the wisest men. It may be, as many of our critics say, that in the majority of our college magazines there is too much frivolity, yet life requires, to some extent, the lighter vein running through it to make it tolerable. Our remark is not in disparagement of our contemporary. Far from it, for we recognize its sound worth, and may well take suggestions from it; and we are glad to have it making its weekly visit to us, carrying a breath of the Old Land and its foremost seat of culture.

The first issue of the *Columbia Monthly* augurs well for the future of Columbia's journalism. Two undergraduate publications have been merged into the one. "In addition to literary essays, short stories, poems, and book criticisms, there will be published special

articles about and by prominent Columbia men, dealing with achievements in all branches of student activity, both past and present." Thus it does not pretend to interest itself very much with student activity, but rather with literary articles alone. Large universities, such as Columbia, which have two or three, or even more, other student publications, can thus afford to make one merely literary. And in this new venture we have good articles. Let us clip from the first one on "Breadth": "If reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man, what exercise fosters breadth? No quality is rarer, none more desirable." "Breadth can be had not for the asking, but for the seeking. Store the mind first with wisdom, and teach it habits of steady and persistent work. Inflame the heart with a love of truth that will not be denied. Then walk in company with great thoughts, noble hopes, lofty purposes, in life or in books, and breadth will grow up in the mind and soul."

IT is always with a sense of real pleasure that we look forward to reviewing the pages of our old friend, the *O. A. C. Review*. February's issue is particularly striking because of the very timely suggestion which appears in its editorial columns on co-operation. The lack of this feature, it states, is one of the greatest difficulties in successful college journalism, and suggests as a remedy a union in the form of a Canadian College Journalists' Association, which would result in a mutual interchange of ideas and suggestions. For the purpose of organization it proposes a convention of editors and business managers, to be held next September in Toronto. To all this we would give heartiest assent. Much good in many ways would undoubtedly result from such a movement. But we can hardly agree with the last proposition to "Morganize" all the college journals into one substantial trust.

WE desire to congratulate our friends in Brandon College on the progress of their monthly. They have taken a long step forward this year, and are holding their ground well. In the February issue there is an article on "The College Recluse" which deserves mention and might be read with profit by many students in every college. The student's aim "should be to be a man of many interests; to make himself so symmetrical that he has an intelligent interest in every phase of the life of the race to-day. Anything but a recluse; perhaps this maxim is one which will fit his case, 'As we journey through life let us live by the way.'"



LEVER yet was a spring-time,
Late tho' lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low ;
Never yet was a spring-time
When the buds forgot to blow.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOME of our friends from "the Hall" are said to have been responsible for the posting of the following card on the men's bulletin-board : "Wanted—Some Men on the Ice."

A BOOKSELLER, who appeared at the Hall lately, enquired for Mrs. Annesley.

DR. EDGAR (to the confused Joseph Wells)—"What's the word for man?"

Wells—"L'homme."

Dr. Edgar—"What gender?"

Wells—"Neuter—no, masculine!"

"GRIMLY dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe,"—

is a very good picture of Messrs. W. S. Daniels, B.A., and J. F. Knight, as they concluded the debate with Osgoode on the resolution, "That it is the duty of Canada to contribute regular and substantial aid toward the naval defence of the Empire." Victoria had approached the contest with a sense that the wording of the debate would be used against her, and it was. Still, her representatives battled bravely and ably against the Osgoode men, and it was only when Prof. Alexander announced the decision of the judges that all hope was lost.

VERY gratifying to officers and members of the Union Lit. is the interest shown in its Open and other February meetings. In the former the ladies' gallery was filled with friends, and the Kid's Corner

was crowded with fellows who were heard in season and out of season. Mr. Fullerton read an excellent paper on "The Fisher and Miner Folk of the Maritime Provinces," and brought down the house by a sly glance at the kid's corner when referring to the plenteous supply of lobsters in those parts. Mr. Brownlee's paper on "The Habitant," and his readings from Dr. Drummond's works, were much appreciated. The absence of reference to Ontario was due to a variety of unavoidable causes. Mr. McTavish carried us to the plains, and gave us a glimpse into its local types, and Mr. Cleaver ably lifted the veil that covers the inner life of the Chinamen in British Columbia. Musical items by members of the Glee Club, and particularly Mr. Roger's violin solo, delighted the audience. Dr. Horning unveiled the '03 group photo, and, referring to his own graduating class, with its one lady, said, "Think, gentlemen, how you would have had to hustle to get your cards filled in those days."

At the next meeting, '05 had the pleasure of winning out in the series of Inter-year Debates against the C.T.'s. The debating was throughout of superior character, "quite on a plane with Inter-collegiate Debates," as the critic remarked. Langford and Bennett were winners, but the C.T.'s may well be proud of McTavish and Bishop.

LANGFORD (waxing eloquent)—"Canada—the mother country's fairest daughter-land!"

MCTAVISH—"We do not object to the Chinamen because he has too much hair. Some of us would be glad to have some of it."

BENNETT—"I venture to think the thoroughbred a better animal than a cur or a mongrel."

THE features of the next meeting were a paper on "The Residence in American Universities," by Mr. R. G. Dingman, B.A., and a discussion, led by Prof. Locke, of Chicago University—a discussion of which we believe the end is not yet.

TIME and space will not permit of any detailed remarks about the programme of February 27th. The papers on "The Novels of Haliburton," by Mr. Luck; "Arthur Stringer and Sara J. Duncan," by Mr. Jackson; "Sir Gilbert Parker," by Mr. Rutledge, and on "The Nature-Stories of Fraser, Roberts and Thompson Seton," by Mr. Trueman. were a treat such as the members of the Union Lit. have seldom enjoyed.

SOPHETTE I. (in business session of Open Lit.)—"They've just come up from Shea's!"

Sophette II.—"Oh, Shea's is a prayer-meeting to this."

NAUGHTY-SEVEN RECEPTION.

ON the twelfth day of the second moon,
 'Twas finally announced at noon,
 A class reception would be held ;
 At this the glowing Freshmen yell'd,—
 The Freshmen.

Home after that to Ann'sley Hall
 There flocked Freshettes, both short and tall,
 And vowed that evening's decoration
 Should beat the record of creation,—
 Said Freshmen.

Finely the gallant Freshmen stroll'd—
 How many would those couches hold ?
 And was there danger, did we deem
 That Sophomores would steal the cream
 From Freshmen ?

To beating hearts night fell at last,
 And round the students gathered fast,
 The Freshmen class congratulated
 And fussed about till they were mated.
 More'n Freshmen.

Ere that the programme incidental
 Was opened by an instrumental,
 A Freshette and a Seniorettta
 Preparing us for a dolcetta
 'Bout Freshmen.

So up rose Geordie Stephenson
 And gave his chest a heave, an' soon
 He bade them *dry those tears*, forsooth,
 That charact'rize their early youth
 As Freshmen.

Had asked their president-professor
 For counsel, as a predecessor,
 And got it, and he then made way
 For reading by their Miss McCrae,—
 Not Freshmen.

More finally in music's numbers,
 Miss Landers gave us thought for slumbers,
 And when we all their programme had,
 We just began to promenade,—
 Like Freshmen.

And need I further here declaim
 Of joys which he who runs may name !
 Sweet discourse, dear to the B.D.'s,
 And cosey-corners for C.T.'s
 And Freshmen.

Now when the College yell was given,
 And then the cry of Naughty-Seven.
 We knelt beside our beds, and prayed
 For Soph'mores, Juniors, Seniors staid,
 And Freshmen.

A. E. E.

TELEPHONE Notice—"C. W. B.—Call up Home Furnishing Department at T. Eaton Co."

AT THE RINK.

SOPH.—"Hello, Jenkins, why don't you get a partner and skate?"
 Jenkins—"The Freshettes are all coming out in a bunch just now, and then I'll be in my glory."

KID (to his mate in shanty)—"If you give me a bite of your apple, I'll show you my sore toe."

KERGIN—"There's a pretty good graft of girls here this afternoon."

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH.

"Is Miss Harrison cover point?" "No, she's cover puck."

MISS FRESHETTE GRANGE (to Miss Senior Grange, who is apt to become excited)—"I'm ashamed of you. I'm really ashamed of you."

MISS PROCTOR, '06—"When the Varsity girls saw me they complained about our heavy team."

MISS HAMILTON, '05 (with a swelled face)—"I'm trying to laugh and get a dimple on the other side of my face."

MISS DEACON—Does Mr. Luck practice so many hours a day in Alumni Hall?"

FRESHETTE (to Miss P—— on rink)—"I'll keep the sun off you."
 Pres. Y. W.—"Which son?"



W. A. WALDEN,
Holder of Senior Stick,
1904-05.

SENIOR Stick! Heartiest congratulations!
He's popular, all right. So is Miss Switzer.

"So long as 'animus vitae' last,
Hold on this 'lignum vitae' fast.
Hang on, old boy!"

—F. W. KERR, B.A., LL.B.

SALTER (after moving that ladies act as
scrutineers in Senior Stick elections)—"There!
I've ruined my reputation."

VALENTINES.

THE Local Editor has been asked to announce
the finding of one of those Bow-Valentines
addressed to "Dearest Wesley." In accordance with the lines—

"If you love me for your wife,
Send to me your bow of white,"

the bow of white is missing.

MISS GRIFFIN'S valentine came in the form of a S. S. ticket, and was found under her chair in the library. "My son, give me thy heart."

MISS MABEL ASHALL, '06, Math., has come to us from Varsity. We hope that she will like us and that we will like her.

STRANGER (in Library)—"Who are those twin sisters near the far end?"

Student—"Which ones?"

Stranger—"The fair ones with sweet faces and their hair done up alike."

Student—"They're not twins! One's Miss S——r and the other is Miss G——n."

"ON dose col' days in de libraire
De wind she blow—blow—blow."

IN response to the elaborate invitation, with the name of Mr. H. W. Brownlee on the back, nearly all the students of the College attended the Senior Reception on February 18th.. The affair was a decided and long-drawn-out success. To go into details of the programme would require a special number of ACTA. The elocution and music deserve honorable mention, but we can only say that Miss Baxter's lullaby had a soothing effect upon Freshmen and others. The Chancellor gave his sincere wishes to the Graduating Class in a strong, kind and inspiring address. The class history, poems and prophecy brought out the local hits on that class which is so fearfully and won-

derfully made. Spence, the noblest Roman of modern times, was reminded of his freshman days and mud pies. Harris was told he had dropped from '03 for reasons too numerous to mention. "Before Wallace had heart trouble," were the opening words of another harrowing tale. The two editions of the History were given by Miss Weeks and Mr. Cates, respectively. The Poet was Mr. E. W. Wallace, and the Poetess Miss Watts, while the very clever prophecies were the work of Miss Potts and Mr. F. W. K. Harris.



H. H. CRAGG,
President Senior Dinner
Committee.

THE Diamond Jubilee Senior Dinner of "Old Vic" was held Friday evening, February 26th. His Honor Judge Dean, of Lindsay, the oldest living graduate, was chairman, and Mr. F. W. Kerr, B.A., LL.B., vice-chairman, and both of them had the spirit of old boys and old friends of the oldest institution of higher learning in Ontario. Among the guests of honor were President Loudon and a large number of graduates. Altogether over 210 sat down to the dinner, and all had a hearty time. Of the programme we can give but an outline. His Honor Judge Dean proposed the toast to

"King and Country;" Mr. Kerr that to the "University," to which President Loudon responded; "Our *Alma Mater*," proposed by Mr. Bishop, and responded to by Chancellor Burwash; "Judge Dean and the other Old Boys," Dr. Reynar and Judge Dean; "Graduating Class," A. Elliott, '05, and D. M. Perley, '04, and Miss J. C. Potter, '04; "Lady Undergraduates," W. H. Spence, '04, and Miss S. M. Baxter, '04; "College Societies," W. A. Gifford, '04, and Miss A. L. O. Fife, '04, Miss G. Peterson, '04, E. W. Wallace, '04, R. Pearson, '04; "Conference Graduates in Theology," H. D. Robertson, '05, and G. N. Gray, C.T.; "College Press," S. W. Eakins, '04, and W. G. Cates, '04. M. C. Lane sang the Senior Dinner Song with great acceptance, and G. A. Archibald a second solo. F. W. K. Harris made a public presentation of the Senior Stick to W. A. Walden, '05, who is to carry it next year. A good dinner, good snappy, even bobbistic songs and good fellowship made a pleasant and memorable evening.

MISS PATTERSON, '05, says she is spending her days buying wall paper and her nights dreaming patterns.

FRESHMAN (to Class Pres.)—"Try and fix it so that I'll sit beside the girl I take."

MISS JEFFREY (excitedly)—“I’m longing for the dinner, I can’t wait for the dinner.”

KNIGHT—“I got a copper for making an ugly face and didn’t have to move a muscle.”

MISS POTTER—“Vessels large may venture more, But little barks should stay near shore.”

MISS BAXTER’s blooming flower talk was sweet and refreshing (no implications).

SAID J.R.D. (1) to Jr. D. (2), A Senior dinner song we would have from you ; But no inclination or time had (2) for a rime. Then to Miss Jr. D. S—— with a scheme, did he flit, sir ? She looked the sweet plea, Won’t you write one for me? Now ’fess up, Reggie dear, didn’t you whisper in her ear? “No ! I swear not, by Jimmy, but *I wish she would le’ me.*”

“Is his name on your programme?”

Miss Potts—“Oh, no, its written on the annals of my heart.”

MISS DANARD—“Well, they needn’t think they’ll laugh my red hat off the stage, for if I take post-graduate work I’ll wear it.”

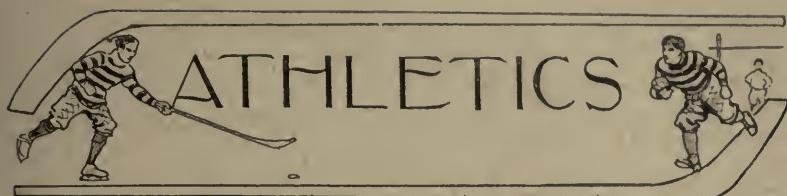
’07—“How much are the refreshments?”

’07 (to the next man)—“I *gladly* resign in your favor.”

MISS S——ER, ’05 (after Senior Dinner)—“I heard a few things which amused me, but they wouldn’t amuse anyone else.” Why?

THE final debate in the series of the Women’s Inter-collegiate Debating Union has again left the laurels with Victoria. On February 24th, in Alumni Hall, the representatives of McMaster University debated with the representatives of Victoria College on the question, “Resolved, that the influence of Greece has been more permanent and beneficial upon mankind than the influence of Rome.” Miss Weeks, ’04, and Miss Deacon, ’06, Victoria, supported the affirmative, and Miss Culver and Miss Wilkins, of McMaster, made a splendid attempt to demolish the arguments in favor of the proposition. Each speaker showed herself thoroughly informed on the subject, and put her case with a skill that manifested both ability and study. Miss Weeks, in her last five minutes—which Madame President appeared to think she did not need—poured forth such a storm of oratory that the judges, who were men, thought of looking for a cyclone-cellar. The judges were Prof. Johnston (Varsity), Prof. McKay (McMaster), Prof. Wallace (Victoria).

MISS W——CE, ’05 (with her characteristic nod)—“Well!!! I’ll be a sadder and a wiser woman when I leave this college.”



The Annual Mass-Meeting of the Athletic Union.



O celebrate the first 29th of February in eight years two breezy events of far-reaching importance took place—the fitting reception by the elements of the March lion and the annual mass-meeting of the members of the Victoria College Athletic Union. Probably owing to the inclemency of the weather Dr. Bain's lecture room was only about two-thirds filled. Enthusiasm was rampant and the splendid reports submitted were greeted with tumultuous applause. At the close of the business session the Chancellor addressed the boys on matters pertaining to our dressing-room. A graduate of a few years ago, Mr. O'Flynn, an ex-president of the Union and one of three to inaugurate the rink, which has since developed in size to three or four times its original proportions, was present and spoke in a most interesting manner of incidents in his early college career.

The Secretary presented a voluminous *résumé* of the work during the year. In accordance with the precedent begun by the Executive of the previous year, R. Pearson, the President, was sent to the summer convention at Lakeside, twenty dollars being granted to help defray his expenses. Mention was made of the new flooring laid down for the alley board and the vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to close Czar Street. Owing to the financial embarrassment of the Lit., which august body was unable to gather the few ducats necessary, and having in view the reputation of our college with the brethren in Kingston, the Executive of the Union sent S. W. Eakins to Queen's conversat. Communications between the Central Y. M. C. A. and the Executive have been going on for some months *re* the rental of our grounds for the summer months. We made an offer of \$200, and expect an acceptance of our terms shortly.

H. D. Robertson, Secretary of the Rink Committee, reported a balance so far of \$960. With the expenses of the rest of the season deducted we may confidently expect a surplus of anywhere from \$850 to \$900—an increase over last year of at least \$300.

The Treasurer, W. G. McElhaney, handed in a most satisfactory statement of the finances of the Union. Three very large items, the expenses *re* Czar Street, the payment of the final note held against us, and the flooring of the alley board, made a total of nearly \$400. Notwithstanding these, however, a creditable balance remains.

R. Pearson brought in a suggested amendment of the constitution *re* the Athletic Union fee. Two years ago, inasmuch as the campus debt was staring us in the face, the fee was increased from fifty cents to one dollar. Our finances are now in a good state, hence the motion for a reduction. The necessary two-thirds majority was gained.

In the University Athletics this year R. Pearson played inside wing for the Varsity Rugby team that won the Inter-collegiate and the city championship. J. A. M. Dawson and C. Ward played on the summer tennis team, and the former was runner up in the undergraduate championship of the fall tournament. J. H. Adams ran second in the mile event here and third at McGill.

The Executive for 1904-05, so far elected is : Hon. President, Prof. A. L. Langford, M.A.; President, J. A. M. Dawson, '05; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Brown, '06; 2nd Vice-President, C. B. Kelly, '07; Secretary, C. D. Henderson, '06; Treasurer, W. J. Salter, '05; Representatives, B.D.'s, J. H. Johnson, B.A.; 4th year, T. P. Campbell; 3rd year, F. F. Treleavan; 2nd year, H. B. Dwight; C. T.'s, T. H. Pickering; Rugby Club, H. D. Robertson, '05.

Notes.

FOR a number of years in the Jenning Cup series we have always gone down and out in the first round. Conservatism has too strong a hold on us to admit a change and in our schedule game with Junior Meds we were beaten, 5-3. The following composed our line-up: goal, Salter; point, Robertson; cover, Thompson; forwards, Hamilton, Gain, Eakins, Brownlee, Mills. Wonder of wonders, the score at half-time read 2-1, Vic. leading, but in the second half a change took place and we eventually lost by 5 goals to 3.

AFTER regular practices the ladies' team played in rapid succession five games. By far the most important were the two with Varsity. In days of yore there was great emulation between the teams and intense excitement was wont to prevail. The last time they met, two years ago, Varsity girls won for the first time in a number of winters. With this victory looming large in their minds they met the Vic. team

on Varsity rink. But so evenly matched were the septettes that no score resulted. The defence of both teams were strong, the Varsity goal and point being particularly brilliant. Individual rushes for Varsity and combination for Vic. were noticeable. When time was called the teams, in true orthodox fashion, shrilly cheered their opponents. A week from the following Saturday the return game was played and Vic. won, 3-1. The sides of the rink were lined with en-



A CANADIAN WINTER SPORT.

thusiastic supporters and every rush and counter-rush was greeted with applause. Vic. was the aggressor most of the time, and several of the Varsity girls were played to a standstill and piteously begged of the referee to tell them how much time remained. To the Conservatory girls, termed the "Wayway-etc., " Vic. lost 3-1, 3-0, and to St. Hilda's, the girl-undergraduates of our new federated college, 4-0.

The Vic. players—goal, Miss Watts; point, Miss Hamilton, Miss Proctor; cover, Miss Harrison; forwards, Miss Graham, Miss Carman, Miss Griffin, Miss Jeffery.

IN the inter-year games there has been delay at one time and another, for various reasons, and '06 and '05 have to play the game that will decide the championship. '04, after losing to '05, owing to difficulty in getting together seven men willing to spend an hour or two at our winter game, defaulted to '06 and '07, and the B.D. team gave up all claims to contests with '05 and '07.

WHEN '04 and '05 met in armed conflict many were the deeds of valor performed on both sides and startling events were the order of the day. This may be understood in part when it is known that the defence of '04 included the stalwarts, Perley and Gifford, and Gain and Rankin performed with the forwards. The "present-arms, kill-with-a-look" encounter in the north-west corner culminated without serious results. The play was fast throughout, but the better condition of the winners told—and '05 won, 2-0, the scores being due to individual rushes by Robertson. For '04 played Harris, goal; Gifford, point; Perley, cover; Hamilton, Rankin, Brownlee and Eakins, forwards. For '05, Salter, goal; Dawson, point; Green, cover; Robertson, Gain, Connolly and Campbell, forwards.

THE only other game last month was that between '05 and '06. This ended 3-2 in favor of '05. The defeated entered a protest, claiming that the first goal allowed did not go through. No nets were in use at the time and the puck struck the boards behind the goal, bounded out (only partially as '06 maintained) and was knocked back by the goal-keeper. The Protest Committee, composed of Prof. A. J. Langford, M.A., J. H. Wallace, B.A., and R. Pearson, '04, heard the evidence and ordered the game to be played over again. The championship is in doubt still. '05 played the same team that defeated '04, while '06 was composed of Treleaven, goal; MacFarlane, point; Lamb, cover; Mills, Henderson, Adams and Harley, forwards.

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Obstacles to Research.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. YOUNG, TRINITY COLLEGE.



MAKE the University a research University," is a phrase which we hear on all sides at the present time. Exactly what it means we are not told. Nor is the information forthcoming as to the manner in which the scheme is to be worked out. Still less is any hint given as to the obstacles which may possibly stand in the way.

To know the difficulties of any problem is often half its solution. Therefore it may be well to note a few of them, in order that we may see what it is we really need.

We have buildings, equipment and men. While we are asking to have all three increased, and rightly so, we are nevertheless wasting a deal of the material we already possess. This is especially true of the teaching power.

Though the University was avowedly formed on the model of the University of London, and though federation has caused many to talk of a Canadian Oxford or Cambridge, the model has not been England, except in the matter of our pernicious examination system, together with the equally blighting custom of having more or less fixed courses and division into years.

Following the lead of some American Universities, we have allowed the undergraduates options, which, to a large extent, they have been left absolutely free to select for themselves. Thus whatever good was connected with the English system of fixed courses has been, in a large measure, lost.

Practically we have not been—it might almost be said we are not—conducting University studies at all, but only those of a further High School. Recitations, term work, keeping terms, examinations, both terminal and annual, all savor of school rather than a University.

Unfortunately, the wholesome discipline of examinations, which a well-managed school insists upon, has been taken away by the evil practice of permitting undergraduates to pass from one year to the next without disposing of all the subjects required. We use the euphemism "star" in describing this method of weakening the students, and we fail to recognize the fact that we are injuring the University even more than the student by continuing the practice. In very truth they become "wandering stars." Would that such could be extinguished forever!

As the instructor must of necessity be the leader in and the director of research, it is easy to see that his energies ought not to be overtaxed and diverted from any consecutive effort at independent work by trying to serve the taskmasters, fixed courses and examinations. If he is worn down by these hideous machines, he cannot generate enthusiasm and love of study in his students.

Considering the comparative poverty of our province, it is strange that we took a rich country like England as our model, and not a poor one like Germany. In the latter event we should have no years, no fixed courses, and no abominable annual examinations, which set up a false ideal for student and instructor alike.

A German student selects three subjects, and three only, for his examination, after due consultation with the authorities. All the nonsense of term-keeping, term work, and annual examinations is unknown to him, except as a recollection of his school days. He is supposed to be anxious to learn and to work, and he does both under the constant supervision and direction of his professors. At the end of three years he takes his first and only examination, though he is not obliged to come up for it at any specified time. He presents himself when he is ready, and when his thesis has been accepted.

In the lecture-room, the seminary, and the laboratory, he does his work with students who entered before and after him, the division into years, to which we are accustomed, being utterly unknown. This system is a stimulus to him and not a hindrance.

To the professor, on the other hand, it means economy of time. He probably lectures six hours at most in a week, spends the other six in his private room, giving advice and direction to students about their reading. The rest of his time he has to himself, and he spends it on investigations of his own, the results of which he makes known in lecture-room, seminary, learned journals, or books.

His courses of lectures being determined by himself, and not prescribed by the calendar, he teaches his subject as he thinks it ought

to be taught, without regard to the distraction of examinations. In three years he gives as complete a view of the field as he can. He knows his men, and he really trains them to be thorough and honest in their search for truth.

Research is, after all, the search for truth. Incidentally it means increase of the sum of knowledge in all its branches, and possibly inventions which add to the comfort of life and enrich the country. Because of the great activity in the natural and applied sciences, and because of the great importance of this activity to our country, we are apt to think in Canada that inventions and the like alone constitute research. It is, nevertheless, the search for truth in all its phases; and the chief concern in the search is not the results which it yields, but rather the method of the search.

The German, by reason of his training, becomes conscientious, truth-loving, and honest to a degree as yet unattained by the Anglo-Saxon, notwithstanding the pride he takes in his truth-telling. The Anglo-Saxon is not looking for the truth, but only for a working basis for things. The German finds the latter in seeking for the former.

Thus, while we prate loudly of building character in our educational work, the German attains it, if love of truth, conscientiousness, and honesty be constituents of character. What else but degeneration and deterioration can be produced by a system which, like ours, leaves men more or less idle throughout the greater part of the year, and which covers with glory the man who obtains a first-class as the result of the hasty cram of a couple of months, I leave others to say.

We all know how many men leave Canadian colleges every year without any enthusiasm for study, after grinding over the same old stuff that has been ground over and over again for years. In their smug self-conceit they think their education is finished, when it is not even begun.

What all this examination bug-bear means to the professors only they themselves can know. They do not even get the shekels that ought to be the wages of sin. In Germany the professors do get the examination fees. Here the University appropriates them in most iniquitous fashion, for the days have gone by when the laborer was counted worthy of his hire. A rich province expects men, already underpaid, to do unpaid work in order that the University's balance sheet may be more nearly equalized.

But the money question is of small moment compared with others. We read in a certain place that "the wages of sin is death." Such it really is in this case. More chilling work than reading hundreds of

ill-written examination papers the imagination fails to reveal. If any good purpose were served by the labor, few would begrudge the month or more now wasted upon it every year. But with the waste of time is joined the blunting of the intellectual edge, which makes original work of a high order impossible for weeks afterward. One-sixth of a year, or even one-twelfth, is too great a portion to throw away without a return better than that yielded by examinations as we know them.

In the most favorable circumstances examinations, fixed courses, and division into years are too costly. When it is further taken into account that in the University itself and in all of its colleges the staff is altogether disproportionate to the work required of it, the wonder is not that matters are in the present unsatisfactory condition, but that they are not in one much worse. It is not for the good of the country that men should be required to lose their freshness in lecturing nineteen or twenty hours a week when the Germans, whose work is superior to ours, probably lecture six at the most.

A man must keep learning if he is to teach satisfactorily. In order to do this he must have time and energy at his disposal. Neither of these can he have if he has to dissipate them on examinations, fixed courses, and four years of students reading for honors or a mere pass. Still less can he do what he ought to do if to his professional work are added administrative duties, as is the case in all the colleges and in the University, too.

One of the most important parts of Mr. Goldwin Smith's evidence before the Royal Commission of 1895, was that in which he said that a professor's work was as much that of a student as that of a teacher. To be a student in the best sense of the term, he must have appliances—money, books, and opportunities for travel.

As to money, there are few professors in Toronto who are blessed with too much of it. Even the best paid are comparatively poor, considering the claims upon their purse.

Without money, books cannot be had. One might expect the University library to supply the lack, but neither it nor the other libraries in the town do so. Not seldom in following out some line of study have men found themselves blocked by the fact that some book or books were not to be had in Canada. Good though the library is, in many respects, it is not yet well enough furnished for the University's needs. It ought, therefore, to be the early care of the Board of Trustees and the Government to increase the annual appropriation substantially. If the library is inadequate, every department of the University suffers severely.

Taking into account the drawbacks of a new country, it is absolutely necessary that professors should travel abroad from time to time, in order that, like good business men, they may see what is doing in other countries. As heads of business houses pay their employees' expenses and supply their places when they are on such an errand, so the University and colleges ought to provide in their annual estimates for the absence of one or more members of their staff. There is no reason why every department should not ultimately be represented on the absentee list every year. The American system of sabbatical years is well worthy of careful study and intelligent imitation.

In recent years we have borrowed from the Americans the plan of post-graduate work in certain departments. Whether we have done wisely remains to be seen, though, in so speaking, I distinctly disclaim any desire to find fault with the admirable work accomplished.

It is well to consider whether an adaptation of the German plan would not meet our requirements more fully. There, except for foreign students and *privat-docenten*, post-graduate work is practically unknown. Undergraduates are engaged in research work, and that is as it ought to be.

If the German plan is ever adopted, we must have a matriculation examination much more rigid, comprehensive, and advanced than we have yet had. The schools, with some exceptions, are capable of doing work of a higher grade and of an even better quality than they now are doing.

Unfortunately, the retrograde proposals of the Educational Department will make it difficult, if really carried into effect, to raise the standard of University education. And if the standard of University education is not raised, the whole system will suffer, down to the kindergarten.

In order that the University may become to the fullest extent a research university, we need to study German models rather than American. We need a fixed matriculation which shall form an adequate basis for specialization, such as the present examination, much less the proposed High School course, cannot afford. Every student proceeding to a degree must produce a certificate of matriculation. The present system of examinations, years, and fixed courses, with definite prescription of pass and honor work ought to be re-organized, if not abolished altogether. The professors need to be relieved of a great deal of the strain now pressing upon them. They ought to be better paid and have the fullest facilities for travelling; and their number ought to be increased. Lastly, the library ought to be generously, even extravagantly, treated.

Without going into the question of chairs which it is desirable to establish, let it be insisted once more that research is the honest, thorough search for truth, and not the invention of some new use for electricity or the like, beneficial and desirable though the latter may be. In this search the professors must lead, and they must be guides to their students in the truest sense of the word.

Gilbert Parker, the Novelist.

BY J. L. RUTLEDGE, '07.

TO-DAY is the day of the novelist. Measured merely by its amount, prose fiction is by far the most important variety of literature we possess. It has, however, other claims to consideration besides its bulk. Perhaps more original creative genius is expended in the novel than in any other form of literature, and certainly no other form of writing appeals to so large and varied an audience. Right or wrong, the people turn to the novelist the moment he speaks, and what he says colors much of their lives. Hence it is that fiction, however some people may discredit it, must be reckoned with as an important factor in the mental and moral development of the race.



GILBERT PARKER.

work is looked forward to by the people at large, and who, perhaps, from a financial standpoint, are fairly successful. But with one or two exceptions, none of them pass beyond the standard of mediocrity. In fiction we can only point to one man who, by the uniform excellence of his work, has gained for himself a place among the best of the present day novelists. This man is Gilbert Parker.

Mr. Parker was born at Addington, Ontario, some forty odd years ago. He was brought up for the ministry, and did hold the position of curate for a short time. But finding this work uncongenial, and his

health compelling him to seek a warmer climate, he went to Australia, where he became sub-editor of the *Sydney Herald*. While in that position he did his first literary work, publishing in quick succession two dramas and a volume of poetry. The success of these early ventures led him to take up literature as a profession. With this end in view he settled in London, England, and there began his literary life in earnest.

It has been said that a truly Canadian author need not confine himself solely to Canadian themes as long as he breathes into his writings something of the sublimity of our mountains, something of the solemnity of our forests, and something of the vastness of our plains. And Mr. Parker is so far Canadian that even in those works which do not deal with Canada we breathe the bold, free atmosphere of our young and expanding country. But indeed a greater part of his work *does* deal directly with Canada and things Canadian. Up to the time when he went to London he had written nothing that we as Canadians could claim. But then he published two books so distinctly Canadian that he at once placed himself at the head of our novelists. These books, "Pierre and His People," and its sequel, "An Adventurer of the North," gained for him the title of "The Literary Discoverer of the Canadian North-West."

A notable feature of Parker's style is his marvellous power of word painting. With a few sentences he can put a scene before you so vividly that it gives you the impression of a photographic reproduction. As an example of this we might mention a little story, "The March of the White Guard," that for its art is worthy to be placed among his best works ; with the setting of the far North—the land of eternal sun, and among all the wild surroundings of that barren country—he tells the simple tale of a man's noble love for a woman. It is an intensely vital narrative, and leaves us with a distinct horror of that gleaming white, tractless world beneath the polar star.

Another peculiarity of Mr. Parker's style is his complete mastery of detail. This is the thing that makes him the man he is, for it is not in the main theme of a story that the artist is shown, but in the little details which might at first seem irrelevant. The introduction of minor characters and incidents ; these are what give human interest to every great work.

It has been said that the best fiction is that which is least analytical and most dramatic. There are, of course, many people who would quarrel with that canon. But is it not true? We do not wish to be told about characters—what they might or might not do. We want to see

them as they live their lives, meet their difficulties and sorrows, and so form our own estimate of them. This is one of the prominent features of Mr. Parker's work. It was said of him in his youth that he had all the instincts of an actor. This art has stood him in good stead in his literary work, for he realizes that what the people want is not the author's opinions of his heroes and heroines, but that they should act, and act consistently, that the reader may then form his own opinions. This dramatic method of treatment shows a much greater mastery of art than the analytical, for "it is a good deal harder to create a man, even in fiction, than to tell how he would act if you could create him."

One great desideratum in fiction is that it should be uniformly healthy in tone. The present-day striving after realism has led to an overflow of morbid writings that, instead of uplifting us, leave us with our sympathies blunted, or else with a sense of hopeless submission to circumstances which are at once pitiless and prosaic. Parker has less to account for on this head than most of the present day novelists, yet even he in several cases has forgotten that all true art should give an upward impulse. In some of his books the prevailing note is one of dogged cynicism, while in others the note is still more depressing. In this connection might be mentioned another of his shorter stories, "*The Hill of Pain*." This, in its way, is among his finest works, and yet is a very good example of this unhealthy kind of writing. But, in the main, Mr. Parker's works are marked by a healthiness of tone seldom found in the present-day novel.

Perhaps his French Canadian stories have contributed more largely than any others to his reputation. In these we are given exquisite pictures of life in Lower Canada, as he paints into it the quaint Old World grace and gaiety, its pathos, its simplicity and its heroism. Beautiful pictures they all are, but among them he has given us nothing better than those contained in the "*Right of Way*." This is Mr. Parker's masterpiece. In it he has touched more finely than ever before the deeply hidden springs of life, and it is this book that perhaps gives him his best claim to greatness. With the touch of the master he sets forth in it a splendid study of a human soul. It is a psychological story, intensely dramatic and yet proportional in every respect. We see the character of Charlie Steele take form before us—a man rich in the possession of all things most men count desirable, but a man whose influence was always bad; who himself being strong could not comprehend the weakness of others. We watch his growing ascendancy over those around him. Billy Wantage, whom he

teaches to be a drunkard and later a forger, and John Brown, the young curate, who always found it difficult to preach under Charlie Steele's amused and questioning gaze. Then we see the gradual awakening of the man's soul, as he begins life anew in the little French Canadian village. What he experienced there of misjudgment on the part of others, of spiritual struggle and purifying love, is all so skilfully told, but it is at the same time too profound, too bitter and too subtle to be easily described. The pictures that Parker gives us of the Curé, the Seigneur and the Notary are among the best character sketches he has ever made. Unlike most of the present day novels, "*The Right of Way*" will bear study. And indeed it is only when we begin to study it that we realize in what a wonderful measure the artist has handled these his puppets, giving them life and health, until we can enter with them into all their successes and failures, joys and sorrows, and feel that we are in a world of reality and not merely the thin fabric of a poet's dream.

Mr. Parker, in his volume, "*The Lane that Had No Turning*," announced that it was the last book he would write about Canadian people or scenes. Probably it was this decision that determined the subject of his latest novel, "*Donovan Pasha*"; if so, most of his admirers will wish that this decision may be reconsidered. This last book is a collection of short stories, the scene of which is Egypt, dealing with the extraordinary adventures of one, Donovan Pasha, an almost omnipotent Englishman, who is obviously intended to remind us of the hero of Egypt, General Gordon. The work is, of course, not altogether bad; with an artist of Parker's ability that would be impossible. You are transported into the civilization of Egypt with its narrowness and superstition, its vice and petty intrigue, through all of which stalks the would-be colossal figure of Dicky Donovan. But we miss the insight, the pathos and magic spell that held us [captive in "*Old Quebec*" and "*The Right of Way*"].

In turning to the more mechanical feature of his writings, his use of English, we see that he has escaped the snares that beset many of the modern novelists, who, in their striving after the dramatic, lose all claim to a good English style. Unlike Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent a lifetime of toil on the mastery of English, Parker seems to have come into the realm of literature richly endowed [with the faculty of using words which leave an agreeable impression on the reader].

It has been said that Gilbert Parker has done for the romantic side of Canadian life what Rudyard Kipling did for India. This is indeed high praise, but we are afraid it is undeserved. That he has

done much for Canada cannot be denied ; but there is a great difference between his work and that of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling gives us the keynote that has made his Indian stories what they are, when he says :

“ I have eaten your bread and your salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye lived were mine.

“ Was there ought that I did not share,
In vigil, or toil, or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas ? ”

Kipling has written from his heart of the land he loves, telling of its gladness, its sorrow and its sin, but telling it with a heart that rejoices with those that rejoice and weeps with those that weep. Out of the depths of his knowledge he speaks, and it is this great, warm, living sympathy that gives to his stories life and being. This is the note that, so far, Mr. Parker has failed to find. His work is a work of observation rather than personal contact ; observation keen and accurate, it is true, but still from the standpoint of the onlooker rather than that of the participant. We feel that his characters are to him interesting studies rather than a part of his own being. And it is for this reason, perhaps more than any other, that he misses the truthfulness and vividness of Rudyard Kipling.

That Sir Gilbert Parker has many faults cannot be denied, but let them not blind us to all his better qualities. Let us weigh his work fairly, balancing the good with the bad, and we believe he will not be altogether found wanting. And if, in years to come, some measure of that deep understanding and sympathy which he now lacks should come to him, we Canadians will have abundant cause to feel proud that, in the early history of our country, Canada could produce such a man as Gilbert Parker.



May Winds.

WHAT say the whispering winds
 That over the green fields rove ?
 What are their murmurings ?
 Are they tales of woe or love ?

In those accents soft and low,
 Do they speak of the new-born Spring ?
 Of the streams that brightly flow,
 Or what are they murmuring ?

Are they praising the May-day hours ?
 As they gently sweep along,
 Bearing the breath of flowers
 And notes of the linnet's song.

And do they with careful tread
 The tender floweret shun ?
 As it rears its tiny head,
 Imploring to the sun.

Do they mourn that all must fade
 That their airy fingers span ?
 All that the sun hath made
 To cheer the heart of man ?

And that ruder winds must blow,
 And their cold embraces be
 Where each is blooming now,
 The floweret and the tree.

I hear their phantom voice,
 With its spirit-speaking tone.
 Do they sorrow or rejoice ?
 Or why do they murmur on ?

I feel their genial glow,
 Though I know not what they sing,
 Yet gladly would I know
 What 'tis they're murmuring.

A Problem in Psychology.

BY E. EDNA DINGWALL, '03.

"IT'S no use; I own myself beaten."

Miss Armstrong sank into the nearest chair, and regarded her colleague with an expression at once discouraged and protesting.

Miss Percival, the other principal, glanced up from her writing to smile quietly, as she said, "I thought you would come to it yet," and then went placidly on with her letter.

"Now that remark," said Miss Armstrong, hanging her arms lazily over the sides of the chair, "would be enough to provoke an ordinary mortal into declaring that she hadn't 'come to it' at all. But I have ceased to be an ordinary mortal. I have become a cynic, a dragon, a ——; in short, the wreck and refuse of five years of hard cultivation of the young idea, without even one small grain of enthusiasm, to save my faith in feminine human nature under eighteen years of age."

"Goodness? What an outburst!" The two junior teachers stopped at the door of the teachers' parlor, where the staff usually gathered during spare intervals.

"Shall we go in? Do you think we had better?" went on Miss Courtney laughing, but going forward despite her questioning.

"Miss Drummond and I have been comparing notes, and have just decided that we are beginning to be appreciated at perhaps one-eighth of our true value, which quite cheered us up. But it is rather dampening to have such a prospect of cynicism to look forward to at the end of five years."

"So glad someone is feeling happy," returned Miss Armstrong limply, "what joyful experiences have you two been having?"

Miss Drummond laughed. "So you think we must have had something pleasant to make us think that we were valued even so highly as one-eighth. Well, I think it was the peculiar appreciation of my literature class that gave me fresh impetus this morning?"

"What happened?"

Miss Drummond settled herself in a comfortable chair and began the story with evident relish.

"We've been taking up 'Enoch Arden,' you know, and they've developed quite a Tennyson fever. So this morning Gladys Vere asked me if we could take 'Elaine' next. You know her inimitable confidential manner. Well the knights and ladies of the Round Table are evidently special chums of hers. She beamed when I said

yes, and then went on in her own most friendly way : ‘ You know, I’ve always liked Elaine since I saw a picture of her all dressed up in white. Didn’t she like a man or something, and he didn’t care about her anyway, and then she went and died, and they did her all up in her best clothes and floated her down the river in a row boat.’ I think I managed to murmur that I believed those were the facts of the case, but I was thankful when the bell rang. I hope I saved my dignity by a timely retreat.’

Miss Armstrong and Miss Courtney joined Miss Drummond’s laugh, Miss Percival smiled. It was not always that she relaxed even to that extent.

“ For real literary appreciation, give me Gladys Vere every time,” said Miss Armstrong. “ Why, I remember a few weeks ago——”

Miss Percival looked up from her writing. “ Aren’t you going to explain your recent dejection,” she asked pleasantly. Miss Percival considered the retailing of jokes as waste of time.

Miss Armstrong stopped. The animated expression left her face and they could see that she looked genuinely tired and worried.

“ It’s Hilda Villiers,” she said after a slight pause. “ I’m going to have to give her up.”

Miss Drummond and Miss Courtney looked at one another. Miss Percival said quietly : “ Why, you know you were sure you could manage her. You have had full control of her, and for my part, I thought there was an improvement.”

“ No, there isn’t. I’m perfectly convinced that she hasn’t a handle you can grasp. She is the only girl that ever baffled me utterly ; she is the only girl I couldn’t have faith in, in some way. I can’t trust her, I almost dislike her. I have tried her in every possible way and I am conscientiously convinced that it’s no use. I wouldn’t mind a hard uphill pull if there was something to pull, but there is nothing to get hold of, and no place to fasten a handle if you could find one.”

There was almost a break in Miss Armstrong’s voice as she finished.

Miss Percival sighed. “ Well, if you have come to that conclusion, she will have to go. For my part, I would have ended it long ago, but you were hopeful after the rest of us had given up entirely.”

“ The wonder to me is that you have kept on so long,” said Miss Courtney, giving a friendly pat to Miss Armstrong’s dejected head. “ You have been a perfect angel. It isn’t your fault if the girl hasn’t one redeeming characteristic.”

“ Ah yes, but that is just what worries me. Suppose she has and that it is my fault that I can’t find it.”

"But you say——"

"I know, she seems perfectly hopeless, but even yet I can't quite believe that there isn't some way in which some person could reach her. But there's no use in talking. Perhaps there may be someone who can get hold of her, but I don't seem to be the person. I'm at my wits' end and I resign the whole thing."

"We'll have to keep her till Christmas," said Miss Percival, meditatively tapping her pencil on her desk, "but after that I shall write to her father, and, by the way, Miss Drummond, is it not time to ring the study bell?"

Miss Drummond vanished into the hall and soon the sound of a gong brought the girls from every corner of house and grounds to their respective study-rooms.

Miss Armstrong rose with a sigh. "Are you on duty in the second collegiate class-room?" she asked. Miss Courtney nodded. "Well, I wish you joy. Hilda is in one of her most amiable moods and you'll have your work cut out for you." A second warning chimed from the gong and they scattered to the different rooms.

Contrary to her expectations, Miss Courtney's afternoon in study was not a series of petty irritations. Hilda Villiers was sitting at her desk, and Miss Courtney gave her a half curious, half apprehensive glance. She was a tall, fair girl of seventeen, with a supercilious mouth and an unpleasant habit of smiling with raised eyebrows, which would have played havoc with the composure of the most even-tempered of school mistresses. To-day she sat absolutely still, she did not even pretend to open a book, but thankful for small mercies, Miss Courtney forebore to comment upon her lack of application. Occasionally she glanced at the girl, whose unusually motionless form and strangely quiet demeanor puzzled her. The recreation bell rang and Hilda still sat at her desk. Miss Courtney went up to her.

"Are you not well, Hilda? Can I do anything for you?"

"I am quite well, thank you. I prefer to be alone," the girl answered, without so much as a glance at the teacher beside her. The tone was listless, with a touch of insolence not new to Miss Courtney, but as she walked quietly out of the room and left her sitting in the same motionless attitude, she could not help feeling that there was something unusual in Hilda's mood, though exactly where the difference lay, it would have puzzled her to tell. Insolence was not a new feature in her character, and though her quietness was not usually so marked, she had frequently been known to hide the accomplishment of some peculiarly lawless feat under a manner most discreet.

"She certainly is an uncanny creature," remarked Miss Courtney, after recounting the incident of the study-room.

"I suppose by to-morrow the whole school will be in a turmoil over some of her fearful escapades."

Miss Armstrong almost groaned. "O, please don't," she said, "I don't think I could stand anything more just now. You can't imagine what it means to me to have to own myself beaten. Not that I care, just from my own standpoint, but I have longed to be able to believe in that girl. Time and time again I have trusted her pointedly, and never once have I failed to find out that she had deceived me fairly brazenly. I can't make her out, and yet I can't reconcile myself to believing that she is hopeless. If only someone could reach her."

The principal's fine face reflected the pain in her voice. To her, each girl was a personality to be shaped, a vital problem to be solved and Hilda Villiers affected her with an intensity which, to a less whole-souled and highly-strung nature, would have appeared incomprehensible.

She went up to her room that evening feeling more exhausted than she would have cared to own. She was often half ashamed of her almost passionate interest in the girls with whom she had to deal. Over and over again she told herself that it was useless to give to them her life-energy ; they were so young, so happy-hearted. If they had been moving in deep waters she could have gone hand-in-hand with them, but as it was, she realized that the very intensity of her feeling carried her often far beyond them. She contrasted herself with Miss Percival, whose interest in them was merely strong and kindly ; and what had she gained that Miss Percival lacked ? Her very oneness in their interests gave to Miss Percival's aloofness a sort of ideal glamor, and her rare words of approval were remembered and cherished for months afterwards. If there were an advantage, was it not on Miss Percival's side, she would wonder, and yet, to her, the girls with their lives and personalities were but an incident—a potential incident, it is true, but yet an incident—while to Miss Armstrong they were vital.

She was too near the subject to judge fairly. Only years could give her the perspective to see that when Miss Percival had faded, with the unsubstantial glamor of school life, into a shadowy reminiscence, she herself would stand out clearly among the realities and facts of existence.

It was from a mood of this sort that she was roused by seeing a tall figure standing beside her.

"Hilda!" she rose with a start. "Will you explain what you mean by entering my room without knocking?"

"I knocked three times," said the girl coolly. "I knew you were here and I thought perhaps you didn't care to see me since you didn't answer. However, I wanted to see you, so I walked in. If you say so, I'll go out again."

"Sit down," said Miss Armstrong, in a voice which she herself felt to be lamentably lacking in cordiality. "The last time you were here you amused yourself, you may remember, in my absence by reading several of my letters. I have received some more in the last few days, perhaps you would like to glance over them." "No." "Then to what can I be indebted for the honor of the visit?"

Hilda's lips opened and then shut resolutely. She turned to the door, Miss Armstrong glanced at her curiously, her expression changed, and she rose suddenly.

"My dear," she said, laying her hand gently on the girl's arm, "I beg your pardon. You are in trouble. Will you not let me help you?" The irritation had died from her face and the sarcasm from her voice. She felt the arm beneath her hand tremble, suddenly it was pulled away and Hilda stood facing her with burning cheeks and eyes.

"I heard what you were talking about this afternoon in the teachers' room," she said fiercely.

"Well? You know the old adage about listeners, Hilda?"

"It wasn't that—I don't care about that—it was the other."

"What other?"

"That you had tried, that you were going to stop, that—" Her voice broke, and she set her lips in a rigid line.

"Well?"

"I didn't know that was it. I thought you were just easy—and so and so—I despised you."

"And now you mean—"

"I hate myself. I didn't want you to trust me. I thought you trusted anyone—everyone!"

"So I do; anyone who is worthy of my trust."

"But I wasn't; I didn't want to be. I didn't think it was worth while—O, don't you see what I mean?"

Miss Armstrong put both hands on the girl's shoulders, and looked straight into the hard, passionate eyes.

"I do see what you mean, Hilda," she said gravely, "And some day you and I are going to talk it all out, but now you have given me



enough to think of for to-night. You may be quite sure of one thing, though. I can never trust you now until you prove yourself absolutely worthy of my confidence. If you think I am treating you harshly, remember that you yourself have warned me against acting leniently. But there is another thing. I shall tell Miss Percival in the morning that I have not given you up yet. What has passed between us to-night will go no further, and the issue rests with you alone. I can be hard, too, Hilda. You have treated and misjudged me as no fine-spirited girl could have done, and I cannot soon forgive you for that. You must earn now the respect and confidence I once gave you freely. But I think you will earn them. I give you one chance—no more. If you fail me this time, then I give you up entirely. But I believe you will not fail me, and since to-night I think I understand you. Now go to your room ; you have said enough for me to fill in the blanks. Neither you nor I can stand any more."

She removed her hands from the girl's shoulders, and stood aside for her to pass. Hilda walked slowly towards the door ; then turning, she suddenly stooped, caught the hands that had a moment before rested on her shoulders, kissed them hurriedly, and then, without a word, turned again and left the room.

" You look more cheerful," said Miss Percival to Miss Armstrong the next morning. " Have you become resigned to the inevitable ? "

" I have decided to employ a new text-book in psychology," answered Miss Armstrong, gravely.

The Young Ladies of the Olden Time.

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.

C O-EDUCATION at Victoria is a return to first principles, for when, as Upper Canada Academy, the college began her work in 1836, provision was made for both young men and young women—with this difference, however, that residence was then provided for both classes. This dual work was carried on for five years, when, under the new charter, the academy became the degree-conferring college, and the young ladies were turned out of doors. In Annesley Hall they have now a sweet revenge. Sixty-three years ago the doors were closed upon them. Are there any of them left? When a lady passes sixty years of age she is not, as a rule, very much opposed to her age being known ; when she passes seventy she begins to show

signs of glorying in it. As to this aspect of the matter, all the writer of these lines proposes to say is that at least seven young ladies who were students at Upper Canada Academy, from sixty-three to sixty-seven years ago, are still living and apparently enjoying a hale old age. There are probably others; if so, we shall be pleased to hear from them.

Miss Augusta Richey.—This is the daughter of the first Principal, Rev. Matthew Richey. She is now Mrs. Knight, of Nova Scotia, sister of Hon. M. H. Richey, of Halifax, and mother of Rev. Matthew Richey Knight. From Miss Richey the writer has obtained the names of several of her fellow students of 1837-8, most of whom are now dead.

Miss M. A. Bennet.—She became later the wife of Hon. Sidney Smith, Q.C., of Cobourg, at one time Postmaster-General of Canada. She is now living in Toronto with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) G. H. Burnham. She is the aunt of Dr. Allen A. Shepard (B.A., 1894), of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Miss Mary A. Field.—In the early thirties the well-known Field family came from England and settled in Cobourg. This is the eldest daughter, now Mrs. Hamilton, of Cobourg. The late John C. Field and C. C. Field, of Cobourg, were her brothers, and Mrs. Wm. Kerr, wife of the Vice-Chancellor, is her sister.

Miss Nancy Philana Carpenter and Miss Katharine Mahala Carpenter.—These two sisters were the daughters of the late Austin B. Carpenter, one of the leading citizens of Cobourg. Their mother, who lived to a fine old age in her pretty cottage on George Street, will be remembered by students of less than twenty years ago. The two young ladies of over sixty years ago are still quite active. The first married Rev. John English, who settled down to a superannuated life at his home just north of Cobourg, near Hull's Corners, the old Hamilton appointment of the Church before Cobourg achieved distinction. Last year Mr. and Mrs. English took a trip to the Coast; on their return Mr. English dropped dead at Fort William. She is now living with a daughter near Houghton, Michigan. Her sister is Mrs. Evans, of New York, who last year spent several months making the grand tour of Europe.

Miss Esther Helm.—John Helm was an early settler in Cobourg where he carried on a foundry business. Several of his sons and daughters attended the Academy. The young lady referred to is one of his daughters, now Mrs. Zeland, of Chicago.

Miss Esther Mallory.—She is the daughter of Caleb Mallory, a

pioneer settler living east of Cobourg. The Mallorys were United Empire Loyalists, who settled near Brockville and on the Bay of Quinte. Their descendants are now very numerous. Mr. Caleb A. Mallory, the well known leader in certain farmers' movements, is her younger brother. He was a student at Victoria some years later. Among the early students was Charles M. D. Cameron, who, after the Academy days, passed into the regular arts course of the College, and graduated in 1849 a member of the third graduating class. He died in 1902, having been for some years the oldest living graduate of Victoria. Dr. Cameron married Esther Mallory. After many years at Port Hope, Rochester, and Winnipeg, they spent the last two years of their married life at Cobourg, and there Mrs. Cameron still lives. Her daughter is the wife of J. H. D. Munson, K.C. (B.A., 1878), of Winnipeg.

We have the printed lists of students of 1840 and 1841. No lists, printed or written, are available for the first three years of the College work. From various sources, a few names of 1837-8 have been obtained, and I venture to give them in the hope that some one may be able to add to them, or send in some notes: Misses Hurlburt, McCarty, Hinman, McPhail, Might (Port Hope), Van Norman, Jemima Williams (Belleville), Maria Brock, Wright, Arnold, Jane Beatty, Charlotte Houghton (Mrs. Ross, of Brockville), Amelia Houghton (Mrs. Hunton, of Ottawa), Emma Croscombe, Jane Pope (Quebec), A. J. Brown, Jackson, Susan M. Archibald, Harriet Boice.

At the beginning of the work in 1836 Mrs. Smith was preceptress. In 1837-8 Miss Adams filled this position, Miss Boulter was assistant teacher, and Miss Stephenson had the junior girls' room. Miss Boulter afterwards became the wife of Rev. Jesse Hurlburt, who, after leaving the Academy, opened a young ladies' school in Cobourg, and later moved it to Toronto.

At the closing exercises held in May, 1838, the young ladies took their fair share of the public exercises. In addition to musical selections, five English compositions were read; and it may be that the young ladies of 1904 would like to know what the ladies of 1838 took as their themes. From a report by Principal Richey, printed in the *Christian Guardian* of May 9th, 1838, we are able to give the information: "On Female Beauty," by Miss Jane Beatty; "The Heavens," by Miss Amelia Houghton; "The Frailty of Human Life," by Miss Mary J. Beatty; "The Pleasures of Hope," by Miss Mary Ann Brock; "The Pursuit of Happiness," by Miss Susan M. Archibald.

During the closing exercises of 1837 and of 1838 the young ladies held a bazaar to pay for the maintenance and education of a young

Indian female. The receipts of the bazaar of 1838 were £40. Mrs. Knight states that in 1838 there were two Indian girls in attendance —Sarah Ricelake and Sally Ateek.

And what of discipline? There are no circulars or printed regulations extant, but the Legislative Assembly had the Academy up for consideration in the years 1836 and 1837. A committee sat upon it, and made a somewhat exhaustive report that is to be found in the appendix to the Journal for 1836-7. That report contains the regulations in force, and we extract No. 7, as it refers to the ladies :

"The front of the edifice is appropriated as a place of exercise for the females—the rear and playground for the males. And the more effectually to preclude all intercommunication between the sexes, their corresponding, conversing, or in any way associating together, save in the case of brothers and sisters (and that by permission of the Principal or Preceptress), is expressly interdicted."

The regulations forbidding visiting taverns, using ardent spirits, spitting on the floor, and boisterous conduct may be omitted, as they were probably framed rather for the young men.

As throwing light on the internal economy of the Academy the following extract from a letter written by a visitor of 1837 may be interesting :

"In the second story is a room neatly fitted up for a lecture-room, in which all the students are assembled, morning and evening, when a portion of Scripture is read, a hymn sung, and prayer offered—a practice which must be cordially approved by all parents and guardians of youth. The only communication between those parts of the building, occupied respectively by the young gentlemen and ladies, is through this room, the key of the door which connects it with the female department being kept by the Preceptress.

"I was highly pleased with the order and regularity observable in the dining room. This is a long room occupying one story of the east wing. It is furnished with two long ranges of tables, one for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies. When the appointed hour for meals arrives, at the ringing of a bell the young ladies proceed, accompanied by their teachers, to the table, after which another bell calls together the young gentlemen. After grace has been said, one of the young gentlemen is employed in reading aloud during the time of dinner, from some useful history or other interesting work. This duty devolves on them in rotation. After thanks have been returned the young ladies retire to their apartments, and then the young gentlemen. When I was there, there were, I think, about a hundred and five students under instruction, and it is expected that a considerable more will arrive on the opening of navigation."

So much for the young ladies. As to the dozen or more young men students of over sixty years ago who still survive, we must await another issue.

SCIENTIFIC



The Evolution of an Element.

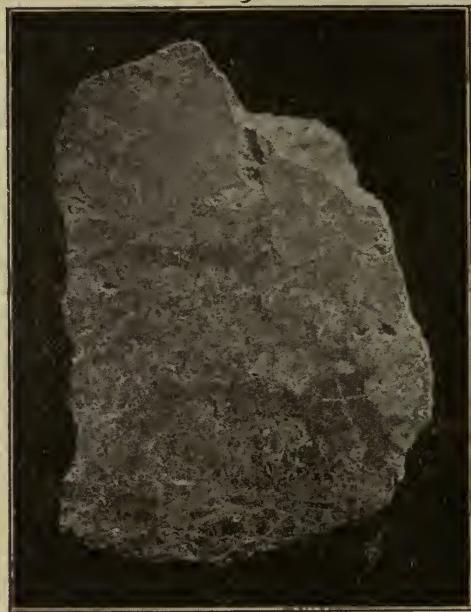
BY ION A. DAWSON.



ARLYLE states, "It has come about that now to many a Royal Society the creation of the world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling, concerning which last indeed there have been minds to whom the question how the apples were got in presented difficulties." Despairing philosophers may appeal to household scientists for aid in cracking this nut while the more pertinent question will be considered, what are the apples, or more generally, what is the constitution of matter in the light of the phenomena of radio-activity? This subject, too, ought to have more than ordinary interest for Canadians, on account of the admirable researches on this newest property of matter which have been carried on at our own University of Toronto and especially at McGill University.

The aim of modern science is to show that many phenomena are correlated which at first sight have little or nothing in common, and in doing so endeavors to explain the relationship. Thus theories have been employed as gigantic aids to memory or as a means of systematizing observed facts. In dealing with the question of the constitution of matter, we grant at once that the ultimate nature of things is and must remain unknown, and yet we must endeavor to represent the known facts accurately. If a drop of mercury could be magnified indefinitely would it still present, even at infinite magnification a continuous extension, every part appearing like a patch of clear, mid-day sky; or at a certain stage could we discern a differentiation of parts such as is illustrated, say, in the sky of a starry night? Common sense and experience have led most natural philosophers to adopt the latter view—the granular theory of the constitution of matter. Our drop of mercury is thus viewed somewhat as a pocket edition of the universe, and in this case the stars represent the so-called atoms. As a result

of years of work and study, chemists have demonstrated that the elements of the ancients, air, earth and water, are aggregations of one or more of about eighty chemically undecomposable substances, *i.e.*, about eighty different varieties of atoms are known. By the combination of these atoms according to definite recipes molecules are formed, *e.g.*, two atoms of hydrogen combine to form a molecule of that gas, and these, with an atom of oxygen, comprise a molecule of water. Lord Kelvin and other physicists have estimated that in one cubic centimetre of a gas at standard temperature and pressure there are about



Photograph of fragment of Pitchblende taken by ordinary daylight.

twenty million, million, million molecules. It is to the movement of these atom-clusters that the phenomena of heat, expansion, and other physical changes have been attributed. Many facts also have compelled us to assume the existence of an all-pervading and perfectly elastic medium, the ether, by means of which certain vibrations, *e.g.*, those of light, electric waves and X-rays, which cannot be propagated by matter, travel through space,

With the equipment of these and other theories, many endeavors have been made to realize one of the picturesque dreams of the

alchemists—the transmutation of metals, and, if possible, to learn the original state of matter. Prout endeavored in vain to prove that all atoms gave multiple weights of the weight of the lightest of them—the hydrogen atom. To-day it is still admitted to be a possibility that all chemical atoms may be resolved into one simple form of matter, or even refined to a form of ethereal motion or electrical energy. This latter view, the electrical hypothesis of the constitution of matter, at present commands the greatest attention. In 1873 Sir William Crookes began the study of phenomena accompanying electrical



Effect of same fragment of Pitchblende on sensitive plate in the dark.

discharge through highly exhausted gases in vacuum tubes. As a result of the consequent investigations along this line, the existence of bodies smaller than atoms, "electrons," has been conclusively proved. These ultimatisimmae particles are projected from the negative electrode of a Crookes' tube on the passage of an electric current under high voltage. The torrents of negatively charged electrons thus formed constitute the cathode rays and at a pressure of one-millionth of an atmosphere their velocity is very nearly that of light. On being

stopped suddenly by a massive obstacle, these flying particles develop considerable heat and at the same time originate Röntgen or X-rays which are viewed as irregular vibrations in the ether. The cathode rays, and to a much greater extent the X-rays, possess the power of penetrating thin sheets of metal, etc., and of affecting a photographic plate, while both radiations produce phosphorescence on coming into contact with certain substances. Similar to the effect of a high temperature or to the rays of ultra-violet light, they both can ionize a gas so that it will readily conduct electricity, and it is thus that an electrometer is discharged by them and their strength can be measured. Besides their markedly different powers of penetration, it is found that the cathode rays may be deflected by a powerful magnet, while the X-rays show not the slightest deviation, even in the strongest field. After a long-continued and very skilful research, Prof. J. J. Thomson and his colleagues at Cambridge University finally and definitely established the fact that electrons are not atoms of matter, but are the splinters of an atom, and that the one identical kind of electron is given by every kind of chemical atom. Whatever be their origin, their mass has been found to equal one-thousandth that of the hydrogen atom, and their size is such that if they be represented by a sphere an inch in diameter, the diameter of an atom of hydrogen on the same scale would be a mile and a-half. Lately it has also been demonstrated that electrons in motion constitute a mechanism by which atoms are able to radiate light, electrical waves or Röntgen rays.

Dalton's challenge that "No man can split an atom" is now answered, for the electron has supplanted the *ci-devant* indivisible, the so-called atom, and has become nature's most definite, simple and fundamental unit. Hence we have naturally elaborated the Electronic Hypothesis of Matter, viewing all atoms as being constituted wholly or partially of an equal number of positive and negative electrons in a state of violent and changeable motion, yet maintaining a certain amount of relative stability. Following this view the elements would have their genesis in one fundamental constituent and would consist of the most stable of all the possible groupings. But as yet no one has succeeded in discovering the positive electron, and in isolating it from the rest of an atom of matter. The world of science but awaits this eureka which will consummate one of the grandest generalizations of all the laws of nature.

"Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

(*To be continued.*)

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS



Canadian Methodism in Japan.

The Field and the Need.

BY W. W. PRUDHAM, B.A., B.D.

OUR Church occupies a position of vantage from being located in the central part of the mainland of Japan, and may be divided topographically into four divisions, namely, the Tokaido, including Tokyo, and Shizuoka districts ; the Hokurikudo or Kanazawa districts ;

Koshu or Yamanashi district, and Shinshu or Nagano district. In the Tokyo district our work does not extend beyond the bounds of the city. The Azahi church is classed as self-supporting. The Hongo Central Tabernacle has a great mission among the students, and deserves every encouragement. Thousands of young men go from all over the empire annually to try their luck at the Tokyo schools and universities. From its central location our large tabernacle is in easy reach of thousands of students. Of course, those who embrace Christianity are not always retained by our Church, for they go to the ends of the empire to seek their fortune ;

W. W. PRUDHAM, B.A., B.D.

nevertheless for general evangelistic work we have nothing equal to it. In Azahi a good work is being carried on among the students. Our W.M.S. work is centralized in Tokyo, their latest girls' school being in Azahi.

Shizuoka district is our oldest field. Here our pioneers opened up and won their first trophies. It has always been remarkable for its openness—prejudice and opposition being exceedingly rare. Our largest self-supporting church is in Shizuoka city. The present missionary has made an enduring place for himself, and the rallying of the forces has made a second missionary imperative. With Shizuoka we must



associate the name of Mr. S. E. Ebara, M.P., a prominent member of our Church, and often listened to by hundreds as he speaks for Christ and righteousness.

Separated from Tokyo and Shizuoka by Mount Fugi is the inland Province of Yamanashi, of which Kofu is capital. Until recently Kōshū has been isolated, but now a railway line connects Tokyo and Kofu, and in a couple of years it will connect Kofu with Matsumoto and Nagano in Shinshū. The writer, in company with Mr. Emberson, made the trip from Nagano to Shizuoka by way of Kofu. Though a hurried trip, we were convinced of the great importance of the field opened up there. The work is entirely in the hands of the Japanese, and, until a few months ago, entirely in the hands of our Church. We have in Kofu our most liberal self-supporting church. These interior provinces are characterized by the thrift and industry of their people. Shinshū is among the wealthiest provinces of Japan. It is also remarkable that in Kōshū and in Shizuoka district Buddhism is in a weak condition.

Nagano district centres in Nagano city, and includes the counties of Shinshū and Echigo. Our work lies mostly along the railroad connecting Nagano with Tokyo. The Methodist Episcopal Church has work at several points in Southern Shinshū. Our Church, however, has work in Matsumoto of a promising character. Buddhism has a foothold in Nagano and Echigo which will make uphill work for some time. During the last few years the Canadian Church Missionary Society has put four adult male missionaries into the field where we are working. There is work for all, it is true, but, where we formerly had two men in this district, we ought to think seriously of at least maintaining an equal force till some self-supporting church is organized. The present missionary is working vigorously.

The Hokurikudo or Kanazawa districts, or the West Coast, as it is frequently called, may be reached by mail from Tokyo by way of Shizuoka and Nagoya, or by rail through Nagano to the sea and by boat to Toyama. This section has peculiar features. Just as Nagano is the driest section of Japan, this is the wettest. A type of Buddhism of the reformed order is settled here and is most aggressive. The people of the Tokaido know nothing of religion, the people of the Hokurikudo know little else. It makes a hard field. However, a native of this district makes a devout and earnest Christian. Kanazawa is our largest church, working along well towards self-support. Until a year ago the counties of Etchu and Noshū had no resident missionary. Noshū is still unoccupied. We have been requested to

send a man to Echizen or Fukui province; it is a large field. The old-time prejudice is vanishing from this district and a new era is at hand.

For years the American Board had no increases in her missionary force, but the experience of our missionaries has led them to request new men. Already three or four new families have arrived, and three more are asked for. The Church of England ladies have been increasing their missionary force right along. Last year the Presbyterian Church of Canada was asked to send help. The number of native workers keeps on increasing, and yet a fresh supply of foreign missionaries is called for. The query, "Why?" naturally comes in. The



REV. D. R. MCKENZIE AND FAMILY.

(ETHEL.)

(ARTHUR.)

answer is: There are opportunities such as never before. I need only point to our Central Tabernacle. Fifteen years ago such a work could not be carried on. Or take the Province of Toyama, where as recently as within five years it seemed almost hopeless, whereas to-day every one of the thirty odd towns are open, and not the slightest obstacle crosses the missionaries' path. Again, there are new questions facing the churches to-day, and their missionaries have their hands full and cannot deal with them as they require. With the progress of material and intellectual civilization, new problems, social, intellectual, moral

and religious, are raised. A Christian literature is needed. A better knowledge of the literary productions of the times, and an ability to deal with them at first hand, is becoming more and more imperative. It may be a new thing, but I should like to see at least one, if not two, of our missionaries given a free hand to go to the depths of the language, to really grasp Japanese thought, and use their powers in that direction for Christ and the Church. The American Board granted one of their men a year to work on the new Union Hymnal. This is as it should be. One of the most influential foreign agnostics in Japan to-day began as a clergyman to make the study of Japanese thought and literature a specialty. He has done so, but his loss of faith makes him an engine of war in the other camp. We need a few consecrated scholars to fight our battles.

Our Church need not be behind in this matter. We have men and they have brains and hearts. Our country has the means. For ideals in government and education, in morality and in religion, there is none superior. Can we not rise to the need of the hour? Six or eight men are needed. We should reckon on one man at any rate to take the place of a man home on furlough, and not allow the work to slip away. Fukui has a prior claim so far as evangelistic work is concerned. We have reason to believe that a missionary in Koshu would be welcomed; he would be a source of encouragement to our brethren there. It is too much to expect one man to attend to Nagano district. No mistake would be made if one were put in Matsumoto and another in Niigata Echigo. With another man in Toyama, Hida, the country lying between us on the West Coast and Southern Shinshu could be reached and a solid block in the centre of Japan claimed for Canadian Methodism. A man having a specialist's qualifications, and resident in Tokyo, could help the Tokyo staff in an emergency and have sufficient to keep him in touch with the actual life of the Church and the questions of the day. Is such a request too much? Ask God. We are becoming fairly well equipped as far as property is concerned. The Leaguers should rise to this emergency. The young men of our colleges should lay this to heart. Your example will encourage others. It will hasten the harvesting and save us from the chagrin that may await us if we neglect the now open and inviting door. May God who knoweth all things guide the Church in her duty at the present hour.

Toyama, Japan.

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Contributions and exchanges should be sent to W. G. CATES, Editor-in-Chief ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to C. W. BISHOP, Business Manager ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

Editorial.

THE CRITICS. What is the true condition of the University of Toronto? The question is suggested by the different opinions recently expressed by various persons, and particularly by the *Toronto Globe*. Some have found fault with the professoriate, others with the system of administration, and all have complained of the lack of funds. It is distressing to be told that teachers in whom one has grown to place confidence are incompetent, or that our boasted Alma Mater is unprogressive, and that our wealthy province refuses to grant its child a respectable maintenance. As to the competency of the faculty, we express no opinion; none but their peers should judge them. Not that there are any serious grievances, of which prudence forbids us to complain; but even if there were, those who teach are likely to become irritated by the criticism of those who are taught, and naturally so. But aside from this, we read in the chronicles that about a decade ago some youths, wise beyond their years, who did not see eye to eye with their superiors and were not backward in saying so, entered a vigorous protest, boycotted the lectures, and finally suffered the penalty of their youthful indiscretion by being expelled from the University. From this incident the prudent undergraduate draws the obvious inference, and since then has kept his opinion to himself. The

authorities, as a result, have lost the benefit of the students' advice, and maybe the University has lost something in progressiveness. Lest these remarks may seem to be purposely ironical, we hasten to disclaim any such intention. To critics and apologists alike we would say that, being the work of human hands, the University of Toronto is not perfect, but that its organization is seriously defective or its staff incompetent we refuse to credit.



THE GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIVERSITY. The faculty and alumni of the University, attended with all the pomp and dignity which four hundred Doctors', Masters' and Bachelors' degrees could present, waited recently upon the Premier and requested an increased grant. But relying only upon the influence which they, trustful creatures, attach to honor, ability and industry, it is needless to say that they got nothing but a soft answer. That these gentlemen should approach the Government in this manner is assuredly an indication that those who dwell within a university's walls live in a fool's paradise. The greenest Freshman could have told them that in Ontario "Politics are war," and that if they hoped to be successful in their demands, they must arm themselves with a formidable bludgeon. We understand that the deputation were received kindly. Of course they would be : to quarrel with them would have been impossible—they were harmless as doves. But really there must be a change of tactics. We suggest that between now and the time of the next demonstration the marshals should consult Machiavelli's "Prince." If the alumni could but control the triumvirate who compose the Government's majority, they would merely have to say, "Mr. Premier, do this," and, believe it, they would marvel at his celerity.



THE "BRETHREN." Before the publication of another number of ACTA "BRETHREN." the "brethren" will have left us, so we take this opportunity to say farewell. But a few words by way of preface.

Among students preparing for secular callings there is a tendency to make a little fun of the cloth ; and, candidly, we ourselves have not always refrained from so doing. Preachers, like other mortals, have their peculiarities and eccentricities ; and it is well they have, otherwise they would not be mortal, and their mission among men would be in vain. But in addition to those marks of environment which everyone wears, the probationer very often adds a wry face, formal manners, and a general sanctimoniousness which seems to

proclaim that he is not as other men are. This may not be assumed, and generally is not ; but of all things the conspicuous individual is sure to attract the attention of the mimic and the wit ; so it is that very often the peculiarities of the theolog become the object of a little merriment. Sometimes the preachers think they are too frequently caricatured ; but after all they have little cause for complaint. All of us—arts men and theologs—run the gauntlet of criticism, and expect to be reminded of our faults and foibles. If the gentlemen of the cloth passed unnoticed they would consider themselves purposely ignored, and the feeling that they were separated in spirit from the general body of the students would do much more harm than all the gibes or practical jokes to which any conspicuous person might be subjected.

As long as the curriculum divides the students, class distinctions will exist ; but though the incidence of circumstance may temporarily separate us, its effects are only momentary. Character is the real test of worth. Whether the student is an Arts man, B.D., or C.T. is of little account, and this is generally recognized. To the theological students about to leave us we extend congratulations on completing their course. The call of duty may take them far from these halls but we trust that the memory of college days will remain ever dear.



JAPAN AND THE WEST. It is a cause for serious reflection that Japan, which during the last fifty years has absorbed so much of western civilization, should have taken so little of Christianity. That nation has adopted in their entirety the best military and naval systems of Europe, has a large standing army, and by a *levée en masse* can convert her whole male population into an armed force. She has the best modern rifles, the most perfect artillery, and directs the deadly torpedo with unerring precision. These are indeed the products of the most advanced civilization the world has ever seen, but they represent only its worst features. On the other hand, how comparatively slow Japan is to embrace the basic principle and the adornment of our civilization—namely, Christianity. It is no slight reflection upon the people of Europe that a heathen nation is so willing to take their instruments of destruction and so slow to adopt their religion. And yet what wonder if strangers conclude that a people which produce such murderous weapons, must have developed an equally destructive religion.

NATIONAL DESTINY. Recently several of our prominent public men have protested against the practice of dragging the question of national destiny into every electoral contest. These protests are timely. We have a number of bellicose colonels and other equally fanatical, if less militant, persons, who are continually prophesying national calamity if the country should develop in any other way than according to their infallible ideas of what is best. There is no need for us to concern ourselves unduly about questions of ultimate destiny. Let the young giant, Canada, grow. If permitted to develop naturally it will be well able to take care of itself. Our great concern should be for the present rather than for the future. Unity is a quality indispensable to strong national life. It is a quality in which we as a people are lacking—we are a mere Babel of nationalities. Canadians who regard the cultivation of a fervid national spirit as the first great essential to national well-being may well be pardoned if, out of consideration for the pressing needs of the present, they think lightly of speculation regarding the future.

A CARD. Professor and Mrs. Badgley wish to convey to the students of Victoria University their deep appreciation of the many expressions of sympathy received from them in connection with the death of their only and beloved daughter.

TENNIS. With the disappearance of the snow-piles our thoughts turn to summer sports. One of the most important spring events is the tennis contest between the Ontario Ladies' College and Victoria. The Fates were unkind last year; it is to be hoped they will smile upon us on Victoria Day. But, paradoxical as it may seem, Fate is fickle, and we hope that the indefatigable president and the efficient secretary of the tennis club will see that victory is assured. By the way, it should be said, it is not supposed that the players are the only ones who make the trip. The players need supporters to cheer them in victory or to console them in defeat, and the genial president of the College always extends a hearty invitation to members of the student body.

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Personals.

In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that come to hand.

Obituaries.

M R. ORRIN WENTWORTH POWELL died at Cobourg on Thursday, March 17, 1904, aged eighty-four years, seven days. This marks the passing away of one of the earliest students of



ORRIN WENTWORTH POWELL.

Victoria College, then known as Upper Canada Academy. Mr. Powell's father came from Johnston, New York State, in 1821, and settled in Cobourg. Three of his sons attended the College: Dr. Newton Powell, so well remembered by the old students for his interest in the Literary Society and as leader of the church choir; Mr. Geo. M. Powell,

who died at Gloversville, N.Y., on January 19th, 1903, in his eightieth year; and Mr. O. W. Powell, the eldest of the three brothers. Mr. O. W. Powell attended during the years 1836-40; his two brothers continued a year or more after he left in 1840. Continuing to live in Cobourg, he took a deep interest in College matters; thus, in 1848, he was a member of the Financial Committee, and in 1852-55 was a trustee and member of the Senate. In the early years not more than three or four laymen were to be found on the College Senate. John P. Roblin, James L. Biggar, Hon. James Ferrier and John Counter, were among his associates. Over fifty years ago Mr. Powell married Miss Massey, daughter of Jonathan Massey, of Haldimand Township, a sister of the late H. A. Massey, Victoria's benefactor, who also was a student at the Academy in the early days. Mrs. Powell is still living. His son, Dr. N. A. Powell, of Toronto, was a student at Victoria preparatory to taking his medical course. The Town Council and the School Board of Cobourg attended his funeral. Rev. Dr. Reynar represented Victoria and made an appropriate address.

JACOB E. HOWELL, B.A. ('63), M.A. ('68), was born on August 1st, 1835, in the township of Ameliasburg, Prince Edward Co., where he secured his preliminary education. Converted early in life, he joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and after receiving his education at Victoria, graduating in 1863, he taught for some time in Albert College, Belleville. Subsequently he entered the ministry, and appeared for ordination at the Conference of 1868, which was presided over by Dr. Punshon, some of whose spirit he evidently imbibed, for he became a powerful preacher and a very successful revivalist. He was honored by his brethren several times, being Chairman of his District a number of years, President of the Guelph Conference in 1889, and four times a delegate to the General Conference.

THE many friends of Miss M. L. Bollert, M.A., of the class of '00, will be pleased to learn of the distinction which has recently come to her in her appointment to the position of Lady Principal at Alma College, St. Thomas. This appointment places Miss Bollert in charge of the special duties pertaining to the social oversight of the students, and gives her the principal responsibility in their care and government. Miss Bollert will also continue her work in English literature.

That Miss Bollert is worthy of the honor which has come to her is amply shown by her course thus far. After her graduation in 1900, with honors in Moderns, Miss Bollert attended the Ontario Normal College, easily winning first place for ability as a teacher and knowledge of teaching principles, in the large class then in attendance. Upon graduating with the highest honors ever attained by a young lady in this College, Miss Bollert accepted the position of teacher of English and Moderns in "Alma." In 1902, she received an M.A. degree, and was made Dean of Literary Studies in the College. In addition to her numerous duties, Miss Bollert has found time to pursue her musical studies, and last year passed with honors the University senior vocal examination. Miss Bollert's friends will join in wishing her much continued success.

MR. T. H. FOLICK, B.A. ('85), who has for many years been assistant master in the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, has resigned, and is now living in the newly created city of Niagara Falls, Ont., where he is organist of the Methodist Church, and instructor in music in the Public Schools. Mr. Follick is now putting through the press (Hunter, Rose & Co.) a text-book on geography upon which he has been engaged for some time past.

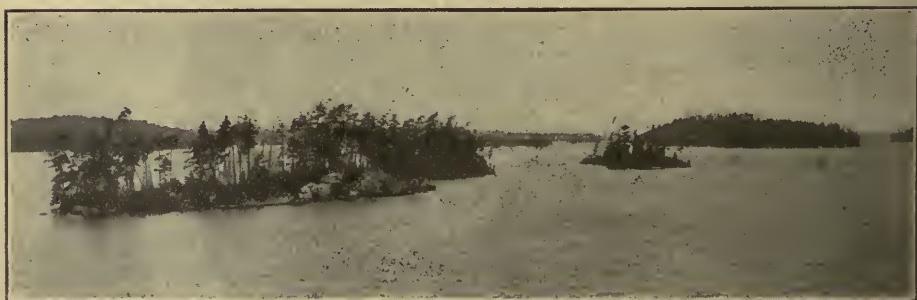
Exchanges

PROF. PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., contributes an article to the March number of the *Ontario Normal College Monthly* on "Nature and Science in Tennyson's Poetry." No one who has made any study of Tennyson can have failed to notice that the poet is steeped in the scientific conceptions of the age. It is commonly supposed that science and poetry are so alien to one another in spirit and method as to be incapable of coalescing, and yet, as Prof. Edgar points out, the richest and most comprehensive results of science are reached only when it is leavened with some poetic imagination, as in the case of Darwin and Galileo; while the poetry of Tennyson is an example of how scientific facts and theories may be triumphantly subjected to the sway of the imagination. To Tennyson law was supreme in both the moral and the physical realms, and apparent discords were notes of an unrecognized harmony. "For nothing is that errs from law." Evolutionary philosophy permeates his poetry, but to him the far-off event was a Divine one and in the changes of the old order, "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Exactness of

observation, exquisiteness and terseness of expression, and the complete relevancy of his imagery to the central idea are, Prof. Edgar shows, characteristic of Tennyson's nature poetry. Lovers of the poet's work will appreciate the article.

THE *Hya Yaka* is not a Japanese journal, but the organ of the students of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. If we are to judge by the February number—the last to hand—the dental students' world is out of joint, with the *Hya Yaka* on hand, however, to set it right. Energetic articles protest against professional quackery, the system of compulsory pupilage, and even against noise in the class-rooms. The burden of an editorial addressed to Seniors who are asking themselves the question: "What is the least I can do to get my degree?" instead of "How can I make myself most proficient?" may be taken to heart by other than Dentals.

A TIMELY article appears in the *Presbyterian College Journal*, entitled, "A Plea for more Shakespearian Study." It is a regrettable fact that even among men with a college education there is so much neglect of Shakespeare. As the writer points out, we have fallen into vicious habits of reading with the multiplication of books to be read, and by rapid and desultory perusal of many works, miss the culture we might receive from the real study of a few. No other writer can contribute so much to the enlargement of one's vocabulary, the training of the imagination, and the acquisition of an insight into human nature as Shakespeare. That his works are so neglected, even by college students, may be due, as the article suggests, in part at least, to pedantic methods of instruction on the part of college lecturers. The *Journal* is a well-edited magazine, with much good material, its Book Review Department being especially well conducted.





" H, the gladness of her gladness when she's glad !
And the sadness of her sadness when she's sad !
But the gladness of her gladness and the sadness of her sadness
Are as nothing to her madness when she's mad."

Such, in the language of verse, has been the experience of the Local Editors since last issue.

CERTAIN private individuals about College are considering a story contest, with the following outline :

Chap. I. In the Library—Watson's Hedonistic Theories—Mr. Morgan, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Wallace.

Chap. II. Sussex Ave.—Miss Wallace, Mr. Morgan—Varsity copy of Watson.

Chap. III. Annesley Hall—Miss McLaughlin, Mr. Morgan—Vic. copy—The catastrophe.

"I feel all throbbey when I see
You look across the room at me."—Milton ?

LANE, '06, says he don't care whether he gets sick at examination or not. He's sure of an ægrotat now. Was he not the only man at prayers one morning ? Oh, of course, Luck was at the music box.

TRIBBLE, '07, impatiently listening to a lengthy sermon in a distant church—"The old beggar knows that I want to go to Annesley Hall."

MISS JEFFREY—"I was talking so hard that I didn't hear that motion."

Pres. Harris—"Yes, I understand, Miss Jeffrey."

YOUNG LADY (at piano)—"Do you like hymns ?"

Sp—e—"Oh, I like both kinds !"

She collapsed.

SOME people speak of blue-birds as the unmistakable signs of spring, but at College its "those Blue papers."

ASSOCIATED PRESS DESPATCH.

TORONTO, March 21, 1904—Mr. L. L. L. created quite a diversion on Cumberland Street to-night, by rushing frantically down the street without hat or coat in the direction of Annesley Hall. It was only a false fire alarm sent in from No. 128 (corner Bloor and Avenue Rd.), and a few hours reduced Levi's pulse to the normal, though he was observed to be pale and silent for a day or two.

MISS WILSON, '05 (reading notice of meeting of Acta Board elect)—“Did Mrs. Cragg put this up here? It's pinned up with a hairpin.”

MISS DANARD, wishing to go to Annesley Hall, found herself tearing along St. Mary Street on her way to her last year's boarding house.

MISS ADDISON (hearing Miss W. talking about her brother as usual)—“And how old is your brother Miss W——?”

SOPHOMORE—“The Freshettes behaved just like spoilt babies the night Miss Addison entertained us at dinner. They made *bibs* of their table napkins and generally misbehaved. One of them got off a nursery rhyme in a stage whisper and it shocked the Dean. I believe they've all had to walk the carpet.”

W. G. CONNELLY, President Glee Club, 1904-'05. “WHO sent you those dear little Easter chicks?” “Levi.”

A CALLER at Annesley Hall wants to know what is meant by a *ginlet eye*. The expression is a commonplace there.

FRESHETTE (eagerly)—Yes, we made *bread men* to decorate our oranges. We always have oranges when there's company.”

WE regret the fact that G. N. Shaver, '07, is ill with typhoid fever, and hope his recovery will be rapid and complete.

R. J. MANNING, in sleep, night of Sr. Reception: “May I have the next promenade?”

THE closing meeting of the “Lit.” on March 18th, was one that will go down to posterity as Rev. Robert Hughes would say. Mr Luck's banjo solos, Mr. Hewitt's song, and Prof. Langford's address on “Our Residence,” were very much appreciated. Then the house had hysterics over Lane and Luck's “Circumnavigation of the Table.” Nor should we ignore the spirited debate on the new



E. C. LUCK,
President Mandolin
and
Guitar Club, 1904-'05.

"Petition of Rights," which resulted in a new vindication of the personal rights of our citizens. Then came the speeches of the seniors, and just to moisten their palates and satisfy their inward cravings a few cases of sarsaparilla, some fruits, cakes and candies, and an early morning dissolution.

SOME OF THE THINGS THEY SAID.

MR. WALLACE—"When that lady appeared at W. A. McKim Young's door, and said she'd brought the baby carriage he'd advertised for, he was, in Bob language, flabbergasted, but he soon saw the joke and — — what happened after I'll not disclose The freshest thing I ever did was to go home from the first reception with my father, but I never did it a second time."



MR. BISHOP—"College life should be divided into two equal parts, one part for study and one for social intercourse. The man who knows and knows well the most men in College, has made the most of his life here."

MR. HAMILTON—"The man who bobbed me made an awful fool of — myself. . . . At first I did not think much of the Lit., but I changed my impression of it when I came and saw what it was like and had a feed."

MR. J. W. MILLER—"I leaped out of bed and made a desperate dash for the door. But the woman of the house had by this time been aroused, and arrived just in time for me to leap into her arms. She chased them off temporarily, but — —."

MR. PEARSON (referring to "The Hall")—"I'll admit I'm a little weak in that point. Yes, the Sophs and the mounted police chased us, and Proc. and Jam and I leaped over the fence and escaped. But Arthur wasn't strong enough, so he lay down by the fence to wait. But the cop was not to be fooled; he dismounted and walked up and down, and finally Art. just got up, saying, 'I guess I'm what you're looking for.' Then Robert came and begged him off, and Art. came over to the rooms looking pretty pale. It was to be all a secret, but Proc. couldn't keep it, and so you've all known something of it."

MR. EAKINS—"When I first came in I was pretty green—'Would-be-Sport Eakins' they called me."



MR. BROWNLEE—"You all know I am not going to be a preacher, so I'll cut out the advice part. Nor can I paint such glowing pictures as these men, my college life has been too broken and brief to be very satisfactory."

MR. GIFFORD—"The first night I was at Lit. Curly moved that they throw that freshman out on the street."

MR. BAKER—"When we found the policeman standing before Rankin's door we were afraid something was up, but by-and-bye we went in. We learned he was only doing duty there as usual."

MR. BRACE—"It is too early in the morning to have a protracted meeting. When I played my first game of football I was rather a muscular show. . . . I shall not soon forget the farewell we got when off for South Africa and shall always cherish this bit of ribbon which went all through the campaign there."

MR. WHITING—"I like the spirit of these remarks. They show an ability to overcome difficulties, and the same courage that carried men through these college scrapes would aid them greatly in the battle of life."

MR. HEWITT—"The sophettes are the star influence of my life."

MR. E. J. MOORE is recovering slowly from a leap-year proposal made to him on a street corner in Parkdale one Sunday evening recently. Hard lines when the wrong girl does it."

TRELEAVEN—"My greatest ambition is to see Grace in goal."



Geoffrey's bonds of friendship never
Will the scythe of F. K. sever,
"Tis a work of art!
Freddy's strong in playing "tinnis,"
But in mowing he is "Dinnis,"
Try another 'eart!

—A FARMER'S SON.

FORD, '03 (on leaving Ottawa)—"I'm sorry to leave my Sunday school class. They are fine girls about sixteen years old."

Miss S. (in sympathy)—"Yes?"

Ford—"I wonder if it is the same in all girls' classes, that they come early to get a seat next to the teacher."

The members of the Women's Literary Society met for the last time this college year on March 30th, and the meeting was tinged with that tender sadness which was naturally to be expected on such an occasion. Very brave and self-forgetful, the Seniorettas did not require bandana kerchiefs, nor the sponges sent by some thoughtful individual—said to be a he-male, who was hiding his own tears under a bushel. The Seniors had evidently received instructions as to what they ought to speak about, and what they "didn't ought to speak about," as one of them wanted to say. They discoursed on the past, present, and future estates of College life, gave some valuable advice, and hosts of good wishes, to those they are leaving. Twelve splendid



ALWAYS ON TOP.

speeches were made by twelve charming girls. Miss Potter's absence was lamented, but a report of her improved health was gladly received.

For Madame President came flowers, a new University pin, and an enthusiastic expression of sincere appreciation and love. The Senior girls presented a beautiful picture to the girls of the College, Miss Hamilton sang a Senior song, refreshments were served, and the meeting closed with the singing of several favorite college doxologies.

These were quite in harmony with the crêpe on the door at the time.

CONFESIONS OF FRESHETTE DAYS—

"From that reception I went home unattended by any portion of that class of society made especially for such purposes."

"I studied Euclid on the train coming up, and telephoned to a fourth-year man to take me to Biology."

"We arrived at the College at 8 a.m., read the motto, decided that only professors came in at the front door, and went around to the east entrance."

"I know a Freshette who intended to *take in everything*, so she came to 'Lit.' the first *Saturday night*."

"We were locked in the building after that missionary meeting, but escaped through a coal-hole in the lower regions."

TEARS, IDLE TEARS—

A member of the fourth year has recently acquired what will undoubtedly be, in after years, his most cherished souvenir of college days. It is nothing less than a collection of three small phials containing tears shed at the recent closing meeting of the W-m-n's L-t-r-y S-c-ty. To the casual observer these phials and their contents are identical in appearance and devoid of all personality. But to one able to analyze such liquids, and versed in the properties of '04, it can be *easily* seen that one phial holds a portion of the effusions of M-d-me P-s-d-t, while, from their size, the tears in the other phials can be none other than those of the C-t-c and the clever little Irish lady whom we all know so well. Such a possession is truly priceless. In after years it may take a place—who knows?—as one of Victoria's rarest archeological treasures, even beside the Egyptian bricks and the mummy cat.

ROBERT—"Get a young lady, and get engaged to her, and you'll not take to drink. . . . Yes, Mr. Brace has one of the finest young ladies in the city."

AT THE FIRE—

K—('05)—"Hurrah, fire!"

Cop—"Here, young feller, you go home." (Following him.) "Hurry up now, get a move on. Is this your home?"

K—"Yes, sir."

Cop—"Good (K)night."

DR. REYNAR (before the register)—"A good soldier never turns his back to the fire."

HERMAN ARMSTRONG—"I nominate Mr. Chenoweth by acclamation."

ROBERTSON—"Say, this man Goldwin Smith makes a fellow think of a lot of things that never came into his head before."

"ROBERT" (to Spence)—"Do you know, I could tell by your eyes you hadn't been getting those nice little envelopes as often as you expected to."



HOUSE-CLEANING goes hand in hand with Spring—in fact these two are partners in a crusade of formidable proportions. And the object of the crusade is to remedy defects. Keeping this in view one can easily see the practically insurmountable task lying before him who tried to remove the cobwebs that have buried Victoria's chances in Athletics. In many previous articles advice has been given gratis along many lines. Only one point will be touched on here, and the great one, in my opinion—the lack of training in systematic aggressive play. All our teams possess defensive qualities of at least passable proficiency—with emphasis on passable. In hockey, the attacking division possesses scarcely any combination and its scoring ability is nothing + ditto . . . ad infinitum. The same can be said of the Association quintette. In Rugby, where lies our only apparent hope for success next year, one formation for attack was distinctly successful—the bucking of the line by the halves. But the trio behind the line should not be urged to work overtime. This materially reduces their defensive power. Open play, running and kicking by the halves, must constitute the greater part of the play in the new game. Of no avail are these tactics, however, unless the wings get after the ball as soon as it is in play. Next year, with most of the old players back, and with better training facilities, Rugby at least *must* succeed.

THE negotiations that have been in progress for some months between the Central Y.M.C.A. and the A.U. Executive regarding the renting of our Athletic grounds for the summer months seem to have been successful. From now on a duly authorized committee from the Board of Regents will act in our behalf and conclude and sign the formal agreement. As a result of the occupation by the Y.M.C.A., not only will we have the rental to materially assist us, but undoubtedly the new campus will be put in a far better condition than hitherto. In addition the grass tennis courts will be resodded and a new one of clay built where the alley board once stood. Thus the tennis secretary will find his labors greatly lessened. From every standpoint the leasing of the grounds appears advantageous.

Nothing definite has been decided yet as to whether we will find suitable dressing rooms on our return in the fall. At one time we rejoiced exceedingly in the Board of Regents having adopted our suggestions and practically promised to erect immediately a building at the north-west corner of the new campus that would meet our wishes



VICTORIA LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM.

in every respect. At this juncture the enthusiastic promoters of a residence for men students took a hand—and they are still to the fore. These gentlemen urge the canvass of the students and alumni and friends at once for funds for the residence—even now the canvass is being vigorously pushed at the college. The supporters of this

agitation of course do not object to our having suitable athletic accommodations—far from it. But they do maintain that the spending of thousands of dollars on this project for dressing-rooms might seriously retard the building of a residence. The suggestion of theirs is that a building be erected near the proposed residence site, of sufficient dimensions to combine baths, dressing rooms, reading and lounging rooms, etc. This, if determined on, would require more than a few months for consummation. However, a forward step of some kind will be the result of this continued agitation and discussion. '08 will find conveniences that no other freshman year has yet enjoyed, and in all probability will spend a portion of their course in a modern, well-equipped residence.

THE annual meeting of the tennis club was held early in March. Great enthusiasm was manifested and much interest taken in important discussions, chief of which was concerned with the proposed Whitby-Victoria agreement. The first clause was changed to read "that no person shall be eligible to play on either team who is not a bona-fide student regularly in attendance at classes in some course of lectures in the college she represents." Clause 2, *re* the calling in of graduates to help the college that was falling behind in the number of wins, was struck out. Clauses 3, 4 and 5 were adopted practically intact. A new clause was added, "that the contestants be played in order of merit." The Whitby Club has accepted all but the first—this is still under their consideration. So far as the Victoria Club is concerned it is unanimous in advocating this clause, which is based on the intercollegiate rule for eligibility and is eminently comprehensive and equitable. The new deuce game rule adopted by the American Association will hereafter guide us. The officers for 1904-05 are:—Hon. Pres., Rev. T. E. E. Shore, B.A.; Pres., T. P. Campbell, '05; Vice Pres., Miss. Wilson, '05; Sec.-Treas., C. D. Henderson, '06; Ass.-Sec., H. B. Dwight, '07; Councillors, Misses Dwight and Graham, Messrs. R. Davison and E. Moore. 'Reggie' is to represent the club on the A. U. Executive.

CORRECTION.—Prof. A. E. Lang, M.A., is the Hon. President-elect of Athletic Union, and not Prof. A. L. Langford, M.A., who now occupies the office.

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THE IVORY CITY—A GENERAL VIEW.



Acta Victoriana

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No. 8.

A Week at the World's Fair.

BY M. PARKINSON,

Editor "Canadian Teacher."



HE cry was, "Ho for St. Louis!" The place was the Union Station, Toronto; the time 8.15 a.m. on Saturday, May 15th; and the event the Canadian Associated Press excursion to the World's Fair. Promptly as the bells of the City Hall rang out the quarter peal the magnificent train of six palace cars pulled out of the station, and the journey was begun. The excursionists were soon at home. The Grand Trunk Railway had done, and continued to do, everything for their comfort.

Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, and Mr. H. R. Charlton, Advertising Agent, were obliging and attentive. No railway could have more gentlemanly and courteous officials.

On, on, past thriving Canadian towns and villages, and through fertile fields the train bore the happy party until the St. Clair was reached, and all plunged into the bowels of the earth and passed beneath this magnificent river to rise to light again in the domains of Uncle Sam. Soon came night, and the sable porter fixed the berths. Then sleep, to awaken on the banks of the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi. Over the stately arches of Eads Bridge we are carried, wondering at its millions of tons of iron and stone resting so solidly on beds of shifting quicksands; and, now, just as the bells ring out seven in the morning, twenty-four hours after leaving home, for here clocks mark Central time, we are borne beneath the ponderous dome of the largest railway station in the world, and step off in far away St. Louis.

We are now on the trolley cars and are whirled away through the streets to the Fair grounds at the further end of the city. Through a

maze of temporary buildings we get our first glimpse of the broad panorama of the Exposition. Over the roofs of these "mushroom" structures, far and wide, spread the domes of the Exposition palaces, brilliant in coloring and rich in ornament, all outlined against the dark green background of Forest Park.

Entering the Lindell Gate we at once pass into the Grand Court, and there the MAIN PICTURE lies spread out before us. Bathed in the glowing sunlight of a matchless May morning, the huge exhibit palaces, converging like the rays of a fan, stretch away to the top of Art Hill, where the stately dome of Festival Hall closes the vista. Bursting as it were from the base of the climax of the designer's ideal,

leaping and dancing in the sunlight, gliding from weir to weir, racing downward to the final plunge into the Grand Basin we see the waters of the three cascades. The glint and sparkle of the down-pouring torrents is visible from all parts of the Grand Court, and their rush and splash is audible from all the thoroughfares of the main picture. All is veiled in the spray of the four magnificent fountains, throwing their columns of water seventy-five feet into the air. Over these cascades ninety thousand gallons of water descend every minute. At night, when twenty thousand electric



A SIOUX CHIEF.

By "Dallin."

gloves, pink, and white, and yellow, deftly arranged, even hidden under the very steps and ledges themselves, lend their mellow light and force their vari-colored rays through the descending waters, the scene beggars description, and can be compared to nothing except some gorgeous fairy-like picture of surpassing loveliness. Take one of the picturesque gondolas, and as the gondolier in his quaint garb impels the strange craft over the miles of canals to the cadence of his weird chant, and as he forces his boat among the fountains up to the very cascade itself until you can pierce the descending sheet with your umbrella, and as the one hundred and twenty thousand electric lamps bathe the whole panorama of

palace, bridge, obelisk, statue and waterfall in a perfect flood of brightness, until every cornice, archway, dome and column stands out clearly defined against the dark background of the night sky flecked with its points of twinkling light, you may linger on enthralled with this scene of beauty. Then the hour of closing comes; imperceptibly the lights grow dimmer and dimmer until only a red glow is visible. The last faint color dies away; darkness envelops all; you wonder where the enchanting scene has gone, so gradual has been



COLONNADE.

the transformation, and you are left to find your way to the hotel and welcome rest.

The morning finds you busy again. The work of the landscape artist claims attention. You find your city of ivory palaces, of matchless grandeur and unrivalled beauty stands in the heart of a forest. Everywhere you turn, hill and valley, plateau and lowland, precipitous ravine and gently undulating slope has been seized upon and turned to profit. Over the thirty-five miles of Exposition roadway vistas of

perfect beauty are constantly revealing themselves. The Cascade Gardens, with their half mile southern sweep of rich embroidery of flowers ; or the Sunken Gardens, with their liberal use of sculpture and decorative detail ; or the replica of the Orangery of the Kensington Palace, with its hedges, hollyhocks, juniper and yew, its lions, peacocks and pleached alleys of Merry England two hundred years ago ; or the Gardens of Versailles, where you wander among arcades of trees interspersed with statuary, terrace above terrace solidly banked with French horticulture, until you find yourself in the court of the

Trianon, with its pavement of pink gravel and its cool plashing fountain ; or the Imperial Garden of Pekin, with its fragile pagoda, its pool of gold fishes, its Chinese lilies, peonies and roses ; or the Gardens of the Mikado's Palace, with their dwarf shrubs and quaint fountains ; or the ten acre rose garden, with its seventy-five thousand rose bushes and its million blossoms ; or the Gardens of the Desert, where grow the plants that thrive in arid places and among the rocks ; or the Wild Garden, where under the shade of giant oaks, among buttercups and daisies, you may listen to the purling brook as it babbles over its rocky bed or pours over the miniature falls on its way to the graceful lake beyond may claim your attention ; but whatever one it may be, you will find yourself lost in admiration.

Then there is the statuary. On the Plaza of St. Louis, directly in front of the Hall of Festivals, the two chief decorative features of the Exposition stand. The Louisiana Monument, one hundred feet high, rises from the south end of the Plaza facing the cascades. Thirty-five groups of statuary, commemorating the American genius which subdued the savagery of this New World, are found at its base, while crowning the shaft is Karl Bitter's statue of "Peace." At the north end of the Plaza is seen "The Apotheosis of St. Louis." This group symbolizes the cordial welcome extended by the City of St. Louis to her guests. Towering fifty feet into the air stands a massive



GOTHIC ART.

equestrian statue of the crusader, St. Louis, after whom the Exposition city is named. At the base of the statue is seated the matron, "St. Louis"; in her outstretched hands she holds an endless scroll recording her civic glories. Beside her are found the youthful figures of "Inspiration" and "Genius." Space would not permit even the bare mention of the historic figures and the allegorical groups which everywhere enrich the scene.

The exhibit palaces themselves are a marvel of beauty. Standing at the north end of the Plaza of St. Louis, and looking over the Grand Basin to Festival Hall, the palaces of Varied Industries and Electricity are on the right, and the palaces of Manufactures and Education on the left.



THE VARIED INDUSTRIES' BUILDING.

The Palace of Varied Industries covers fourteen and a half acres and cost \$650,000. It is in the style of the Renaissance. The architect has made a fine use of the Ionic column. The south facade is very striking with its elaborate entrance thrown back behind a circular portico of columns.

The Palace of Electricity is built in a pure classic style. The colonnade, formed of Corinthian columns of magnificent size, gives an inexpressible grandeur to the appearance of the building. The canal surrounds it entirely, and six bridges connect it with the main avenues. When lit at night it is a perfect blaze of light and presents the most imposing spectacle of the scene.

The Palace of Manufactures is a companion to the Palace of Varied Industries. The most important entrance is at the centre of the south facade. In the midst of the building is a circular court, treated with a colonnade in keeping with the exterior.

The Palace of Education is a companion to the Palace of Electricity. In it we find the Corinthian columns and the classic style. This is the first time in the history of great expositions that education has found a prominent place. "Knowledge is Power" is the motto of this great enterprise. Here we see exemplified the works of the public and parochial schools from the kindergarten to the continuation class. Here we can study the development of the High School and the Academy, and follow the course of training into the scientific,



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

technical, engineering schools and universities. But space would fail to even glance at each of the fifteen colossal palaces. We must just step up to the Art Hill, behind Festival Hall, and look over the Palace of Fine Arts. The main building is designed for a permanent art museum, and is built of Bedford stone. The east and west wings are temporary structures. Here we may wander, all the day long, through its one hundred and thirty-four galleries, gazing upon the masterpieces of the world's artists. From Canada to Great Britain, from Holland to Deutschland, from Italy to France, one may stray, and still there are "miles" of glowing canvasses to lure him on. At last he stands transfixed before Rochegrosse's elaborate triptich of "The Queen of Sheba Before Solomon," in its marvellous frame of wrought metal and gems, and he says, "It is enough, the half had not been told to me."

We must not forget Agricultural Hall, with its mammoth building, the largest ever constructed for exhibit purposes. Once inside its twenty-two acre enclosure, we commence to marvel at its seven miles of aisles, and its wilderness of exhibits. Here is everything pertaining to the farm and the products thereof. And as we stand in the centre of the colossal building, under Canada's dome of wheat, surrounded by her maple sugar, honey, butter, cheese and grain, as we note the surprising excellence of these, our country's, products, and as we



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

listen to the admiring remarks of the casual passerby, our breasts swell with pride and our hearts go out to God in gratitude for the benefits which He has showered on our Canadian land.

Of the exhibits we cannot speak. Volumes would fail to place before the reader the wealth of products which the world has contributed to the vast display. Suffice it to say that whenever the two young giants of the east and west, Japan and Canada, have entered the competition nothing but surprise and admiration is the result.

Now, what of the dear old "Pike," the home of the amusement lover, the resting place of the weary. It is the story-book land. All

creeds and customs are here. For a mile on either side of the "Pikeway" stretch the palaces of pleasure and illusion. Starting with the "Tyrolean Alps," and its ride up into the clouds and glaciers, its Swiss village overshadowed by mountains one hundred feet high; and passing on to the "Trip to Paris," going in a submarine boat and returning in an airship; pausing at the Irish village to climb the turrets of Blarney Castle and kiss the Blarney stone; on to Mysterious Asia, Wonderful Paris and Ancient Romē; we cannot leave without seeing Hale's Wonderful Fire Fighters, and the great sea fight in the



CORNICE, THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURERS.

naval exhibit. When it is all over the glamor and mystery still enshroud the "Pikeway," so that in our spare moments we return again and again to be but more and more enslaved by its witchery.

But the week has gone all too soon. We again consign ourselves to the care of the Grand Trunk officials, are borne homeward by the throbbing engine, and in due time find ourselves in dear old Toronto again, surrounded by the familiar faces and engrossed in our same old everyday duties, with St. Louis and the Fair and the "Pike" only as a pleasant memory of the past.

Two Canadian Women Writers.

BY MISS H. A. GRANGE, '04.

WETHER Canada has a genuine, a reputable and a national literature of her own or not is, perhaps, a debatable question. Certain it is that the Dominion has produced some writers who have won international reputation. But whether their number is large enough, and the volume of work produced sufficient and enduring enough to win a recognized place for Canadian literature among the world's library shelves is another matter. But, however critics may disagree on this point, no objection can be taken to the statement that Canadian women writers have done at least their full share towards



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT.

strengthening and widening their country's reputation among all lovers of good literature, whether in the realm of poetry or prose. Much of what is best in Canadian literature, both as to literary worth and local coloring, has been produced by Canadian women.

I shall speak of but two of them, Mrs. Jean Blewett and Mrs. Harrison, and, as I must be brief, the appreciation will necessarily be incomplete. I need only add that a study of the work of either Mrs. Blewett or of Mrs. Harrison, or, indeed, of any of the seven or eight other prominent women writers of Canada, will reveal a surprising amount of good literature bearing the hall-mark of true literary genius.

Mrs. Jean Blewett, whose verse is, perhaps, the most sincere and most sympathetic of all Canadian women writers, was born at Scotia, on Lake Erie, and received her education at the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. It was with the publication of "Cabinet Verses" that she first won the hearts of her readers and since then her influence has steadily grown. She speaks from the heart and to the heart. Her poetry shows a fine sympathy and tenderness, and the subtle power of embodying her inmost feeling in the living verse.

In 1893 Eugene Field wrote this of her :

"Once upon a time a great number of people were sending out their thoughts to the world in prose and verse. Once and awhile, among their high notes and their low notes, good prose and bad prose, there would be found something so fresh and fair and subtle that everyone paid heed to it, and by-and-by began to watch for it and to question, 'Who is the maker of it?' 'She is old,' said one. 'Only years could teach her the sweetness and fullness and sadness of life.' 'She is grave,' said another. 'She strikes the minor key note with a practised hand.' 'She is a strange, happy creature,' said yet another. 'The birds sing aloud and all the world laughs in some of her songs.' But the wise man said, 'She is a nun, for she could not tell of heaven as she does had she not climbed to its heights by holy living.' Then one day she, Jean Blewett, came among them in the body, and lo! she was just a girl, sweet-faced, clear-voiced, holding unconsciously the God-given dower, a poet's soul."

All of Mrs. Blewett's poems have been collected in a volume called "Heart Songs," and the quality of her work has led to her being called the "sweetest of Canadian poets." There is laughter in some of her poems, but most of them are read through tears. Indeed, the laughter of her song is always closely allied to tears.

In this poem we hear a mother speaking to her dead child :

"To you the great world was a place
That care might never stay in,
A play-ground built of God's good grace
For happy folks to play in.

"The white lids hide the eyes so clear,
So witching and beguiling ;
But as my eyes fall on you, dear,
Your lips seem softly smiling.

"Methinks when you stand all in white,
To learn each sweet new duty ;
Some eye will note with keen delight,
Your radiance and beauty.

"And when your laughter softly rings
 Out where God's streets do glisten,
 The angels fair will fold their wings,
 And still their songs to listen."

When Mrs. Blewett writes of Nature we get very close to Nature's heart. We catch the smell of leaves and moss and dew-wet grass ; we get the dappling of God's sunshine, the singing of His breezes and His birds, the breath of sweet briar and of soft green leaf. Here is one of her etchings—an original treatment of a well-worn theme :

Spring, with the warmth in her footsteps light, and the breeze and the
 fragrant breath,
 Is coming to press her radiant face to that which is cold in death.

For see, as she bends o'er the coffin deep—the frozen valley and hill—
 The dead river stirs, ah, that lingering kiss is making its heart to thrill.

And then as she closer and closer leans, it slips from its snowy shroud,
 Frightened a moment, then rushing away, calling and laughing aloud.

The hill where she rested is all abloom, the wood is green as of old,
 And wakened birds are striving to send their songs to the Gates of Gold.

Mrs. S. Francis Harrison, who is perhaps better known under her pen-name, "Seranus," was born in Toronto and her home is still there. She wrote for magazines when she was sixteen years old, but she did not do any serious literary work until about twelve years ago.

She was the first to explore the French-Canadian field for character and descriptive sketches, and bring the habitant, with all his unique characteristics, before us. Her half French nature eminently qualifies her for the delicacy of her task. Her poetry is decidedly original, and, at the same time, true to life. It is characterized by a daintiness and brightness as refreshing as the breath from the Canadian woods.

Her poems have been collected in a volume entitled "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis," which, as the title suggests, is a collection of old world forms with a Canadian and French-Canadian atmosphere.

Mrs Harrison's most characteristic poems are those which deal with French Canada—for example, "At St. Remi":

"I think of a land far over the sea,
 When I view the purple iris blooms,
 The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.

"When Susette, in her earrings of filigree,
 Dons her cap and shoulders her brooms,
 I think of the land far over the sea.

“ When I watch Nanon and old Marie,
 I seem to view in the whirling looms
 The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.

“ ’Tis ever the same at Saint Remi,
 They all suggest both girls and grooms,
 The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.

“ Banish—each fir, each prim pine tree,
 Banish—the wilds with their wintry gloom,
 I think, instead, of a land over sea,
 The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.”

Here is a sketch from “ Petite Saint Rosalie” :

“ Father Couture loves a fricassee,
 Served with a sip of home-made wine,
 He is a Curé, so jolly and free,

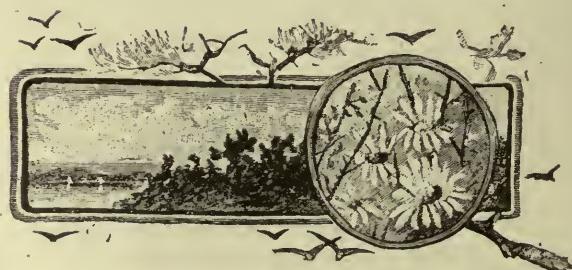
“ And lives at Petite Saint Rosalie.
 On Easter Sunday, when one must dine,
 Father Couture loves a fricassee.

“ No stern ascetic, no stoic is he,
 Preaching a rigid right divine,
 He is the Curé, so jolly and free.

“ That, while he maintains his dignity,
 When Lent is past and weather is fine,
 Father Couture loves a fricassee.

“ He kills the chicken himself—on dit,
 And who is there dare the deed malign,
 He is the Curé, so jolly and free.

“ Open and courteous, fond of a fee,
 The village deity, bland and benign,
 Father Couture loves a fricassee,
 He’s a sensible Curé, so jolly and free.”



The Old Boys.

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.

HAVING paid our respects to the "Young Ladies of the Olden Time" in the previous number, we may now be permitted to jot down a few notes about the "Old Boys":

His Honor Judge Dean, of Lindsay, the oldest living graduate of Victoria, this year completes fifty years of work since graduation. He may be called an old boy, and his jubilee is worth remarking. Only six degrees had been conferred prior to the year 1854. The recipients of these have all passed away—Hon. Judge Springer, Prof. W. P. Wright, Rev. Dr. Ormiston, James Campbell, Dr. C. M. D. Cameron and Hon. Senator Brouse. But there was a class of older boys, some of whom still survive, the boys of the Upper Canada Academy days, 1836 to 1841. The first degree was conferred in 1845. It will be fitting, therefore, that we draw up a list of the survivors of 1844 and earlier. Here, then, we call the roll of the students of sixty years ago and more. It will doubtless surprise many of the graduates to know that at least fourteen persons can answer "here" to the call. The list is shortening; since it was drawn up a couple of months ago, two names have been erased, and there are others who cannot expect to keep their places much longer in the ranks of the veterans.

The Hon. James C. Aikins came to the Academy from a farm in Toronto Township prior to 1840. He remained for several years. He has held responsible positions. At one time he was Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Now a member of the Senate of Canada, he is living quietly in Toronto, having completed his fourscore years.

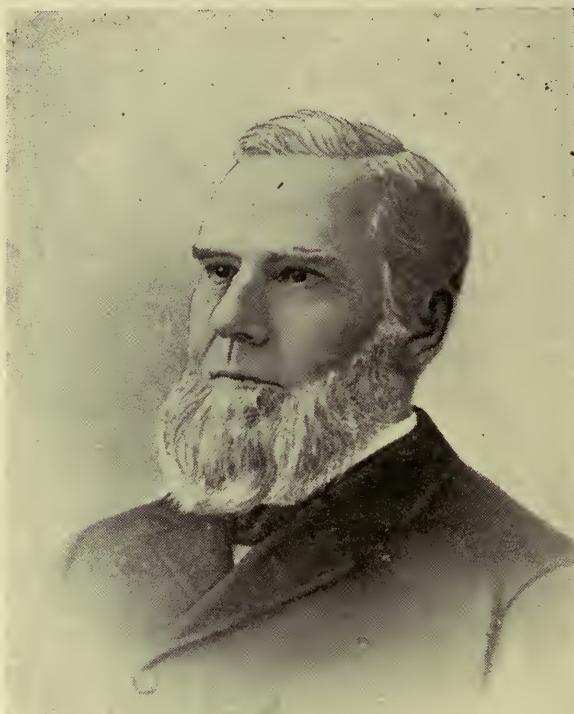
Columbus H. Green, a son of Rev. Dr. Anson Green, is practising law in Toronto. His father was an ardent supporter of the College in its earlier days—in fact, one of the founders. He has left us in his reminiscences some very interesting references to the stress and anxiety of the times.

James K. Griffin, of Galt, was the first of three brothers to come to College. His brother George, now of Parkdale, came soon after, and the third member of the family, Rev. Dr. W. S. Griffin, followed in 1847.

Dr. John George Hodgins had almost completed his course, when Dr. Ryerson, in 1844, made him chief clerk in his new office of Superintendent of Education. Dr. Hodgins' student days, therefore, began about 1842, and he is just completing his sixtieth year of continuous service in the Provincial Department of Education.

Ralph Helm, of Syracuse, was a member of the Helm family, of Cobourg, referred to in the previous article. Two of his sisters were students at the same time.

Allan McLean Howard. There were three Howards at the College in the early days—Rev. I. B. Howard, the well-known Methodist minister; Dr. Robert Palmer Howard, for many years a leading physician of Montreal, and Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill;



HON. JAMES C. AIKINS.

and young Allan McLean Howard, the son of James S. Howard, postmaster of York, and afterwards treasurer of the Home District. His father was a friend of Dr. Ryerson. For fifty years Mr. Howard has filled the office of clerk of the Division Court, and still lives in Toronto, where he was born in 1825.

His Honor Thomas Applebee Lazier, Judge of the County of Hastings, came from Shannonville, east of Belleville, and was a student in the days of Dr. Ryerson.

Hon. William MacDougall came to College in 1841 from a farm in Vaughan Township. After a long and distinguished political career he is now living in Ottawa in his eighty-first year. As his second wife he married the daughter of his old science teacher, Dr. John Beatty.

James Adams Matthewson is the veteran wholesale grocer of Montreal. He came up to the College as a student in the fall of 1837, and has a clear recollection of the boys of sixty-seven years ago. Out of his memory he has furnished us with a list of his fellow students, exceedingly valuable, as there is no printed list available earlier than that of 1840. He says that the two Indians, Henry B. Steinhauer and William Wilson, were the cleverest students then at the Academy.

Colonel Walker Powell came from Norfolk County. His father was then member for the county. Colonel Powell was in 1857 elected to the Parliament of Canada. He was for many years Adjutant-General of Canada. He is now on the retired list and is living in Ottawa. His son is M.P.P. for Ottawa.

Dr. James H. Richardson, the veteran Surgeon of the Toronto Gaol, naturally came to the Academy, for he was the son of Bishop Richardson, the man who distinguished himself in the war of 1812, before he became a Methodist minister. He has passed his 80th year.

Hon. Matthew H. Richey is now enjoying a quiet retirement in Halifax. He was the son of the first Principal of the Academy. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia from 1883 to 1888.

Peter Robertson, who is still living at Port Hope, was a student in 1837, the second year of the work at the Academy.

Charles Weller was a son of William Weller, who lived at Cobourg, and was known far and wide as the proprietor of the great stage coach line from York to Montreal. His Honor Charles Weller, lives at Peterboro', where he fills the honorable position of Judge of the County Court.

This list is probably not complete. It contains only those whose names could be got by search and enquiry. It is remarkable, however, that there should be living to-day at least fourteen men w' o were students from sixty to sixty-seven years ago. The standing of these men is also noteworthy. Another point as indicating the non-sectarian administration of the Academy in the early days, six out of the fourteen men referred to are non-Methodists.

NOTE.—After this paper had been sent to the printer the following notice was received : " Ralph Helm died at Syracuse on May 25th, 1904, aged 78 years."

Chloë's Blush.

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, '04.

WHEN Chloë walks to Varsity,
 A pretty sight she is to see ;
 Her modest smile, her eyes downcast,
 Her stately gait, nor slow nor fast,
 Her little feet, that in and out
 Her comely gown play hide and seek,
 Show her a maiden coy and meek,
 A harmless dove without a doubt.

But, lo ! on either cheek I see
 A rosy blush. What may it be ?
 A danger signal flaming there
 To bid the passer-by beware.

But why for her these beacons' glow—
 This modest, harmless, tender maid—
 Need men of *her* be aught afraid,
 That she should ever warn them so ?

Alas ! too well this fact I know,
 That wheresoever she doth go
 That danger signal she should wear
 To bid mankind all have a care.

For thus full many a guileless swain,
 Seeing this Circe of our streets,
 Who charms to madness all she meets,
 Would shun her, and his heart retain.

For underneath each fluttering lid
 A fathomless abyss is hid,
 Wherein she lures by secret arts
 Her victims, and then steals their hearts.

Deep as the sea, profound, serene,
 O wondrous fair are Chloë's eyes !—
 Beware ! In each a Cupid lies,
 A poisoned dart's in every gleam.

Nay, more. The little cheek so round,
 Where can a modester be found ?
 Observe the smiles that tremble there,—
 They dazzle first, and then ensnare.

Each dimple is a pitfall deep—
 Ah me! How many hearts they hold
 Of noble youths and students bold
 Which, prisoned there, for ever sleep.

That crimson-tinted orifice
 Appealingly invites a kiss—
 Its nectar's poison-laden more
 Than dark Medea's draughts of yore.

It steals the reason of a youth,
 Until at length by magic power
 The reckless lover of an hour
 Becomes a fool in very truth.

Right well, then, wheresoe'er she goes,
 A warning Mistress Chloë shows ;
 And he who heeds may shun her view,
 And keep his heart and reason, too.

But yet, I swear, I should prefer
 To lose my reason for the prize
 Of one long look in Chloë's eyes,
 Than never to have met with her.

Canadian Journalism—Its Opportunities and Rewards.

BY E. W. GRANGE, '99.

WHAT are the openings for the university graduate in Canadian journalism, what the status and requirements of the profession—if profession it may be called—and what the rewards to be expected? Graduates and students of Victoria looking for a sphere of life-work may be interested in the above queries. I shall endeavor to answer them as luminously and as fully as I may, in view of the limitations of space imposed.

First, as to the openings in Canadian newspaper work. There is an open door to all who aspire to enter. No other professional calling is hedged about by so few arbitrary conditions as to preliminary qualifications. The members of the press have attained their positions under conditions of absolutely free competition. Anyone, college graduate or office-boy, will find ajar the door to the reportorial rooms of newspaperdom. If the applicant show energy, a disposition

to take pains, a fair fund of general information, quickness of apprehension, tact, a knowledge of human nature and the ability to write clearly and quickly, he need not wait long for a position on the press. His work is immediately judged on its merits. There is a daily audit in the newspaper field which is found in no other occupation. Has a man been careless or inaccurate? Has he failed to get as good a "story" as his rivals on other journals? Is his English slipshod or his presentation of news items uninteresting or inadequate? His sins are patent with the issue of the day's papers. His progress, efficiency and status are gauged daily with unerring accuracy and, if he fail to measure up to the stern standards of the press, he must promptly make way for others.

No graduate or student need wait long for an opportunity to do newspaper work. His future success will depend on merit and on "newspaper" ability alone. The only privileges are those secured by individual fitness.

As to the character of the work itself. After completing a university course, the candidate for a career on the press must take his place among the learners. A university degree carries little weight with a city editor. Graduate, or no graduate, he must master the methods of getting the news of the day, the art of imparting it in a form that will attract all readers, and the innumerable processes, partly mechanical, partly systematic, which go to make up the drudgery portion of newspaper life. Much of the work, especially at first, is of comparatively humble character—the collecting and setting forth of the diverse happenings of the day in plain, concise fashion, and at the same time as graphically as possible. He must learn to make a constant adjustment to different conditions of work. He must learn to consider the taste of the public rather than his own taste. He must develop the art of rapid thought and of rapid writing. A succinct and comprehensive report of a two-hours' address may have to be in print one hour after it has been delivered, or an appreciative and correct criticism of a Shakespearian play may have to be constructed almost off-hand. And further, and, perhaps, most important of all, he must consider the exigencies of the business office, the requirements of the political allegiance of his paper and the law of libel. Hard experience soon teaches him how different is the atmosphere of the newspaper office from that of the college court.

But with this increasing experience there come increasing opportunities and a better class of work. There are special missions to different parts of the country for the reporter who has been tried and found worthy. There are large issues to develop and illumine in

politics, in religious and educational work, in scientific research, in municipal and moral movements, in national and international affairs. The growing journalist's influence widens, his outlook becomes broader and the nature of his work grows more dignified and more congenial. The next step is into the editor's chair.

Then, too, there must be considered the glamor and spice of the newspaper man's life. He is always in touch with men and events. With Juvenal he can truly say: *Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.* He is gaining an ever-increasing fund of general information and a quickening comprehension of the trend and bearing of large popular movements. And last, but not least, are the free "passes"—the opportunities of travel, of hearing the best in music, in the drama, in lectures and entertainments of every sort.

I have spoken from the standpoint of the large or fairly large daily journals, of which there are in Canada not more than a score, situated in Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Vancouver and Victoria. Of the really large English dailies in Canada there are not more than eight or ten. Newspaper work on the weekly papers which serve rural constituencies, small towns or villages, or on the small dailies involves, of course, special consideration. Suffice it to say here, however, that the energies of the journalist on these papers are taken up with a much wider variety of effort than is the case on the large dailies. The mechanical and business part of his work is much more prominent. He is editor, reporter and printer's devil at once, looking after the news end of the paper as well as superintending the executive and business ends. He is subject to the limitations of revenue and of space, and to the intense localism of the constituency he serves. However, there is the consolation of knowing that he is a large power in the public life of the community. His income is usually fair and, if he owns his paper, frequently considerably above the average of his fellow citizens. If he so desires, he may enter political life, knowing that the printing office is the anteroom to Parliament or the Legislature.

Finally, what are the rewards to be expected? Unless a man has prospects of acquiring sufficient capital to eventually control a paper of his own, or at least, to obtain an interest in one, the scale of pecuniary reward for a Canadian newspaper writer is not tempting to a man conscious of talent and anxious to secure a substantial return. Starting at, say, seven dollars per week he may, in the course of a few years, be drawing as an experienced and capable reporter in Toronto or Montreal twenty or twenty-two dollars per week. And the reporters who are earning that much are decidedly few. In an editorial posi-

tion the salary ranges, as a general rule, from \$1,200 to \$2,000 per year. The men who are drawing more than that in Canada may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The same ability and the same energy applied in business life or in other professions would bring very considerably larger returns.

However, to men of Victoria, it is needless to speak of the fact that monetary considerations should not be paramount in determining a life calling. The influence of the press and its opportunities for good—or for evil—are undoubtedly greater than that of any other agency, not even excepting the pulpit. In a man's work lies his greatest pleasure and reward. And besides the objective influences of journalism, there are its subjective influences. To be a successful journalist one must understand the people. To understand the people is to understand ourselves, and self-knowledge, the sages say, is the only solid foundation for all other knowledge.

The Canadian press as a whole is decent and sane. There is a good place and fair prospects in it for college men of the moral and intellectual calibre of Victoria graduates. It has, as has been noted, its defects and its limitations, but these are of circumstances inherent to a young country. They are not due to the sanity of judgment or the moral stamina of its writers. The press of Canada has kept well abreast of national morality and education.

Mail and Empire, Toronto.

Book Reviews.

Bubbles We Buy. By Alice Jones. Toronto : William Briggs, 1903, 409 pp.

The promise given by Miss Jones' first novel, "The Night-Hawk," has been amply redeemed by her second, now in its third edition. The Honorable Jonathan Bauer, of "The Moorings," Nova Scotia, has amassed a great fortune by trading on the seas, but there were many rumors that this trading had bordered on piracy or slave-trading. By his first wife he had had one daughter, who had, after the death of her mother, finally rebelled against her hard lot and miserly though rich father, and had left him to become the wife of a dyspeptic preacher, named Clinch. Their son, Gilbert, had likewise rebelled against the religion and narrowness of his parents, and set out to win his own way in the world. This he does successfully, and becomes a rising and famous alienist. He is, however, ignorant of his family history, and is American by adoption. The opening chapter of the story is in the death-chamber of Jonathan Bauer, who is attended by

his second wife, said to be a slave-girl he won at cards. With her are Bauer's two trusty servants, Ellen Sievert and Isaac Neisner. The fearful raging of the night-storm makes a fitting time for the flight of the old pirate's soul.

According to the will read after the funeral the immense estate is left, one-third to the widow, and two-thirds to her son. They immediately set out for England, buy a seat on the Thames, and as the Nugent-Barrs become landed gentry. But a second will, made the week before death, had divided the property into three equal parts, of which Gilbert Clinch was to have one, and not merely the old home-stead as by the first will.

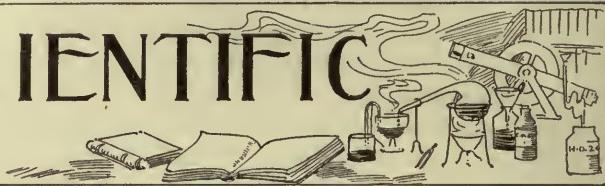
We are then introduced to the third group of principal actors, Andrew Broderick, a gifted artist, who is developing into a hopeless madman; Isabel, his equally gifted wife, who had married for wealth, not love, and the little four-year-old boy who is to meet death at the hands of his insane father. Gilbert Clinch has been called in to consult on Broderick's case, becomes the high-salaried attendant physician, and in search of a quiet summer home for the invalid discovers "The Moorings," of which Isaac Neisner is the caretaker, waiting for the inheritor to turn up. After the death of the child there, the incurable father is taken back to Boston and placed in an asylum. The stricken wife and mother goes over to England and settles at Heathholm on the Thames. Here she falls in with her unsuspected neighbors, the Barrs, whose daughter Margaret (Meg) is a devoted admirer of hers at first. Her brother, Jack, a fine fellow, falls in love with the supposed widow, and to heal his sorrow goes to South Africa, where he falls at the head of his company at Elands-laagte. During all this time the grandmother is trying hard to bring about a marriage between the impulsive Meg and the rich young Italian officer, Count Ripamonti. It was here at Florence that Clinch stumbles upon his relatives. The old grandmother now suspects that he will go to England to claim his property, and the climax is soon reached.

Madame de Barre de Fer-de-Lance, as she calls herself, dies without making restitution, her miserly son does not heed Jack's wishes for an honorable settlement, Meg runs off with the rake, Lord Vernade, and Gilbert Clinch renounces all claim to the ill-starred wealth of the Barrs, for Isabel Broderick, by the death of her husband, is free to marry the man she loves, and her wealth is sufficient.

By the story Miss Jones has placed herself in the front rank of our Canadian writers. It is much more absorbing than the usual run of novels, and the character-sketching is, on the whole, well done.

L. E. H.

SCIENTIFIC



The Evolution of an Element.

BY ION A. DAWSON.

(Continued from page 422.)



THE electrical hypothesis now exists no longer as such, for, resulting from the discovery of radium, and from the ensuing investigation of its properties, this hypothesis has been advanced to the status of a harmonious theory. In 1896 M. Becquerel made the parent discovery of the wonderful property of radio-activity. He found that the scarce element, uranium, spontaneously and continually emitted radiation — Becquerel rays — which exhibited many of the phenomena of cathode and of X-rays, but which differed from these in requiring no exciting agency such as electricity for their production. In 1898, Mme. Sklodowska Curie and Prof. Curie, of Paris, while investigating Becquerel rays, found that some samples of the uranium ore, pitchblende, possessed four times the activity of uranium. After the conclusion of a series of researches they concluded that the ore must contain some other substance distinct from uranium, and possessing a higher radio-activity. They then undertook a long and painstaking quest, and finally succeeded in separating out a very small quantity of a substance resembling bismuth in its chemical characteristic, and having a radio-activity power three hundred times as great as that of uranium. This substance was christened "Polonium," after Mme. Curie's native land, Poland. It is still very much doubted whether this substance should be considered as one of the elements. In the same year the Curies isolated the marvellously active substance, Radium, obtaining one and a half grammes from one ton of pitchblende, at a cost which makes it worth three thousand times its weight in pure gold. This climax of radio-active substances chemically resembles the element beryllium, and its purest preparations have an activity which is two million times the uranium unit.

The method of measuring the strength of a radio-active substance depends upon its power of increasing the electric conductance of a gas. An electrometer is charged up with electricity, and the rate of discharge is noted when a given exposed surface-area of the substance is placed in an air gap in the discharging circuit. The strength of uranium as determined by this method has been adopted as the unit of measurement. For an indication of the delicacy of the measurement we have the following comparison: The least weight that can be detected by the best balance is one-hundredth of a milligram; one-millionth of this amount will be indicated by a spectroscope; Mme. Curie has stated that the electroscopic test is 150,000 times more delicate than the spectroscopic, although radium gives one of the most sensitive spectrum reactions.

Radium is self-luminous, and maintains a continual temperature of 2.7° Fah. above the surrounding atmosphere. This means that it gives off sufficient heat to melt its own weight of ice each hour. It is a remarkable fact that, at the temperature of liquid hydrogen, this evolution of heat is increased a considerable amount. This would indicate that the source of energy in these cases is not an ordinary chemical molecular change. Radium possesses amazing physiological properties, and is now quite extensively used in the treatment of cancer and kindred diseases. Although the free metal has not been separated out from its commoner compounds, the chloride and the bromide, yet it gives many indications of being an element. Runge and Precht, from measurements of its spectrum, have calculated its atomic weight as 257, thus giving it the greatest known atomic weight. Mme. Curie, from the probably less accurate method of chemical analysis, has obtained the value 225, which is smaller than the atomic weight of thorium, an element which is radio active to a much less degree.

The most instructive properties of the substance are those which have been observed in the study of its emanation and its radiations. Prof. Rutherford and M. Soddy, of McGill University, have very thoroughly investigated both classes of phenomena, and they have concluded that "radio-activity is a consequence or accompaniment of sub-atomic chemical change." The radiations are of three types, and the rays composing them have been termed alpha, beta, gamma. The alpha rays are probably composed of atoms of helium, a gas present in the atmosphere of the sun. These atoms are projected with an immense velocity—16,000 miles per second—and carry positive charges of electricity, as may be proved by their deflection in a

magnetic field opposite in direction to that of the negatively-charged cathode particles. They are weak in penetrative power on account of their size, and, as might be expected, generate considerable heat on impact. They produce strong phosphorescence in several minerals and on screens of certain metallic salts, while they possess to an eminent degree the power to ionize a gas. The beta rays consist of floods of corpuscles, particles of radiant matter, projected with a velocity approaching that of light. They carry negative charges, and, in short, these rays are similar in nearly all respects to cathode rays. The gamma rays move in straight lines in a magnetic field, and are generally considered to be irregular ethereal waves, originated in much the same manner as are the Röntgen rays. Both the beta and the gamma rays surpass the alpha rays in penetrative power, as is indicated by the following numbers, which are the thicknesses of aluminium which reduce their intensities one-half:

Alpha rays	0.0005	cms.
Beta "	0.05	"
Gamma rays	8	"

The emanation from radium behaves like a heavy gas with an atomic weight of about forty. It diffuses slowly and quietly through the air, and may be conducted through tubes. At a temperature not far above liquid air it may be condensed. It passes unchanged through sulphuric acid, and in general behaves like argon, which is chemically inert. It excites feeble luminosity, and, it is believed, is the sole agent in inducing the temporary radio-activity in surrounding objects. Besides this emanation two other products of decomposition have been recognized, but these have not yet been fully investigated.

Prof. J. J. Thomson has calculated that the amount of energy of radio-active change set free by a given weight of radium must be at least twenty thousand times as great as the energy of any molecular change, and he has also stated that from one square cm. surface of the substance there would be a loss of weight of only one one-thousandth of a milligram in one million years. As already stated, the weight of available evidence points to the fact that radium is one of the elements, and that its activity is not due to molecular decomposition. Then, in order to explain these singular phenomena, Prof. Rutherford has put forward the Hypothesis of Atomic Disintegration, based in part on the Electronic Theory. It is held that there is a comparatively immense store of energy within the atom of all substances; that the

equilibrium existing among the forces within the atoms of radium is being continually disturbed by some unknown internal or external cause, so that an almost infinitesimal proportion of the atoms are constantly breaking up, throwing away about one per cent. of themselves as atoms of helium probably. The residual substance remaining in the pores of the original material is the emanation, which appears to be a very unstable gaseous element; this emanation is also radioactive, and in turn disintegrates, projecting more atoms of helium, and leaving a residue likewise radio-active. Five stages in this process are known, and it is apparently continued indefinitely until one of the residues seems ultimately to pitch away negative electrons only. These electrons are also doubtlessly projected as splinters with each successive disruption of molecules.

Similar radio-active phenomena are given by the doubtful elements polonium and actinium, as well as by the established elements uranium and thorium, though in the case of the latter the activity is only about one-millionth that of radium. It is a fact also of great importance that all substances appear to possess to a slight extent this fatal quality of atomic disintegration and to a much greater degree on being negatively electrified, while the strength of the activity also increases with the atomic weight. It was for the more secure establishment of these generalities that investigations were very successfully carried out by Dr. McLennan in our own "physical laboratory".

Thus in the science of radio-activity not only is found excellent substantiation of the Electronic Theory of Matter, but we are justified in developing a hypothesis of the Evolution of the Elements. We may speculate that a formless mist of electrons was the fundamental substratum out of which our planet was very slowly evolved. By some cause these units became systematized into groups, and, just as in the case of the formation of crystals a limited number of symmetrical and stable configurations of molecules is possible, so the grouping of the electrons was governed by similar laws. The first groupings were without doubt manifestly unstable, and soon these disintegrated, originating new and more stable systems. During the earlier stages the transitions took place in comparatively quick succession, yet in some cases not so rapid, even in a substance like radium, but that its life as such may be reckoned by thousands of years. In the later stages, such as may be taking place at present in our ordinary elements, the process of evolution has become inconceivably slow, those configurations remaining longest according to the principle of the Survival of the Stablest.

Modern views have been broadened to explain the phenomena associated with radium and with Crookes' tubes, and there has been introduced a conception of matter and force as merging one into the other. The greatest scientific problems of the future will probably find their solution in this shadowy realm between the known and the unknown, while beyond it lie ultimate and subtle realities. And already powerful methods of attack have been contrived to know the mystery of the Electron, for "a mystery is a thing to be solved, and man continues to master the impossible." In such a way do we learn to comprehend an Infinite in Nature, and those who see must clearly and truly discern in all—

"That God, which ever lives and loves—
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."



AGRICULTURAL HALL.

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS



M.A. Examinations in Sz-Chuan, China.

BY J. L. STEWART, B.A., '01.

(Translated copy of examination paper.)

Emperor Kwang Shii 29th, year (1903), Sz-Chuan Province.

Grace Examination Themes.

Paper No. 2.

Answer five questions.



J. L. STEWART, B.A.

1. Western nations, though they lay great stress on the study of the handicrafts, still in the selection of their higher officials require a thorough acquaintance with the art of higher government. Discuss the significance of this.

2. The term "treasury" of the Cheo dynasty (B.C. 1122-249) is the same as the term "national bank" of the present day. The object of this bank was to lend money on interest to the people and store up goods until the prices rose. It is evident from this, therefore, that they had the control of commercial matters in their hands. What place is most suitable for such a bank to be established at the present time?

3. The military preparations of Western nations are very elaborate, yet they do not lightly give occasion for strife. Is this in accord with the aims of the Minister of War under the Cheo dynasty, who "did not forget how to fight, but still did not delight in war?"

4. The mechanical inventions of foreign nations are daily new and daily changing. Granted it is but proper for us to select and make use of the best of their inventions, not using those of no advantage to the hindrance of those which would be for our gain, how many are there that China can utilize?

5. The newspaper offices of East and West are of considerable advantage to their governments. What are their regulations? Should

China adopt these offices with a view to the increase of circulation and choice of papers?

Such was the second of three papers to be written on by those already possessing the B.A. and seeking the M.A. degree. The first had to do with Chinese history, the third with the doctrines of Confucius. The above has been selected since it bears upon foreign affairs, and may suggest how some of our civilization is at present viewed by the best educated men of this Empire. It reveals at once a mind steeped deep in the history of his country's remote past, and who views affairs from the standpoint of Confucian ethics, but it reveals much more.

The significance of the first question lies in the fact that for generations the Chinese scholar has assumed the attitude that it might be quite right that foreigners were very nimble and smart in the handicrafts, but when it came to the head they had studied nothing of the great principles of statecraft. In the question all such presumptuous pomposity is quashed, and the *literati* are requested to recognize the situation and discuss the significance of the lesson to China. It must at least imply in future specialization of study in lieu of the from time immemorial memorizing of the classics, and further a looking to the West for aid in the art of government.

The second question suggests how commerce has leaped into importance. Formerly it was a thing to be tabooed as dealing with barbarians who, having neither silks, tea nor rhubarb, sought them in China. Now it is to be treated as a vital factor, while banks and harvests are to be the thought of educators and future rulers. The fact is, that Chinese coinage is at present a hopeless muddle. Shanghai and seaboard cities are loaded with Mexican and Hong Kong silver. Here in Chentu we have lump silver, coined silver and dollars and cents, old string brass cash and newly-coined fifty, twenty, ten and five cent cash pieces. As these all differ again from province to province, and often indeed from city to city the need of reform is apparent. For some time past a standard of coinage has felt to be an absolute necessity both for foreign and domestic exchange. The question is based on this and on discussion already raised as to a great national bank for China and its most suitable situation.

The third question suggests the calm of Confucian ethics attempting a favorable view of the feverish activity of the present to perfect a Chinese army, and to find justification for it from the past. On the great parade grounds, a stone's throw from our compounds, a thousand men dressed in trim blue uniforms, foreign straw hats (in winter),

well armed with new guns and inspired with blaring foreign horns, are at it from dawn to dark drilling or practising gymnastics under the direction of bright Japanese or European trained Chinese instructors. The day of China's humiliations in military matters is vanishing fast. It is hopeful that the commendable peace-loving spirit suggested by the examiner may permeate her military prowess.

The fourth reveals the quandary in which China has frequently found herself. She has sent abroad for expensive machinery, purchased by inexperienced men, only to find on its arrival that she had not the ability to utilize it, or that her purchase was rendered practically useless by the improvement of new inventions. This the examiner recognizes and would suggest to the *literati* that careful inquiry be first made as to what manner of machinery is really required to develop the Empire's resources, and then what particular kinds experience has taught to be best adapted for the purpose.

In the fifth, an empire with the oldest newspaper in history is looking to the West for hints of how to control the printing press offspring of to-day. At present China is being flooded with literature, especially magazines and papers, good, bad or indifferent. The examiner, while recognizing the good to the country to be derived from such an agency, yet sanely enough sees that pernicious papers are also published, and that some control seems advisable. Doubtless, too, as an official of his Empress, he is hinting at the shutting out of the writings of certain reformers who are decidedly anti-dynastic, as seen in the famous Su Pas case recently tried in Shanghai. As a sign of its significance, since this examination an official news depot has been established here which exercises a sort of censorship over the literature circulated in the province.

Where are the students to obtain information upon these themes? For their other two papers they have their histories and the classics. For this in the great Province of Sz-Chuan there are so far no schools. They may trust, therefore, to the magazines of the missionary presses, native papers and Japan, together with translated books upon various subjects by the Diffusion Society. With this self-obtained knowledge the students come from country hut, wayside hamlet or city compound, from every condition in life save sons of barbers, harlots, actors, yamen runners or murderers, from far and wide over the populous plains and remote mountain regions along the Thibetan border to compete with the thronging thousands for their country's honors. And this though they know that of the thousands only ten or twelve candidates can be successful. But to become an M.A. means almost

certainly to become an official, and that means honor, riches and power.

The examinations are conducted in the imperial city, a high-walled citadel in the capital's centre, built some two hundred years ago, when it was thought an emperor would come here, as the Chinese say, to "play a while." Inside these walls, as has been frequently described, the examination space is covered with small shanties, in each of which a student is penned off to eat, sleep, write and have his being during the three days allowed for each paper. This would seem despotically strict, but despite the requirements we were informed that students move about rather freely and that impersonations and assistance are constant factors.

It was an interesting scene as they swarmed out after their three days' imprisonment. We had risen with the sun that we might be present to present Scriptures and other literature. The great gates, sealed with the long strips of paper bearing the official stamp, had not yet opened when we arrived, so the outer guard politely regaled us with tea and talk in the reception room. We were informed that over thirteen thousand students were writing, that the Government provided wash water and a cooking furnace, and each student with an egg and cube of bean and rice twice daily, all else were extras. But three guns were fired and we hurried to our platforms. Soon the seals strained, the gates swung and a crowd of coolies rushed for the opening. High over their heads and through the forest of bamboo batons which the guards were plying merrily, yet mercifully, upon the mass, we could see a serried stream of boxes, baskets, bags, bundles, and following each a broad-brimmed hat of green, yellow or red. As they came closer we found that the baggage rested on the heads of carriers, while each oilcloth hat covered and was college colors to a student who struggled along holding hard to the string which was his only check on his belongings. What a motley throng they were: well-fed young fellows in silks, sons of officials welcomed by a score of friends and assisted by servants, long-visaged fellows from some far-off mountain village, here and there one so hard up that he bears his own basket upon his back, young boys in their teens full of the fun of it, old men with long braided grizzled beards and hoary hair, mumbling and jabbering to themselves as they go panting past, little cripples, lean six-footers, jolly fatties of the tug-of-war type. All day, save for occasional intervals when the gates closed, the stream struggled by in single files. They received the books courteously, many pushing back through the crowd to search for more. Only two cases were recorded of refusal,

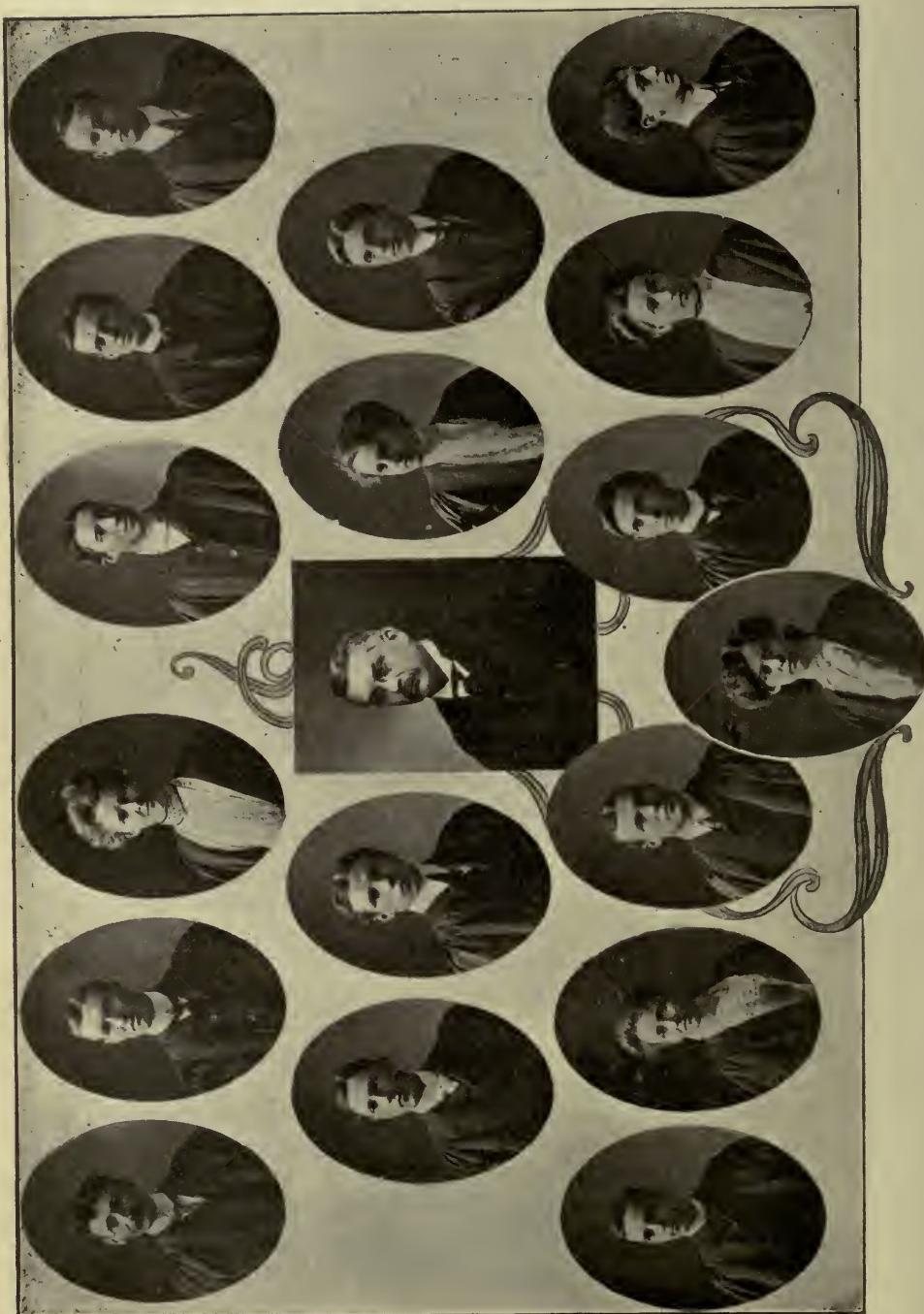
one passing by in lofty disdain, the other "didn't want stuff wrapped up in barbarian paper." By four o'clock we were finished, having distributed some thirty thousand portions. Redeeming our wheels from a neighboring tea shop we rode home feeling that we had sown seed broadcast in some of the best soil of the empire.

All this is full of promise to those of us who are endeavoring to invest our influence for China. That one paper of the three, or one-third of the requirements for attaining the M.A. degree, should be knowledge of foreign relationships, that these should embrace such important fields as art of government, commerce and coinage reform, sane military prowess, machinery for development of resources and the cultivation of the power of the press; that in all this Western civilization is acknowledged superior; that there should be men of calibre capable of grasping the situation so far and of setting such papers; that these thousands of students all over this and other provinces will be searching these subjects; that they should be equally approachable along the line of religious thought—all these are significant of how widely the leavening influences of civilization and Christianity have already worked their way and are pregnant with power for a sane and sure future progress. I am satisfied, as you think these things over, you will agree with the many here who feel that the great open door in China to-day is Christian education. It is depressing to think what energy these thousands must expend uselessly from lack of guidance, but encouraging that even now earnest efforts are being made to establish a school system. Assuredly any son of Victoria will find abundant scope for his scholarship here, be he linguist or philosopher, mathematician or medical, natural, political or practical scientist. Should the present struggle between Russia and Japan result, as many prophesy, in the sad sight of the partition of this ancient empire and Sz-Chuan come with the Yangtse Valley under British influence, then the obligation of an educational propaganda will be, if possible, more imperative.

Canadian Methodist Mission,
Chentu, Sz-Chuan.



EXECUTIVE OF THE CLASS OF '04, FALL TERM, 1903.



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Editorial.

'04. The class of '04 has completed its undergraduate period, and its members have been classified and distributed among the fossil remains of the Alumni. Time has jostled us rudely from the pleasant scenes of undergraduate life; may he deal gently with our memory. Concerning the past we have little to say. If we have helped any, we thank them for the opportunity; if we have offended any, we ask that they do unto us as they would be done by, for we have offended unwittingly. But, however others may regard us, we have for those of our undergraduate acquaintance only the pleasantest of remembrances. So we leave with the realization that we have received much good, and we fain would hope that we have been of some service to others.



MERCENARY MOTIVES. A distinguished member of the University Senate in a recent speech expressed his regrets at the apparent domination of the materialistic spirit in university studies. He also thought it most unfortunate that the student should be continually confronted with the dread spectre of examinations. To this our better self gives its approval. But, unfortunately, the most of us are confronted with the problem of existence—

the bread and butter problem ; and thus, with a natural predilection for matters relating to food and raiment, our thoughts lose sight of lofty ideals. And it seems that this tendency is inevitable. The average Canadian student is not a scion of a noble house, nor the son of a millionaire, whose broad acres and ample revenues might incline him to disregard the question of a gainful occupation. He is not indigent ; his daily undergraduate wants are supplied, but for future provision he must depend upon his own efforts. Moreover he has been reared in a democratic environment ; his ambitions have been aroused, fed by precepts, and stimulated by examples which inculcate that the highest positions in professional, political or commercial life are open to him. But the student knows that money is power ; he realizes that the worthy patrons of culture who advise him are enabled to assume such enviable rôles because either they or their ancestors devoted considerable time to the acquirement of wealth. What wonder, then, if the student says : "I must first be about my business," and that, in nine-tenths of such cases, is the securing of a livelihood.

Another question obtrudes itself. If our educational authorities are really sincere in their denunciation of the mercenary spirit and of the narrowness which the competitive system engenders, why do they continue to attach so much importance to prizes and to class standing ? Why find fault with students for giving considerable attention to examinations when it is by such tests that their scholastic standing is determined before the world ? Who in the published reports and on Commencement Day receives the place of honor ? Is it the broad, symmetrically developed student of varied acquirements whose sympathies have been broader than his studies ; or is it the "plug" whose course has been shaped with the one idea of excelling in a particular department of study ? Invariably it is the "plug." No one with any accurate knowledge of students will say that the first man is always the best scholar. Concisely stated, examinations are the test of a student's ability to give the maximum of required information in the minimum limit of time. Thus is one's power of expansion measured by one's ability to contract.

We hope no one will consider these remarks as the complaint of disappointed ambition. They are intended to be a plea for consistency. In recent years we have heard from professors and eminent laymen many exhortations for a broad and liberal culture. If this advice is good, then, as an encouragement, some inducement ought to be offered to make its recommendations at least popular.

"STARS." Many students are now lamenting because their record has been tarnished with stars. Some consider this a mark of disgrace, and severely censure themselves for having wasted many golden hours of opportunity. To shed a few tears of sincere repentance over one's delinquencies is not unmanly; but to become disconsolate is to display a weakness which is contemptible. But the matter has a pleasanter side: out of these apparent failures much good arises. For he who fails in examinations and still perseveres becomes an unconscious philanthropist. His extra fees swell the deficient revenues of the university; and what object is more worthy of our aid? It is in such cases that "we build far better than we know." To many a star is truly a blessing in disguise. It develops fortitude, perseverance and a liberality which, though constrained, is nevertheless as beneficial in its results as the unsolicited gifts of boundless munificence.



THE FUNCTION The question is sometimes asked: Ought a college OF A COLLEGE. to concern itself with national questions? In reply we would ask: Can a college rightly ignore national questions? We think it cannot. Some hold that the purpose of a college should be to give its students a sound scientific or literary education; to lay the groundwork of development, leaving the individual to draw his own conclusions. Or, to change the simile, the function of a college is considered to be similar to that performed by a certain kind of mining equipment, namely, to mine the ore of knowledge, raise it to the surface, and then dump it in convenient receptacles. Knowledge, however, is of very little benefit to the student unless he has assimilated it and can apply it to the problems of practical life. This being so, where can he better learn the process of application than at college? We are strongly inclined to the opinion that if, by the time of graduation, the student has not learned to think for himself, he either came to college too soon, or he should have confined himself to subjects more in keeping with the compass of his feeble mind.



ESSAY CONTEST. The constitution of the Union Literary Society calls for an Annual Essay Contest, to be conducted under the direction of ACTA Board. In order to give intending competitors more time for preparation, the incoming Board hereby announces the subject and conditions of the approaching contest.

All competitors must be *bona fide* members of either the Union or Woman's "Lit," paid-up subscribers to ACTA or members of the Board. All essays are to be written solely for ACTA, become its property, and must be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by November 30th, 1904. They must bear no name, and contain not less than 1,500 or more than 2,500 words.

The Advisory Board of ACTA and the Professor of English in Victoria will be the judges, with power to set a standard of excellence. For the best essay reaching that standard a prize of \$15 will be awarded; but no award shall be made unless there be competition.

A suggested topic is "Canadian Citizenship: its honors, powers, obligations and hopes," but any subject suitable for publication in the Literary, Missionary, Scientific or Athletic Departments may be selected. Intending competitors should communicate with the editor-in-chief as soon as possible.



RECOLLECTIONS. The pleasures of college life are now only memories. The many incidents which have given us pleasure are as yet still fresh in mind; Time has not yet sifted them and determined their qualities. But we feel like speculating as to which will remain green amidst the frosts of age and circumstances. When, for instance, in future years some of us meet perchance, and talk over college days, will we recount the honors and the prizes won, or the offices held? We think not. Most of us have no honors to boast of, and as for offices, membership on the "Bob Committee" will be the only one considered worthy of mention, and these fortunate individuals will be the envy of all. No, not our scholastic standing but the "Bob" will take first place; then our Freshmen-experiences; then our Sophomore escapades. Following these will come the recollection of a few sensational speeches in the "Lit," the Senior Dinners and a half-dozen good practical jokes in which we figured prominently. This forecast may seem a little strange to some, but we have no doubt it will be borne out. After all, men and women are but big children. As they grow older they may change their playthings, but the sportive spirit still remains. Napoleon is credited with saying, "scratch a Russian and you get a Tartar"; and he is indeed an unordinary individual who, if the covering of a few years' conventionalities are removed, does not disclose the spirit of his youth.

PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES



Obituaries.



ON April 10th, 1904, at his home in Brampton, Mr. B. H. Bull, answered the summons of death. He was a son of the late J. P. Bull, J.P., of York County, three of whose brothers were students of Victoria. Entering Victoria University in 1862, Mr. Bull remained three years, and then took up agricultural life, devoting himself largely to stock-raising. Later he became founder of the firm of B. H. Bull & Sons, proprietors of the Brampton Jersey herd—the largest herd of registered Jerseys ever owned in Canada. He was for many years an energetic leader in temperance and Church work. His son, W. P. Bull, '93, one of Toronto's lawyers, was the fifth of this well-known family to attend Victoria University.

Victoria lost another warm friend on April 9th, when James St. John passed away at the advanced age of ninety-three years. He was the father of J. W. St. John, '81, M.P.P., and grandfather of A. N. St. John, '00. He was one of the most prosperous farmers of Sunderland County, where he had passed the greater part of his long and influential life.

F. H. CLARK, B.A., '94, has been appointed Modern teacher in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

W. R. WILSON, B.A., '99, has obtained a fellowship in Mathematics at the University of Chicago.

R. J. SPROTT, B.A., '99, has also obtained a fellowship in Moderns.

A. Y. MASSEY, B.A., '93, M.D., and Mrs. Massey, who are missionaries to Denguela, South Africa, are at present visiting in Toronto.

ON May 16th, at the residence of the bride's brother, Dr. Jas. A. Newsom, New York, T. W. Walker, B.A., '99, M.B., was married to Miss Jean Matheson Newsom. ACTA extends heartiest congratulations.

H. MILTON COOK, B.A., '01, has purchased an interest in the business of W. E. Southgate & Co., manufacturers of clothing, Berlin, Ont., and is actively connected with the management.

A. G. STACEY, B.A., '02, who, since graduating, has been living in Ottawa, has received an appointment from the Dominion Government as assistant to a surveying expedition, which, during the summer, will survey the Peace River District. All communications to "Monsieur" should be addressed care of A. St. Cyr, D.L.S., Edmonton, Alta.

MISS RUBY JOLLIFFE, B.A., '03, has received an appointment as Associate Professor in English at Walla Walla, Washington.

DR. HORNING informs us that his classmate, Wm. Elliott, B.A., '84, is teaching in a Normal School at Hiroshima, Japan, and at the same time conducting a very successful missionary work.



ALL friends of Victoria and acquaintances of Rev. Daniel Norman, B.A., '96, B.D., will be interested in the announcement of his appointment to a chaplaincy in the Japanese Army. ACTA compliments Mr. Norman upon his appointment to this very responsible and dangerous position. May he bear a charmed life.

THE following is a partial list of our graduates holding positions on Faculties of American Seats of Learning :

C. D. Allin, B.A. ('97), L.L.B., is instructor in Political Science ; Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California.

H. R. Carveth, B.A. ('96), Ph.D. (Cornell), is instructor in Physical Chemistry in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

B. A. Cohoe, B.A. ('98), M.B., is instructor in Anatomy, Cornell University.

A. W. Crawford, B.A. ('95), Ph.D., (Cornell), Professor in Philosophy and Psychology at Bethany.

J. H. George, B.A. ('80), Ph.D., D.D., is President of Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill., and Prof. of Homiletics.

M. F. Libby, B.A. ('90), Ph.D., Professor and Head of Department of Philosophy in the University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.

G. H. Locke, B.A. ('93), is Assistant Professor of Education, University of Chicago, and Editor of the *School Review*.

D. R. Moore, B.A. ('02), is Instructor in Mathematics in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

W. H. Schofield, B.A. ('62), Ph.D., is Assistant Professor of English at Harvard.

J. R. Street, B.A. (), Ph.D., is Professor and Head of Department of Applied Psychology and Pedagogy in Syracuse University.

J. W. Baird, B.A. ('97), is Professor of Psychology in Cornell University.

G. H. Bridgman, B.A. ('64), is a Lecturer at Hameline University, Hameline, Minn.

N. W. DeWitt, B.A. ('99), is a Fellow in Latin, University of Chicago.

H. E. Ford, B.A. ('95), Professor of Romance Languages in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

Mrs. E. W. Mahood (Miss E. Potter) B.A. ('99), is Instructor in Algebra, Athletics and Civics, School of Agriculture, St. Anthony Park, Minn.

A. B. Steer, B.A. ('98), instructor in Science, University of Virginia, Richmond, Va.

C. E. Auger, Teacher of German and English in the McKeesport, Pa., High School.

We should be glad to receive notification of any changes which may have occurred, and also of any names which have been omitted.

ON June 15th, at the home of the bride's father, Ayr, Ont., Miss Louise Whitworth was married to Rev. W. R. Archer, B.A., '02, of Conn, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jas. Archer, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. J. W. Worrall. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Jean Worrall; Rev. W. S. Daniels, B.A., '01, B.D., assisted the groom. After the usual festivities the young couple left on a trip to the East. They will reside at Conn, which is the chief appointment on the Cedarville circuit.

Exchanges.

THIS is our final review of the exchanges, and owing to the lack of space it must be brief. During the past college year there has been a distinct advance in Canadian college journalism. Our older contemporaries have held their own, and the younger ones have done excellently. It may almost seem invidious to make distinctions, but we must make particular reference to a few publications. Improvement has been most marked in the *O. A. C. Review*; its

columns are always interesting and well illustrated. The *Brandon Monthly* has also done well, and is deserving of special mention because of the many difficulties it doubtless encounters on account of its narrow constituency. Nor must we overlook the *Ottawa College Journal*; it has always stood in the van of Canadian college publications. Owing to the fire which destroyed a large part of the college building, publication of the *Journal* was suspended for a time. But we are pleased to note that this disastrous event has only consumed whatever little dross there may have been, for the *Journal* has reappeared better than ever.

We desire to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges during the Easter term. If we have failed to pass comment upon any one, it has been through no lack of appreciation, but through lack of space, as there have been so many to review:—*The Oxford Magazine*, *The Hya Yaka*, *The Varsity*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Trinity University Review*, *The Harvard Monthly*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Princeton Tiger*, *The Monthly Maroon*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Brandon College Monthly*; *Vox Wesleyana*, *The Student*, *The Argosy*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Lasell Leaves*, *The Ontario Normal College Monthly*, *The College Times*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *The Manitoba College Monthly*, *Stanstead College Monthly*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Pratt Institute Monthly*, *The Educational Journal*.



"HIS HOARY ARMS UPLIFTED HE."
—Longfellow.



WOMAN'S "LIT." EXECUTIVE.



THE OBJECTS.—Mr. Spence and some other young men were to conduct the service in one of the city churches. The pastor, announcing them : " I brought these young men here that you might have an *object lesson*."

WANTED!—The Freshman who helped Miss D——t, '05, to escape from the window the evening she fell asleep in the College and got locked in.

A PROTEST is being filed in regard to the pseudonym system. "Peach" and "Laugh" are bad enough, but one young lady had to sign herself "Pig."

MISS P——SON, '04—"Indeed I'm very thankful you don't put in any more of the foolish things I say."

SCENE The "Hall;" reception to '04.: A. Harrison B. (to Miss P.)—"I would not treat you so."

Miss P.—"O lovely!"

How would you like to be the milkman who wakened Miss L——n and some other Freshettes and got a big scolding?

ECHOES FROM EAST AND WEST HALL.

"DID you see the Freshman with the ruler? He ruled a line under each answer, and wasted no space."

"I WISH I had hold of that examiner by the hair of his head ! ! ! !"

"A REGULAR cinch! And look at all that stuff we learned for nothing!"

"THAT would take the starch out of a fellow's soul."

SOME of them were like bad quarters—hard to pass.

WARNING for Mr. W. G. C——n—ly and such.—The gentlemen who order chocolates at the Mother's Candy Kitchen should not do so at noon hour; because some of the lady students take lunch there.

FOUR representatives of Victoria will go to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Silver Bay this summer. In previous years we have had only one representative.

THE following note was found some time ago in the library : "Hello, you dear, sweet thing ! write'a good prophecy." What fellow wrote that ?

ON the evening of the Baccalaureate sermon "Robert" invited the members of '06 "Bob" Committee over to supper, and, needless to say, a pleasant time was spent. Some have wondered why "Robert" chose Sunday evening for this event ; doubtless it was because he thought regard for the day would restrain the rollicking propensities of the "Bobbers."

THERE will be no men's residence for a few years yet. The members of the Senate, after having taken the whole matter into their serious consideration, have concluded that circumstances are not favorable for the embarking upon such an enterprise at this juncture. As is generally well known, the growth of our College and the undertaking of additional work has considerably increased our expenditure during recent years. In fact, expenditure has run ahead of revenue, with the result that there has been a slight annual deficit. Instead, then, of embarking upon the costly enterprise of erecting new buildings, the Senate has decided to undertake the raising of \$200,000 for the Endowment Fund.

The Whitby Outing.

THE morning of May 28th broke with a cloudless sky, and with light hearts a company of "Vic." students wended their way to the Union to take the train for the east. All entrained in time, with the exception of Ion. A. Dawson and a fair grad. of '03. The former followed on a later train, but the latter, disconsolate, wended her way homewards. After an uneventful journey the train in due course arrived at Whitby. The visitors were welcomed by the genial principal, Dr. Hare, and proceeded to take possession of the college, and to engage the attention of the students.

It perhaps ought here to be said that the ostensible attraction was the tennis tournament, in which the O. L. C. ladies were pitted against those of Victoria. But in the company were many youths who, debarred from competing, had to employ themselves in other

ways. Wearied by the severe ordeal of examinations, they found rest by reclining upon the velvety lawns; they inflated their lungs with the pure country air, watched the peaceful herds grazing in the meadows, and incidentally were entertained by the maidens with whom, through the good fortune of an introduction, they had become acquainted. Owing to the unbending rigor of certain masters, who insisted on giving their usual lessons, the non-playing visitors spent the morning watching the tennis, inspecting the buildings, surveying



A FARMER'S SON.

the landscape, and in general observing and examining whatever attracted the eye of idle curiosity.

At noon the company dined in the capacious dining-hall of the college; and the repast was no ordinary one. A thoughtful mind had arranged that the visitors should be distributed among the different tables. The company was charming, the viands inviting, and the play of nimble wits assisted the processes of digestion.

If in the morning time had dragged somewhat, the afternoon left nothing to be desired. The hitherto unbending masters became inoculated with the spirit of the occasion; the rooms were emptied

and the lawns became promenades. Naturally the young men could not remain unaffected by the transformation. Nature's spell was broken. The flocks, the herds and the landscape lost their attractions, and the youths, yielding unconsciously to the seductive influences of the hour, found themselves walking not unaccompanied among the trees of the garden. As for the tennis, rumor says that it was good, and the report was confirmed by several eye witnesses. But upon this others may descant. Only the strong should participate in rigorous exercises. Weary mortals who have been ground between the upper and the nether millstones of examinations cannot be blamed if they seek the shady nooks which considerate nature has provided for their rest and enjoyment.

Thus in healthful recreation, intellectual delights and innocent mirth passed a delightful day. The hours flitted by quickly ; and indeed as the shadows of approaching night were falling, several youths were seen invoking the sun to stand still or to hasten less speedily to its rest behind the western hills.

A CERTAIN Fellow who studied the Science of Politics, whose name begins with a *W* and ends with an *e*, was once tempted by Venus to go in the company of certain fair ones to a neighboring town—and he went. The incident was of such an unusual nature that the companions of the *savant* resolved to have a celebration on his return. And while he was yet a great distance off his companions observed his coming, and ran to the gate of the garden and received him with loud acclaim. And as he and the fair ones proceeded through the grounds, his companions surrounded him, some going before, some behind, some on his right hand and some on his left. Thus *savants* are neither insusceptible to the allurements of beauty nor exempt from the sport of their fellows.

P. B. MACFARLANE—

He rambled, he rambled,
He rambled up and down, and all around the lawn ;
He rambled, he rambled,
He rambled till the doctor called him down.

H. M. S. MILLS lay under a bamboo tree all afternoon and sang—

“ I like-a you, and you like-a me,
And we like-a both the same,” etc., etc.

MACFARLANE (at table)—“ I am going to be a medical missionary, so is Mr. Brownlee.”

LADY TEACHER (at table, to Ed.-in-chief)—“Are you a Theolog?”
Ed. (gasping)—“Water, please!”

FAIR ONE (to Brownlee)—“Now, do take the last bun; it means a handsome husband.”

O. L. C. STUDENT—“The Victoria girls are all right, but they are not a patch on the boys.”

WARD—“Say, if we had missed that train we’d have stopped at the hotel and showed up at the college about six in the morning.”

EAKINS—“Say, Fred, we have a great bunch of girls.”

MISS S—(Whitby)—“Miss Jeffery must be a dear little thing.”

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD (at Whitby)—“Say, did you see Jimmie fall?”

J. H. W.—“Please, Dr. Hare, may I go down to the town with Miss ____?”

Dr. H.—“Seeing it is you, Jimmie, it will be all right.”

GIFFORD—“I thought the affair would be so insipid that I did not go down.”

MILLS (to teacher)—“Say, this is a great place—I mean the building.”

NAUGHTY FOUR FESTIVITIES.

EVENT NUMBER ONE.—Picnic at High Park. The limits of space at our disposal forbid us to say much of this event, save that there were twenty-six present. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent, and pleasantly rounded off by boating on Howard Lake. Few present will forget the ride home in the Belt Line car.

SENIOR—“Mr. Booth has arrived and refreshments are ready.”

MISS DANARD—“Yes, where there’s a Booth there are always refreshments.”

EVENT NUMBER TWO.—Prospective picnic to Lambton Park; but it rained, so we proceeded to Prof. Robertson’s home. Prof. and Mrs. Robertson are entertainers *par excellence*, and the party enjoyed one of the best times possible.

GIFFORD (at “Pit”)—It is with extreme reluctance that I join in a pastime which, though fascinating and exciting, encourages doubtful speculation, puts a premium upon dishonesty and is subversive of personal integrity.”

ONE of the most amusing features of the afternoon was a game of blow-ball. Messrs. Harris, J. H. Wallace and Bradshaw excelled themselves.

BRADSHAW—"I'm great on *combination* work."

MISS POTTS—"The ball seems to be blown about by every wind of doctrine."

MC ELHANNEY—" *Tempest fugit.*"

MISS F—FE—"Remembering the words of Horace, 'Dulce est disipere in loco,' let us now participate in a game of blow-ball."

J. H. W.—"Look out where you're blowing, you lobster."

BROWNLEE—"The trouble with this game is, it brings a man to his knees."

W. A. G. (to Miss Lingham, at "Pit")—"You're great on this corner business."

SENIOR GIRL—"What are you doing with yourself these days, Mr. Booth?"

Booth—"Oh, I'm wasting my substance in riotous living."

MISS D.—"This puts one in mind of 'Ringling's,' does it not, Bessie?"

OTHER EVENTS—Annesley Hall, evening of June 4th. Prof. Wallace's, June 6th. Sunrise picnic at the Humber, June 8th, and a reception in the evening. June 10th, the Chancellor's breakfast.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Know all men by these presents that on June 29th Claude Laing Fisher, B.A., will enter the state of matrimony. This is the sequel to two years' dispensation from lectures. Oh, dear! how many are the victims of Cupid. Truly none are safe from his arrows. Some indeed welcome a *singular* death, and all seem quite resigned to their fate. But say, Cupid, who is next?





TO DATE the shield, the "bone of contention" between the ladies of Ontario Ladies' College and Victoria, has been won four times by our ladies and twice by the O. L. C. enthusiasts. The first three tourneys came our way, in the next two success crowned our opponents efforts, and this spring, after a year amid the many beauteous attractions under Dr. Hare's guardianship, the shield, with its maple leaf and cordon of silver-mailed knights, 'mid mingled reluctance and delight, has come to summer in Queen's Park.

Talk about a glorious day! Saturday, May 28th, was perfect in every way, from our view point, at least—perfect weather, perfect tennis, perfect surroundings. This latter statement requires no corroboration, but if any doubting reader smiles dubiously thereat, ask any and every one of the boys present; ask Mills, who was gently lifted into the 'bus at parting time; ask "Freddie" Harris, who was compelled to withdraw from the antagonistic attractions and soothe his sad heart in the stillness of the swing; ask "Bob" Robertson, who, swept this way and that in eddying emotions, almost fatally marred his verdant happiness on the "cauld" scars of the rocky headlands; ask "Jimmie" Wallace, who was enticed by a syren to walk a bit by her side adown the green lane to the slumbering village, and who says gooseberries should, by every precedent, ripen in the summer, and not in the year's merry month, and the answer will come in no hesitating tones. Dr. Hare's courtesy and kindly welcome and entertainment helped materially to make the day a very memorable one.

So much for the prologue. Tennis is my theme, supposedly. The play was far above the ordinary; it was extraordinarily good, and in a superlative degree. Miss Campazzi, O. L. C., was beaten by Miss Jeffery, Vic., after a long drawn-out struggle. The first set, 10-8, was the closest of the day, marked by varying fortune. Miss Jeffery grew stronger as the game advanced, and in the second set won 6-4. Miss Graham, Vic., won 6-3, 6-3, from Miss Chown, O. L. C. Miss Smith,

O. L. C., won the first set from Miss Harrison, Vic., but in the next two the latter turned the tables, winning by 6-3, 6-4. Miss Grange, played strongly against Miss Cauldwell, O. L. C., particu'larly in the second set, but the O. L. C. representative won out, 6-1, 6-4. The doul les broke even, Misses Jeffery and Graham, Vic., winning from Misses Campazzi and Chown, O. L. C., 6-4, 3-6, 6-4, after a threc-set match replete with brilliant plays heartily applauded, while Misses Smith and Cauldwell, O. L. C., won from Misses Harrison and Grange, Vic., 7-5, 6-4.

The Central Y.M.C.A., who have rented our grounds for the summer, have already b'tilt a new cinder court west of the old one. They intend also, if the Athletic Union contributes a small amount, to level the ground from the new cinder court down to the grass courts over the former site of the alley board and prepare a bowling green. This would make beautiful the present unsightly spot, and should I be heart ly encouraged. Another year will probably see a new grass court east of the old cinder one. There is plenty of room on the old can pus for numerous courts, which would give greater satisfaction than the present ones. The soil at the west side is very sandy and good courts are almost impossible.

Not a baseball game was played this spring with outside teams. The lack of an efficient battery was the chief reason; but neither an out or an in-field of stellar calibre could be brought together. Rankin was unable to pitch through lack of time. "Bob" Pearson, a future "Pilot of the foot-hills," developed several curves, which he was wont to deliver with admirable gracefulness. Captain Salter brightened up the practices now and then by his presence, while the manager, by the end of the season, was fast developing into a phenomemon. It is to be hoped that an Eckhardt or a McIntyre will be developed for next season, since "Curly" Fowler will be inconsolable if he doesn't find a winning aggregation on his return to his old haunts.

Indian Relics Fund.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Cash receipts during past academic year :

Faculty—Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, B.A., B.D., \$5.00 ; A. P. Misener, M.A., \$2.00.

'02, Rev. C. W. DeMille, B.A., \$10.00 ; '03, T. A. Bagshaw, \$2.00 ; A. R. Ford, B.A., \$3.00 ; C. J. Wilson, B.A., \$2.00 ; '04, C. W.

Bishop, \$5.00 ; '05, J. R. Davison, \$2.00 ; '06, J. W. Cahoon, \$2.00 ; D. A. C. Hewitt, \$2.00 ; H. G. Brown, \$1.00 ; G. A. Archibald, \$2.00 ; J. M. Copeland, \$2.00 ; G. E. Trueman, \$1.00 ; C. E. Mark, \$2.00 ; W. E. Blackstock, \$2.00 ; F. C. Bowman, \$5.00 ; C. D. Henderson, \$2.00 ; R. J. Manning, \$2.00 ; F. R. Treleaven, \$2.00 ; J. Wells, \$2.00 ; W. J. Kirby, \$5.00 ; N. R. Stansell, \$5.35. Collected by D. A. C. Hewitt, '06.

Conference Theology—J. J. Coulter, \$5.00 ; R. A. Whattam, \$3.00 ; W. A. M. Young, \$3.00.

COMPLETE STATEMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

RECEIPTS.

	Cash.	Notes	Total.
Chancellor's Lecture.....	\$20 00	\$20 00
The Faculty	53 00	53 00
Post-graduates to '01.....	16 50	16 50
Naughty Two	49 45	\$40 00	89 45
" Three	44 00	22 00	66 00
" Four	37 21	44 00	81 21
" Five	44 50	95 00	139 50
" Six	41 35	42 00	83 35
Conference Theology	17 00	16 00	33 00
Interest	5 01	5 01
 Total	\$328 02	\$259 00	\$587 02
Total cash receipts			\$328 02

Disbursements.

Dec. 19th, 1902, Interest, 6% on \$450.00	\$27 00
Feb. 5th, 1903, Discount on a draft.....	0 15
Feb. 23rd, 1903, Payment on note.....	130 00
Nov. 19th, 1903, Interest, 6% on \$320.00	21 15
Feb. 15th, 1904, Payment on note	120 00

Total cash disbursements	\$298 30
May 24th, 1904, cash balance on hand.....	29 72

————— \$328 02

The Union Literary Society has decided to extend the fund so as to cover the cost of casing the relics, which is estimated at \$250.00.

I. A. DAWSON, *Convener.*

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